THE
KEEPSAKE

London
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Mariana Hare
a
New Years Gift
from her
Affectionate Aunt
Eliza Jones
January 1st
1830

Drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence P. R. A. *Engraved by Charles Heath*

THE RIGHT HONBLE
LADY GEORGIANA AGAR ELLIS.

Publd by Hurst Robinson & Co Cheapside & Cradock Bovin et & Co Gallerie Vivienne Paris

THE KEEPSAKE

FOR 1830

DORATHEA.

PAGE 290.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY HURST, CHANCE & Co. R. JENNINGS, 62, CHEAPSIDE.
AND GIRALDON BOVINET & Co. GALLERIE VIVIENNE. PARIS.

F.P. Stephanoff F. Engleheart

THE

KEEPSAKE

FOR

MDCCCXXX.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

BY HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

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It is requested that copies will be kept of all MSS. addressed to the Editor of the Keepsake.

Messrs. A. Lee and Lee are the only persons authorised to publish the music of the Songs of a Soldier's Story.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

In presenting the third volume of the Keepsake to the public, the Proprietor presumes to hope that it will not be found in any respect inferior to either of its predecessors.

Conscious that a taste for pursuits connected both with literature and with the fine arts is yearly becoming more widely and generally diffused throughout Great Britain, and that consequently a more imperious necessity for increased exertion exists, the Proprietor has spared neither labour nor expense to obtain the success he desires. Every effort has been made to render the Keepsake for 1830 deserving of a continuance of the support of our own countrymen, and at the same time worthy of a repetition of the favour and approbation of our continental neighbours.

If his endeavours have obtained the excellence to which he aspires, the Proprietor also presumes to

hope that his publication will have no inconsiderable influence in promoting the taste to which he has alluded; for the Keepsake of last year has been found in every respectable bookseller's shop in Europe, India, and America.

In order however to save farther professions, the reader is requested to refer to the list of authors, painters, and engravers, who have been employed in the production of this volume: he will then, perhaps, be convinced that considerable exertion must have been made.

Of all the many valuable contributions which the Editor has had the honour of receiving, it is only necessary for him to particularize one—the letters of Lord Byron. Though denied by the party possessing them, the pleasure of publishing his name, the Editor yet need not vouch for their authenticity; for no one can read them without being assured of it.

To His Most Gracious Majesty, the Proprietor begs leave to offer his very respectful, profound, and grateful acknowledgments for the permission of engraving Mr. Wilkie's picture of Washing the Feet of the Pilgrims.

To the Honourable George Agar Ellis the Proprietor is deeply indebted for his obliging loan of the Portrait of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis; and to Monsieur Feuillet of Paris, he is equally indebted for a similar favour with regard to the picture of Francis the First and his Sister.

Several of his contributors the Editor would infinitely desire to have the honour and pleasure of mentioning and of thanking, individually, for their peculiarly kind and liberal conduct; but as such a preference might be deemed an act of ungraciousness towards the remainder, he must confine himself to the gratification of returning to them collectively his warmest acknowledgments for their unremitting and efficient co-operation.

To the various artists who have devoted their powerful talents to the embellishment of this volume, the Proprietor takes this public opportunity of expressing his obligations for their valuable and able assistance.

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THE HOUSE OF ASPEN,

A TRAGEDY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goëthé and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der Heilige Vehmé" (the Secret Tribunal), which fills the sixth volume of the "Sagen den Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity), by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother: but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main spring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It

was besides esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave, at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning, and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honour of the buskin. The German taste also, caricatured by a number of imitators who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a *coup de grace* from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. The effect of their singularly happy piece of ridicule called "The Rovers," a mock play which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin, was, that the German school, with its beauties and its defects, passed completely out of fashion, and the following scenes were consigned to neglect and obscurity. Very lately, however, the writer chanced to look them over with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.

Abbotsford, 1st of April.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

RUDIGER, *Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior.*

GEORGE OF ASPEN, } *sons to Rudiger.*
HENRY OF ASPEN, }

RODERIC, *Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.*

WILLIAM, *Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.*

BERTRAM OF EBERSDORF, *brother to the former husband of the Baroness of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.*

DUKE OF BAVARIA.

WICKERD, } *followers of the house of Aspen.*
REYNOLD, }

CONRAD, *Page of Honour to Henry of Aspen.*

MARTIN, *Squire to George of Aspen.*

HUGO, *Squire to Count Roderic.*

PETER, *an ancient domestic of Rudiger.*

FATHER LUDOVIC, *Chaplain to Rudiger.*

WOMEN.

ISABELLA, *formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.*

GERTRUDE, *Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.*

Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhaus, and the adjacent country.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An ancient gothic chamber in the castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crossbows, and arms, with the horns of buffaloes and of deer, are hung round the wall. An antique buffet with beakers and stone bottles.

RUDIGER, *Baron of Aspen, and his lady,* ISABELLA, *are discovered sitting at a large oaken table.*

Rud. A PLAGUE upon that roan horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonder the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a convent library! Out upon it! Out upon it! Is it not hard that a warrior, who has travelled so many leagues to display the cross on the walls of Zion, should be now unable to lift a spear before his own castle gate!

Isa. Dear husband, your anxiety retards your recovery.

Rud. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sate this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hunting, nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, utters by syllables a cold "How is it with you?" and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

Isa. Surely, he at least—

Rud. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower

staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him; for, by my knightly faith, were I in his place, I think even these bruised bones would hardly keep me from her side. Still, however, here I must sit alone.

Isa. Not alone, dear husband. Heaven knows what I would do to soften your confinement.

Rud. Tell me not of that, lady. When I first knew thee, Isabella, the fair maid of Arnheim was the joy of her companions, and breathed life wherever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnolf of Ebersdorf—not much with thy will, 'tis true—*(she hides her face)*. Nay —forgive me, Isabella—but that is over—he died, and the ties between us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella's light heart returned no more.

Isa. (weeping.) Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return? Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband?

Rud. (stretches out his arms—she embraces him.) And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy cheerfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen? Dost thou repent of thy love to Rudiger?

Isa. Alas! no! never! never!

Rud. Then why dost thou herd with monks and priests, and leave thy old knight alone, when, for the first time in his stormy life, he has rested for weeks within the walls of his castle? Hast thou committed a crime from which Rudiger's love cannot absolve thee?

Isa. O many! many

Rud. Then be this kiss thy penance. And tell me, Isabella, hast thou not founded a convent, and endowed it with the best of thy late husband's lands? Ay, and with a vineyard which I could have prized as well as the sleek monks. Dost thou not daily distribute alms to twenty pilgrims? Dost thou not cause ten masses to be sung each night for the repose of thy late husband's soul?

Isa. It will not know repose.

Rud. Well, well—God's peace be with Arnolf of Ebersdorf; the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

Isa. But at present, dear husband, have I not the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George, our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltingen?

Rud. Now, there lies the difference: you sorrow that they are in danger, I that I cannot share it with them.—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the drawbridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

Isa. (at the window.) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Rud. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry.

Enter WICKERD.

How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Rud. Not yet?—shame on the boys' dallying—what wait they for?

Wic. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhaus; therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men at arms, and, after they have joined him,

he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

Rud. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. *(Sits down.)* A murrain on that stumbling roan! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Call Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from defence of the castle—(WICKERD *is going*) —— and ho! Wickerd, carry with you my black barb, and bid George charge upon him—[*Exit* WICKERD]. Now see, Isabel, if I disregard the boy's safety; I send him the best horse ever knight bestrode. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

Isa. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation—

Rud. Situation? I know it well: as fair a field for open fight as I ever hunted over: see here—*(makes lines on the table)*—here is the ancient castle of Griefenhaus in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhaus!

Rud. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! *(Apart.)* Avenging Heaven! thy hand is upon us! [*Exit hastily.*

Rud. Whither now? Whither now? She is gone. Thus it goes. Peter! Peter!—

Enter PETER.

Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback.

[*Exit, leaning on* PETER.

SCENE II.

The inner court of the castle of Ebersdorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of RUDIGER, *pass and repass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.*

WICKERD *comes forward.*

Wic. What, ho! Reynold! Reynold!—By our Lady, the spirit of the Seven Sleepers is upon him—So ho! not mounted yet? Reynold!

Enter REYNOLD.

Rey. Here! here! A devil choke thy bawling! think'st thou old Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou?

Wic. Nay, nay; I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame should our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderic before we greybeards come.

Rey. Heaven forefend! Our troopers are but saddling their horses; five minutes more, and we are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderic sit fast.

Wic. A plague on him! he has ever lain hard on the skirts of our noble master.

Rey. Especially since he was refused the hand of our lady's niece, the pretty Lady Gertrude.

Wic. Ay, marry! would nothing less serve the fox of Maltingen than the lovely lamb of our young Baron Henry! By my sooth, Reynold, when I look upon these two lovers, they make me full twenty years younger; and when I meet the man that would divide them—I say nothing—but let him look to it.

Rey. And how fare our young lords?

Wic. Each well in his humour.—Baron George stern and cold, according to his wont, and his brother as cheerful as ever.

Rey. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

Wic. Yet George saved thy life.

Rey. True—with as much indifference as if he had been snatching a chestnut out of the fire. Now Baron Henry wept for my danger and my wounds. Therefore George shall ever command my life, but Henry my love.

Wic. Nay, Baron George shows his gloomy spirit even by the choice of a favourite.

Rey. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The knave is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal —I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favour.

Rey. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen *that* makes her ever sad.

Wic. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnold by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold—— [*Bugle sounds.*

Rey. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms!

Wic. St. George grant it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The gallery of the castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—Voices, bugle horns, kettle-drums, trampling of horses, &c. are heard without.

RUDIGER, *leaning on* PETER, *looks from the balcony.—* GERTRUDE *and* ISABELLA *are near him.*

Rud. There they go at length—look, Isabella! look, my pretty Gertrude—these are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderic what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—(*Flourish without,* RUDIGER *stretches his arms from the balcony.*) Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black barb, Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seest thou how fierce old Reynold looks?

Ger. I can hardly know my friends in their armour.

[*The bugle and kettle-drums are heard as at a greater distance.*

Rud. Now I could tell every one of their names, even at this distance; ay, and were they covered, as I have seen them, with dust and blood. He on the dapple-gray is Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl. [*Bugles, &c. at a greater distance still.*

Ger. Heaven guard them. Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freezes mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See

how their armour glistens as they wind round yon hill! how their spears glimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets —(*Bugles very faint.*)—And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—(*Sings.*)

"It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestrode"—

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night.—(*Sings.*)

"Off rode the horseman, dash, sa, sa!
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la, la."—

[PETER *goes out.*—RUDIGER *sits down, and* GERTRUDE *helps him with wine.*

Thanks, my love. It tastes ever best from thy hand. Isabella, here is glory and victory to our boys—(*Drinks*). Wilt thou not pledge me?

Isa. To their safety, and God grant it!—(*Drinks*).

Enter BERTRAM *as a minstrel, with a Boy bearing his harp.—Also* PETER.

Rud. Thy name, minstrel?

Ber. Minhold, so please you.

Rud. Art thou a German?

Ber. Yes, noble sir; and of this province.

Rud. Sing me a song of battle.

[BERTRAM *sings to the harp.*

Rud. Thanks, minstrel: well sung and lustily. What sayst thou, Isabella?

Isa. I marked him not.

Rud. Nay, in sooth you are too anxious. Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude: in a few hours thy Henry shall return, and twine his laurels into a garland for thy hair. He fights for thee, and he must conquer.

Ger. Alas! must blood be spilled for a silly maiden?

Rud. Surely: for what should knights break lances but for honour and ladies' love—ha, minstrel?

Ber. So please you—also to punish crimes.

Rud. Out upon it! wouldst have us executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our blades. We leave malefactors to the Secret Tribunal.

Isa. Merciful God! Thou hast spoken a word, Rudiger, of dreadful import.

Ger. They say that, unknown and invisible themselves, these awful judges are ever present with the guilty; that the past and the present misdeeds, the secrets of the confessional, nay, the very thoughts of the heart, are before them; that their doom is as sure as that of fate, the means and executioners unknown.

Rud. They say true—the secrets of that association, and the names of those who compose it, are as inscrutable as the grave: we only know that it has taken deep root, and spread its branches wide. I sit down each day in my hall, nor know I how many of these secret judges may surround me, all bound by the most solemn vow to avenge guilt. Once, and but once, a knight, at the earnest request and inquiries of the emperor, hinted that he belonged to the society: the next morning he was found slain in a forest: the poniard was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."

Ger. Gracious! aunt, you grow pale.

Isa. A slight indisposition only.

Rud. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator: shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements; there we shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[*Exit* RUDIGER, *with* GERTRUDE *and* PETER.

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (*Exit* BERTRAM.) Gracious Heaven! the guileless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noontide as in midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

Enter FATHER LUDOVIC.

Lud. Peace be with you, lady!

Isa. It is not with me: it is thy office to bring it.

Lud. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

Isa. Their absence and their danger.

Lud. Daughter, thy hand has been stretched out in bounty to the sick and to the needy. Thou hast not denied a shelter to the weary, nor a tear to the afflicted. Trust in their prayers, and in those of the holy convent thou hast founded; peradventure they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

Isa. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their

vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

Lud. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband——

Isa. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. *(Apart.)* Wretch that I am, the meanest menial in my train has power to goad me to madness!

Lud. Hearken to me, daughter; thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorf cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

Isa. Repeat that once more; say once again that it cannot—cannot bear so deep a dye. Prove to me that ages of the bitterest penance, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but *that* to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fane in Christendom.

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

Isa. (resuming her composure.) Be it so, good father; I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

Lud. Of superintending the erection of thy new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady: and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

Isa. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

Lud. Reynold brought the commands of the baron.

Isa. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sung before Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

Lud. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this castle. He inquires much after *Martin*, Arnolf's squire.

Isa. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

Lud. May I ask why, noble lady?

Isa. Thou art inquisitive, priest: I honour the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk. Begone!

Lud. But the baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

Isa. True, true *(recollecting herself)*; pardon my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the sparrow, and strangles its fostermother. Do no such birds roost in convent walls?

Lud. Lady, I understand you not.

Isa. Well, then, say to the baron, that I have dismissed long ago all the attendants of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and that I wish to have none of them beneath my roof.

Lud. (inquisitively.) Except Martin?

Isa. (sharply.) Except Martin! who saved the life of my son George? Do as I command thee! [*Exit.*

Manet Ludovic.

Lud. Ever the same—stern and peremptory to others as rigorous to herself; haughty even to me, to whom, in

another mood, she has knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The unnatural zeal with which she performs her dreadful penances cannot be religion, for shrewdly I guess she believes not in their blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is the foundress of our convent, otherwise we might not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A woodland prospect.—Through a long avenue, half grown up by brambles, are discerned in the back ground the ruins of the ancient castle of Griefenhaus.—The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.

Enter GEORGE OF ASPEN, *armed with a battle-axe in his hand, as from horseback. He supports* MARTIN, *and brings him forward.*

Geo. Lay thee down here, old friend. The enemy's horsemen will hardly take their way among these brambles, through which I have dragged thee.

Mar. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not a moment! My moments are now but few, and I would profit by them.

Geo. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I must back to the field.

Mar. (attempts to rise.) Then drag me back thither also; I cannot die but in your presence—I dare not be alone. Stay, to give peace to my parting soul.

Geo. I am no priest, Martin. *(Going.)*

Mar. (raising himself with great pain.) Baron George of Aspen, I saved thy life in battle: for that good deed, hear me but one moment.

Geo. I hear thee, my poor friend. *(Returning.)*

Mar. But come close—very close. See'st thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

Geo. I do.

Mar. I have served thee since thou wast a child; served thee faithfully—was never from thy side.

Geo. Thou hast.

Mar. And now I die in thy service.

Geo. Thou mayst recover.

Mar. I cannot. By my long service—by my scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death that I am to die—oh, do not hate me for what I am now to unfold!

Geo. Be assured I can never hate thee.

Mar. Ah! thou little knowest—— Swear to me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my parting soul.

Geo. (takes his hand.) I swear I will. *(Alarm and shouting.)* But be brief—thou knowest my haste.

Mar. Hear me, then. I was the squire, the beloved and favourite attendant, of Arnolf of Ebersdorf. Arnolf was savage as the mountain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she requited not his passion. She loved thy father; but her sire, old Arnheim, was the friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry him. By midnight, in the chapel at Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed; her resistance, her screams were in vain. These arms detained her at the altar till the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst thou forgive me?

Geo. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to thy savage master has been obliterated by a long train of services to his widow.

Mar. Services! ay, bloody services! for they commenced—do not quit my hand—they commenced with the murder of my master! *(*GEORGE *quits his hand, and stands aghast in speechless horror.)* Trample on me! pursue me with your dagger! I aided your mother to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven, it is said.

Geo. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Martin, thou ravest —the fever of thy wound has distracted thee.

Mar. No! I am not mad! Would to God I were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfshill—yonder the old castle of Griefenhaus—and yonder is the hemlock marsh *(in a whisper)* where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged Arnolf's cup of death. *(*GEORGE *traverses the stage in the utmost agitation, and sometimes stands over* MARTIN *with his hands clasped together.)* Oh, had you seen him when the potion took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and seen the contortions of his ghastly visage!—He died furious and impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

Geo. (with exertion.) Miserable wretch! how can I?

Mar. Can you not forgive me?

Geo. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

Mar. I saved thy life——

Geo. For that, take my curse! *(He snatches up his battle-axe, and rushes out to the side from which the noise is heard.)*

Mar. Hear me! yet more—more horror! *(Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarm.)*

Enter WICKERD, *hastily.*

Wic. In the name of God, Martin, lend me thy brand!

Mar. Take it.

Wic. Where is it?

Mar. (looks wildly at him.) In the chapel at Ebersdorf, or buried in the hemlock marsh.

Wic. The old grumbler is crazy with his wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of reason in thee, give me thy sword. The day goes sore against us.

Mar. There it lies. Bury it in the heart of thy master George; thou wilt do him a good office—the office of a faithful servant.

Enter CONRAD.

Con. Away, Wickerd! to horse, and pursue! Baron George has turned the day; he fights more like a fiend than a man: he has unhorsed Roderic, and slain six of his troopers—they are in headlong flight—the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! *(*MARTIN *gives a deep groan, and faints.)* Away! away! *(They hurry off, as to the pursuit.)*

Enter RODERIC OF MALTINGEN, *without his helmet, his arms disordered and broken, holding the truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him,* BARON WOLFSTEIN.

Rod. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace—overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen

pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

Rod. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honour and of my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? *(Throws down the broken spear.)* Bear witness, Heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George's followers—(*seeing* MARTIN).

Rod. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depositary of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

Mar. (reviving.) Leave me not! leave me not, Baron George! My eyes are darkened with agony! I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Rod. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

Rod. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden daughter of Arnolf's steward; my master seduced her—she became an outcast, and died in misery—I vowed vengeance—and I did avenge her.

Rod. Hadst thou accomplices?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Rod. The Lady Isabella!

Mar. Ay: she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports

of his jealousy—thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Rod. (breaks into a transport.) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own!—Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy bugle—*(*WOLFSTEIN *sounds.)*

Mar. (stares wildly round.) That was no note of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heaven! what have I said!

Rod. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gathered—'tis retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of RODERIC.

Rod. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds, and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit;—look to him, as you love your lives.

Mar. (*led off by soldiers.*) Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! [*Exeunt.*

Rod. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitants! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

Wol. I foresee, indeed, dishonour to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale.

Rod. And how thinkest thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wol. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Rod. And is that all?

Wol. What more?

Rod. Short-sighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wol. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Rod. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may—ay, were that perpetrator his own father—or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin's confession?

Wol. True: but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges?

Rod. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete—perjured or parricide, I care not; but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

Wol. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

Rod. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in battle—George has twice baffled and dishonoured my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved: but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-cheeked boy, when this scene of villany shall be disclosed. [*Bugle.*

Wol. Hark! they sound a retreat: let us go deeper into the wood.

Rod. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph! —Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

Wol. What place?

Rod. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, as usual. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter GEORGE OF ASPEN, *as from the pursuit.*

Geo. (*comes slowly forward.*) How many wretches have sunk under my arm this day, to whom life was sweet, though the wretched bondsmen of Count Roderic! And I—I who sought death beneath every lifted battle-axe, and offered my breast to every arrow—I am cursed with victory and safety. Here I left the wretch——Martin!—Martin!—what, ho! Martin!——Mother of God! he is gone! Should he repeat the dreadful tale to any other——Martin!—He answers not. Perhaps he has crept into the thicket, and died there—were it so, the horrible secret is only mine.

Enter HENRY OF ASPEN, *with* WICKERD, REYNOLD, *and followers.*

Hen. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is little less than miraculous.

Rey. By'r Lady, when Baron George struck, I think he must have forgot that his foes were God's creatures. Such furious doings I never saw, and I have been a trooper these forty-two years come St. Barnaby——

Geo. Peace! Saw any of you Martin?

Wic. Noble sir, I left him here not long since.

Geo. Alive, or dead?

Wic. Alive, noble sir, but sorely wounded. I think he

must be prisoner, for he could not have budged else from hence.

Geo. Heedless slave! Why didst thou leave him?

Hen. Dear brother, Wickerd acted for the best: he came to our assistance and the aid of his companions.

Geo. I tell thee, Henry, Martin's safety was of more importance than the lives of any ten that stand here.

Wic. (*muttering.*) Here's much to do about an old crazy trencher-shifter.

Geo. What mutterest thou?

Wic. Only, sir knight, that Martin seemed out of his senses when I left him, and has perhaps wandered into the marsh, and perished there.

Geo. How—out of his senses? Did he speak to thee?—(*apprehensively.*)

Wic. Yes, noble sir.

Geo. Dear Henry, step for an instant to yon tree—thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolf's-hill. (HENRY *retires.*) And do you stand back (*to the soldiers*). (*He brings* WICKERD *forward.*)

Geo. (*with marked apprehension.*) What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd?—tell me, on thy allegiance.

Wic. Mere ravings, sir knight—offered me his sword to kill you.

Geo. Said he aught of killing any one else?

Wic. No: the pain of his wound seemed to have brought on a fever.

Geo. (*clasps his hands together.*) I breathe again—I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth (*aside*).

Wickerd, think not on what I said—the heat of the battle had chafed my blood. Thou hast wished for the Nether farm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

Wic. Thanks, my noble lord.

Re-enter HENRY.

Hen. No—they do not rally—they have had enough of it—but Wickerd and Conrad shall remain, with twenty troopers and a score of crossbowmen, and scour the woods towards Griefenhaus, to prevent the fugitives from making head. We will, with the rest, to Ebersdorf. What say you, brother?

Geo. Well ordered. Wickerd, look thou search everywhere for Martin: bring him to me dead or alive; leave not a nook of the wood unsought.

Wic. I warrant you, noble sir, I shall find him, could he clew himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forefend! Take a trumpet, Eustace (*to an attendant*); ride to the castle of Maltingen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer any ransom: offer ten —twenty—all our prisoners in exchange.

Eus. It shall be done, sir knight.

Hen. Ere we go, sound trumpets—strike up the song of victory.

SONG.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping;
Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Bursting, resistless, through foemen they go:

War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning,
Roderic's power scorning,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eyeballs descried on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away:
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

Hen. Now spread our banners, and to Ebersdorf in triumph. We carry relief to the anxious, joy to the heart of the aged, brother George. (*Going off.*)

Geo. Or treble misery and death.

[*Apart, and following slowly.*

The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen begin to file across the stage. The curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Castle of Ebersdorf.

RUDIGER, ISABELLA, *and* GERTRUDE.

Rud. I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

Isa. Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

Rud. Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh! not a page would leave the skirts of the fugitives till they were fairly beaten into their holds; but had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seest thou any thing?

Ger. I think I see a horseman.

Isa. A single rider: then I fear me much.

Ger. It is only Father Ludovic.

Rud. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

Ger. But yonder is a great cloud of dust.

Rud. (*eagerly.*) Indeed!

Ger. It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

Rud. The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights!

Ger. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you? Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

Rud. Nonsense: but say on; any thing is better than silence.

Ger. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my Aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shovelled in the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

Isa. (*appears shocked.*) Heaven! what an idea!

Ger. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while to drown your screams.

Rud. And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

Ger. What shall I sing to you?

Rud. Sing to me of war.

Ger. I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

Isa. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

Rud. Then sing a song of mirth.

Isa. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

Rud. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

Ger. Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

SONG.

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
  Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
As a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
  Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.—

"Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."—

[*The voice of* GERTRUDE *sinks by degrees, till she bursts into tears.*

Rud. How now, Gertrude?

Ger. Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?

Rud. Never, my girl, never—(*Military music is heard*)—Hark! Hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.

[*All rise and run to the window.*

Rud. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious. (*The chorus of the war-song is heard without.*) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, broach our oldest casks: wine is sweet after war.

Enter HENRY, *followed by* REYNOLD *and troopers.*

Rud. Joy to thee, my boy: let me press thee to this old heart.

Isa. Bless thee, my son—(*embraces him*)—Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace. Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother?

Hen. Hard at hand: by this he is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (*Goes to her.*)

Ger. I joy not in battles.

Rud. But she had tears for thy danger.

Hen. Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no inglorious field.

Ger. It is bloody!—(*shocked.*)

Rud. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood as it is that of his foes, thou shouldst glory in it.—Go, Reynold, make good cheer with thy fellows.

[*Exit* REYNOLD *and soldiers.*

Enter GEORGE *pensively.*

Geo. (*goes straight to* RUDIGER.) Father, thy blessing.

Rud. Thou hast it, boy.

Isa. (*rushes to embrace him—he avoids her.*) How? Art thou wounded?

Geo. No.

Rud. Thou lookest deadly pale.

Geo. It is nothing.

Isa. Heaven's blessing on my gallant George.

Geo. (*aside.*) Dares she bestow a blessing?—Oh, Martin's tale was frenzy!

Isa. Smile upon us for once, my son; darken not thy brow on this day of gladness—few are our moments of joy—should not my sons share in them?

Geo. (*aside.*) She has moments of joy—it *was* frenzy then.

Isa. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight. —(*She loosens and takes off his casque.*)

Ger. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.

Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque!

Geo. Else hadst thou gone.

Isa. I will reward the armourer with its weight in gold.

Geo. (*aside.*) She *must* be innocent.

Ger. And Henry's shield is hacked, too. Let me show it to your uncle.—(*She carries* HENRY'S *to* RUDIGER.)

Rud. Do, my love—and come hither, Henry, thou shalt tell me how the day went.

[HENRY *and* GERTRUDE *converse apart with* RUDIGER. GEORGE *comes forward.* ISABELLA *comes to him.*

Isa. Surely, George, some evil has befallen thee. Grave thou art ever, but so dreadfully gloomy—

Geo. *Evil,* indeed.—(*Aside.*) Now for the trial.

Isa. Has your loss been great?

Geo. No!—Yes!—(*Apart.*) I cannot do it.

Isa. Perhaps some friend lost?

Geo. It must be.—*Martin is dead.*—(*He regards her with apprehension, but steadily, as he pronounces these words.*)

Isa. (*starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy.*) Dead!

Geo. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*) Guilty! Guilty! —(*apart.*)

Isa. (*without observing his emotion.*) Didst thou say dead?

Geo. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.

Isa. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he? Let me fly to him.—(*Going.*)

Geo. (*sternly.*) Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud!—Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.

Isa. A prisoner, and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles,—all our possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave secures him.

Geo. (*apart.*) Guilty! Guilty!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltingen, has arrived with a message.

Rud. I will receive him in the hall.

[*Exit, leaning on* GERTRUDE *and* HENRY.

Isa. Go, George—see after Martin.

Geo. (*firmly.*) No—I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive—I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy tribute.—(*He falls on his mother's neck, and weeps bitterly.*)

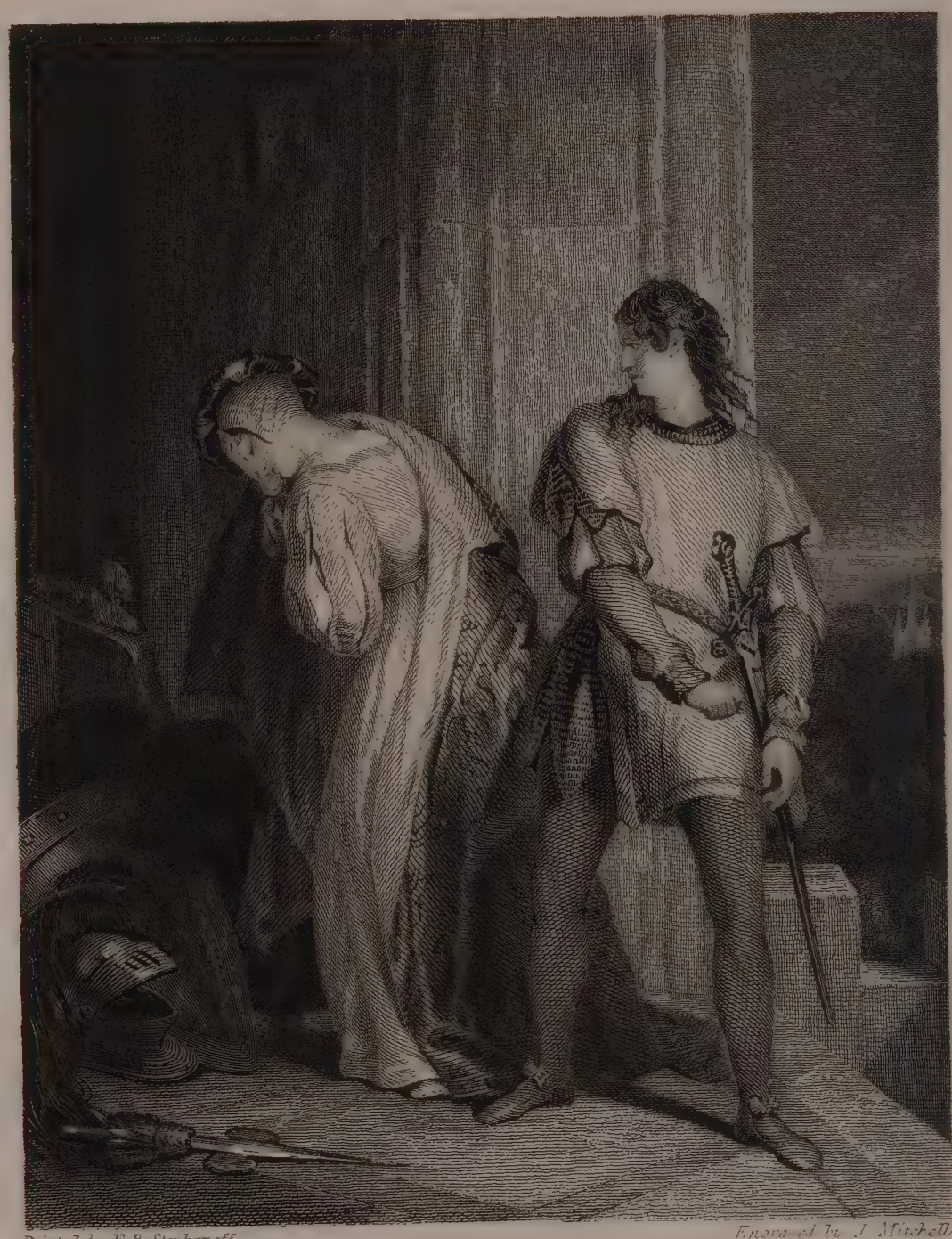
Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake what dreadful frenzy!

Geo. (*walks two turns across the stage, and composes himself.*) Listen, mother—I knew a knight in Hungary, gallant in battle, hospitable and generous in peace. The king gave him his friendship, and the administration of a province; that province was infested by thieves and murderers. You mark me?—

Isa. Most heedfully.

Geo. The knight was sworn—bound by an oath the most dreadful that can be taken by man—to deal among offenders, evenhanded, stern and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (*with an affectation of composure.*) Solemn, doubtless, as the oath of every magistrate.



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GEORGE OF ASPEN AND ISABELLA.

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Geo. And inviolable?

Isa. Surely—inviolable.

Geo. Well! It happened, that when he rode out against the banditti, he made a prisoner. And who, think you, that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not (*with increasing terror*).

Geo. (*trembling, but proceeding rapidly.*) His own twin brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother; his brother whom he loved as his own soul—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (*almost speechless.*) Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did (*turning his head from her, and with clasped hands*) what I can never do:—he did his duty.

Isa. My son! My son!—Mercy! Mercy! (*Clings to him.*)

Geo. Is it then true?

Isa. What?

Geo. What Martin said? (ISABELLA *hides her face.*) It is true!

Isa. (*looks up with an air of dignity.*) Hear, Framer of the laws of nature! the mother is judged by the child—(*Turns towards him*). Yes, it is true—true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! No! to an executioner.

Isa. Be it so—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderess of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be

brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son —thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more! How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh, Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my wo, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infamy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes—(*weeps*).

Geo. (*struggling for breath.*) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (*throws himself into her arms*). Thus fall my vows.

Isa. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said, that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

Geo. No! No! The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue!

Isa. My son! My son!—How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[*Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.*]

Geo. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (*Apart.*)

Isa. (*opens the door.*) A parchment stuck to the door

with a poniard! (*Opens it.*) Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judges!—(*Drops the parchment.*)

Geo. (*reads with emotion.*) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morsel thou didst taste, every drop which thou didst drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come loaded with destruction. One chance of safety is open:—obey the summons.

Isa. And perish.—Yet why should I still fear death? Be it so.

Geo. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

Isa. None.

Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

Isa. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

Geo. Think on my father. Live for him: he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.

Isa. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived: for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence: but the instant

that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this dagger should drink my blood. (*Puts the poniard into her bosom.*)

Geo. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

Isa. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment-seat?

Geo. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (*He leads her out, and returns.*) —Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

Enter Reynold.

Rey. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

Geo. Admit him.

Enter Hugo.

Hugo. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and the owlet scream; and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

Geo. I understand him. I will be there.

Hugo. And the count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would down-weigh his best horse with gold. But you may send him a confessor, for the count says he will need one.

Geo. Is he so near death?

Hugo. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through loss

of blood; but since his wound was dressed he can both stand and walk. Our count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

Geo. Enough—I will send a priest.—(*Exit* HUGO.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin's guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to aid Martin in making his escape?

Rey. Noble sir, the followers of your house are so well known to those of Maltingen, that I fear it is impossible.

Geo. Knowest thou of no stranger who might be employed? His reward shall exceed even his hopes.

Rey. So please you—I think the minstrel could well execute such a commission: he is shrewd and cunning, and can write and read like a priest.

Geo. Call him.—(*Exit* REYNOLD.) If this fails, I must employ open force. Were Martin removed, no tongue can assert the bloody truth.

Enter MINSTREL.

Geo. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage to undertake a dangerous enterprise?

Ber. My life, sir knight, has been one scene of danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.

Geo. Thy speech is above thy seeming.—Who art thou?

Ber. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?

Ber. I slew, at a tournament, a prince, and was laid under the ban of the empire.

Geo. I have interest with the emperor. Swear to per-

form what task I shall impose on thee, and I will procure the recal of the ban.

Ber. I swear.

Geo. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go with the follower of Count Roderic, as if to confess my wounded squire Martin. Give him thy dress, and remain in prison in his stead. Thy captivity shall be short, and I pledge my knightly word I will labour to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

Ber. I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

Ber. I will essay it. [*Exit.*

Geo. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—the perjured knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there!

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Where is Baron Henry?

Att. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

Geo. Saddle my steed! I will follow him.

Att. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

Geo. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfs-hill. Where is thy lady?

Att. In the chapel, sir knight.

Geo. 'Tis well—saddle my bay horse—(*apart*) for the last time. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The wood of Griefenhaus, with the ruins of the castle. A nearer view of the castle than in Act Second, but still at some distance.

Enter RODERIC, WOLFSTEIN, *and Soldiers as from a reconnoitring party.*

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes, Count Roderic.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hugo. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain! thy life shall pay it! (*Strikes at* HUGO—*is held by* WOLFSTEIN.)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hugo. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hugo. An hour and more since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen: but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hugo. He waits his doom not far from hence.

[*Exit* Hugo.

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltingen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, *with* Bertram *and Attendants.*

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ber. I warn thee again, count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!——

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. (*astonished.*) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen?

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not!

Rod. Miserable plotter!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf!

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ber. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Ebersdorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger—Hell thank him for it—enforced the ban against me at the head of his vassals, and I was constrained to fly. Since then I have warred against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ber. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, engaged to

procure the recal of the ban; besides, he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I accounted the old villain to be the last remaining follower of our house. But, as God shall judge me, the tale of horror thou hast mentioned I could not have even suspected. Report ran, that my brother died of the plague.

Wolf. Raised for the purpose, doubtless, of preventing attendance upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my honour, the murderers of my brother, shall be cut off, root and branch!

Rod. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially if thou art still a true brother to our invisible order.

Ber. I am.

Rod. There is a meeting this night on the business of thy brother's death. Some are now come. I must despatch them in pursuit of Martin.

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. The foes advance, sir knight.

Rod. Back! back to the ruins! Come with us, Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dreadful history. [*Exeunt.*

From the opposite side enter GEORGE, HENRY, WICKERD, CONRAD, *and Soldiers.*

Geo. No news of Martin yet?

Wic. None, sir knight.

Geo. Nor of the minstrel?

Wic. None.

Geo. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—misery either way. Begone, and search the wood, Wickerd.

[*Exeunt* WICKERD *and followers.*

Hen. Still this dreadful gloom on thy brow, brother?

Geo. Ay! what else?

Hen. Once thou thoughtest me worthy of thy friendship.

Geo. Henry, thou art young—

Hen. Shall I therefore betray thy confidence?

Geo. No! but thou art gentle, and well-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear, far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

Hen. Try me.

Geo. I may not.

Hen. Then thou dost no longer love me.

Geo. I love thee, and because I love thee, I will not involve thee in my distress.

Hen. I will bear it with thee.

Geo. Shouldst thou share it, it would be doubled to me!

Hen. Fear not, I will find a remedy.

Geo. It would cost thee peace of mind, here, and hereafter.

Hen. I take the risk.

Geo. It may not be, Henry. Thou wouldst become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

Hen. Shall I guess?

Geo. I charge thee, no!

Hen. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

Geo. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

Hen. Is it not so?

Geo. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee?

Hen. I care not.

Geo. He who discovers any part of our mystery must himself become one of our number.

Hen. How so?

Geo. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn—take thy choice!

Hen. Well, are you not banded in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that, in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

Hen. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

Geo. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the veriest slave that ever tugged at an oar. The slave of men whose actions will appear to thee savage and incomprehensible, and whom thou must aid against the world upon peril of thy throat.

Hen. Be it so. I will share your lot.

Geo. Alas, Henry! Heaven forbid! But since thou hast by a hasty word fettered thyself, I will avail myself of thy bondage. Mount thy fleetest steed, and hie thee this very night to the Duke of Bavaria. He is chief and paramount of our chapter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him that matters will be this night discussed concerning the house of Aspen. Bid him speed him to the assembly, for he well knows the president is our deadly foe. He will admit thee a member of our holy body.

Hen. Who is the foe whom you dread?

Geo. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is, implicit and blind obedience.

Hen. Well! I shall soon return and see thee again.

Geo. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest—well! that matters not.

Hen. I go: thou wilt set a watch here.

Geo. I will. (HENRY *going.*) Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee, shouldst thou not see me again.

Hen. Heaven! what mean you?

Geo. Nothing. The life of mortals is precarious, and should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—and this—(*embraces him warmly*). And now haste to the duke. [*Exit* HENRY.] Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

Re-enter WICKERD *and followers.*

Wic. We have made a follower of Maltingen prisoner, Baron George, who reports, that Martin has escaped.

Geo. Joy! Joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, lest he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

Wic. I shall, noble sir.

[*The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish as for setting the watch: the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.

ISABELLA *is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.*

Isa. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons: it is now near. How can I pray when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnolf! Arnolf! thou art dreadfully avenged! (*Tap at the door.*) The footstep of my dreadful guide. (*Tap again.*) My courage is no more.

Enter GERTRUDE *by the door.*

Gertrude, is it only thou? (*embraces her.*)

Ger. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

Isa. Who is in the hall?

Ger. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

Isa. Sawest thou no strange faces?

Ger. No; none but friends.

Isa. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

Ger. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have staid one day at least. But come, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below yon monument (*pointing*).

Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R. A *Engraved by F. Bacon.*

ISABELLA AND GERTRUDE.

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Isa. (*starting.*) The monument of my first husband. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. [*Exit* GERTRUDE.] Ay, there he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his parting groans! When shall I sleep so soundly? (*As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.*) Merciful God! is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (*It approaches: she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.*) Ghastly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in agony, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (*Figure bends its head and beckons.*)—To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (*Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.*) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (*She follows the figure a little way; he turns, and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both exeunt behind the monument.*)

SCENE III.

The Wood of Griefenhaus.

A watch-fire, round which sit WICKERD, CONRAD, *and others, in their watch-cloaks.*

Wic. The night is bitter cold.

Con. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rhenish.

Wic. True; and I'll give ye warrant for it. (*Sings.*)—

(RHEIN-WEIN LEID.)

What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster?
The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,
Bedeck your Saracen;
He 'll freeze without what warms our hearts within, sirs,
When the night-frost crusts the fen;

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
That make our troopers' frozen courage muster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Con. Well sung, Wickerd; thou wert ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper or two more.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?

Fra. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolfshill, and on the dead bodies with which to-day's work has covered it. We heard the spirit of the house of Maltingen wailing over the slaughter of its adherents: I durst go no farther.

Wic. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones.

Con. Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

Fra. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

Wic. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

Fran. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices sing the funeral service.

Another soldier. Father Ludovic heard the same.

Wic. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery bugbears? Old Reynold saw his vision in the strength of the grape. As for the chaplain, far be it from me to name the spirit which visits him; but I know what I know, when I found him confessing Bertrand's pretty Agnes in the chestnut grove.

Con. But, Wickerd, though I have often heard of strange tales which I could not credit, yet there is one in our family so well attested, that I almost believe it. Shall I tell it you?

All Soldiers. Do! do tell it, gentle Conrad.

Wic. And I will take t'other sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

Con. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horsheim.

Wic. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

Con. Well! He was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: he and his followers knocked repeatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

Fran. And they made good their quarters?

Con. They did: and Albert retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awaked by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw——

Fran. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

Wic. Ay, the wind among the withered leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

Con. That's more than gray hairs can make other folks.

Wic. Ha! stripling, art thou so malapert? Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee who commands this party.

All Soldiers. Peace, peace, good Wickerd: let Conrad proceed.

Con. Where was I?

Fran. About the mirror.

Con. True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, my uncle discerned in the ghastly visage the features of his own father.

Soldier. Hush! By St. Francis I heard a groan. (*They start up all but* WICKERD.)

Wic. The croaking of a frog, who has caught cold in this bitter night, and sings rather more hoarsely than usual.

Fran. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian. (*They sit down, and close round the fire.*)

Con. Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone: but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed, "It is now too late;" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure—

Fran. Merciful Virgin! It comes. (*All rise.*)

Wic. Where? what?

Con. See yon figure coming from the thicket!

Enter MARTIN, *in the monk's dress, much disordered: his face is very pale, and his steps slow.*

Wic. (*levelling his pike.*) Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron if thou budgest a foot nearer! (MARTIN *stops.*) Who art thou? what dost thou seek?

Mar. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

Wic. See there, ye cravens, your apparition is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (*They place* MARTIN *by the fire.*) By heaven, it is Martin—our Martin! Martin, how fares it with thee? We have sought thee this whole night.

Mar. So have many others (*vacantly*).

Con. Yes, thy master.

Mar. Did you see him too?

Con. Whom? Baron George?

Mar. No! my first master, Arnolf of Ebersdorf.

Wic. He raves.

Mar. He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed; its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou wilt return this night to my service!"

Wic. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

Mar. Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: you have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favourite goblet of my old master.

Con. By our Lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

Mar. I know a face so like the apostate Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on a mirror.

Wic. Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (*Footsteps are heard in the wood.*) To your arms. (*They take their arms.*)

Enter two members of the Invisible Tribunal, muffled in their cloaks.

Con. Stand! Who are ye?

1*st Mem.* Travellers benighted in the wood.

Wic. Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltingen?

1*st Mem.* We enter not into their quarrel: we are friends to the right.

Wic. Then are ye friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

2*d Mem.* Thanks. (*They approach the fire, and regard* MARTIN *very earnestly.*)

Con. Hear ye any news abroad?

2*d Mem.* None; but that oppression and villany are rife and rank as ever.

Wic. The old complaint.

1*st Mem.* No! never did former age equal this in wickedness; and yet, as if the daily commission of enormities were not enough to blot the sun, every hour discovers crimes which have lain concealed for years.

Con. Pity the Holy Tribunal should slumber in its office.

2*d Mem.* Young man, it slumbers not. When criminals are ripe for its vengeance, it falls like the bolt of Heaven.

Mar. (*attempting to rise.*) Let me begone.

Con. (*detaining him.*) Whither now, Martin?

Mar. To mass.

1*st Mem.* Even now, we heard a tale of a villain, who,

ungrateful as the frozen adder, stung the bosom that had warmed him into life.

Mar. Conrad, bear me off; I would be away from these men.

Con. Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

Mar. Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

2d Mem. The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

Wic. Out upon the monster!

1*st Mem.* For nearly thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which groaned under his footsteps—the winds which passed over his unhallowed head—the stream which he polluted by his lips—the fire at which he warmed his blood-stained hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

Mar. Conrad, good youth—lead me from hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. [*Rises.*

Con. Be patient, good Martin.

Wic. And where was the miscreant seized?

[*The two Members suddenly lay hands on Martin, and draw their daggers; the soldiers spring to their arms.*

1*st Mem.* On this very spot.

Wic. Traitors, unloose your hold!

1*st Mem.* In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[*All sink their weapons, and stand motionless.*

Mar. Help! help!

1*st Mem.* Help him with your prayers.

[*He is dragged off. The scene shuts.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The subterranean chapel of the castle of Griefenhaus. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the sacristy, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe, capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter COUNT RODERIC, *dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.*

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! (*The doors are barred with great care.*)

Rod. Herald, do thy duty!

[*Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.*

Herald. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness? [*All the Members incline their heads.*

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[*Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.*

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, wo! wo, unto offenders!

All. Wo! wo! [*Members sit down.*

Herald. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance!

Member (*rises, his face covered*). Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Accuser. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye: yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?

Rod. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Accuser (*his hand on the altar*). I swear!

Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?

Accuser. I will.

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence?

[*The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.*

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Accuser. George, Baron of Aspen.

[*A murmur in the assembly.*

A Member (*suddenly rising*). I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Accuser. Rash man! gagest thou an oath so lightly?

Member. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

Accuser. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?

Member. Then would I never trust man again.

Accuser. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself (*throws back his mantle*).

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice, on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Wo to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Wo to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for me your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

[*Exit* GEORGE, *by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the sacristy.*

Rod. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favour and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity. [*Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.*

Rod. Speak your doom.

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared himself perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longer cumber the land.

Eldest Mem. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded

with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God!

[*He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.*

Eldest Judge (*from behind the scene*). Dost thou forgive me?

Geo. (*behind.*) I do! (*He is heard to fall heavily.*)

[*Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.*

Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?

Eldest Mem. I have. (*He faints.*)

Rod. He swoons. Remove him.

[*He is assisted off the stage. During this four members enter the sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.*

Rod. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.

Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Enough has this night been done—(*he rises and brings* BERTRAM *forward.*) Think what thou doest—George has fallen—it were murder to slay both mother and son.

Ber. George of Aspen was thy victim—a sacrifice to thy hatred and envy. I claim mine, sacred to justice and to my murdered brother. Resume thy place!—thou canst not stop the rock thou hast put in motion.

Rod. (*resumes his seat.*) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

Ber. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

Rod. She has been summoned.

Herald. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defence.

[*Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the warder.*

Enter ISABELLA, *the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.*

Rod. Uncover her eyes.

[*The veil is removed.* ISABELLA *looks wildly round.*

Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?

Isa. I guess.

Rod. Say thy guess.

Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.

Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

Isa. No.

Rod. Speak, accuser.

Ber. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered privily and by poison, Arnolph of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

Rod. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

Ber. (*his hand on the altar.*) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

Rod. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer?

Isa. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt!

Rod. Hast thou more to say?

Isa. I have.

Rod. Speak on.

Isa. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accused of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealous; ever suspecting me without a cause, unless it was because he had injured me. How then should I plan and perpetrate such a deed? The lamb turns not against the wolf, though a prisoner in his den.

Rod. Have you finished?

Isa. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother! though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge? No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters, I have endowed hospitals. The goods that Heaven bestowed on me, I have not held back from the needy. I appeal to you, judges of evil, can these proofs of innocence be down-weighed by the assertion of an unknown and disguised, perchance a malignant accuser?

Ber. No longer will I wear that disguise (*throws back his mantle*). Dost thou know me now?

Isa. Yes; I know thee for a wandering minstrel, relieved by the charity of my husband.

Ber. No, traitress! know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice Martin. Ha! turn'st thou pale?

Isa. May I have some water?—(*Apart.*) Sacred Heaven! his vindictive look is so like— [*Water is brought.*

A Member. Martin died in the hands of our brethren.

Rod. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

Isa. (*reassuming fortitude.*) Let not the sinking of

nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser—know him to be outlawed for homicide, and under the ban of the empire: his testimony cannot be received.

Eldest Judge. She says truly.

Ber. (*to* RODERIC.) Then I call upon thee and William of Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.

Rod. Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.

Ber. Then will I call another: meanwhile let the accused be removed.

Rod. Retire, lady. [ISABELLA *is led to the sacristy.*

Isa. (*in going off.*) The ground is slippery—Heavens! it is floated with blood! [*Exit into the sacristy.*

Rod. (*apart to* BERTRAM.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [BERTRAM *whispers.*

Rod. This goes beyond me. (*After a moment's thought.*) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (*Aloud.*) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him.

[*All muffle their faces.*

Enter RUDIGER, *his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.*

Rod. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

Rud. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

Rod. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

Rud. Most willingly, as is my duty.

Rod. What if the crime regard thy friend?

Rud. I will hold him no longer so.

Rod. What if thine own blood?

Rud. I would let it out with my poniard.

Rod. Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall. (*The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of* GEORGE *pale and bloody.* RUDIGER *staggers towards it.*)

Rud. My George! my George! Not slain manly in battle, but murdered by legal assassins. Much, much may I mourn thee, my beloved boy; but not now—not now: never will I shed a tear for thy death till I have cleared thy fame.—Hear me, ye midnight murderers, he was innocent (*raising his voice*)—upright as the truth itself. Let the man who dares gainsay me lift that gage. If the Almighty does not strengthen these frail limbs, to make good a father's quarrel, I have a son left, who will vindicate the honour of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

Rod. Rash and insensate! Hear first the cause. Hear the dishonour of thy house.

Isa. (from the sacristy.) Never shall he hear it till the author is no more! (RUDIGER *attempts to rush towards the sacristy, but is prevented.* ISABELLA *enters wounded, and throws herself on* GEORGE*'s body.*)

Isa. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

Rud. (*still held.*) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

Isa. (*looking up.*) No! no! endanger not thy life! My-

self! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know—— Oh! (*Dies.*)

Rud. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

Rod. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

Rud. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well beseems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[RUDIGER *is dragged off to the sacristy.*

Rod. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall descry our mystery?

Eldest Judge. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

Rod. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (*Murmurs in the assembly.*) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (*Fainter murmurs.*) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (*A dead silence.*) Take to thee the steel and the cord (*to the eldest judge*).

Eldest Judge. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

Rod. (*to another.*) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (*Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.*)

Member. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son: the bloody ground is strewed with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for

Christendom. I will not be your butcher.—(*Throws down the dagger.*)

Ber. Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

Rod. Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal!

[BERTRAM *seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.*

All. Hold! Hold!

[*The Duke of* BAVARIA, *attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a ducal crown.—He carries a rod in his hand.—All rise.—A murmur among the members, who whisper to each other, "The Duke," "The Chief," &c.*

Rod. The Duke of Bavaria. I am lost.

Duke (*sees the bodies*). I am too late—the victims have fallen.

Hen. (*who enters with the duke.*) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Rud. (*from the sacristy.*) Henry—it is thy voice—save me! [HENRY *rushes into the sacristy.*

Duke. Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonoured—(RODERIC *leaves his place, which the duke occupies*).—Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that, being a mortal enemy to the House of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to pander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

Rod. Chief among our circles, I have but acted according to our laws.

Duke. Thou hast indeed observed the letter of our sta-

tutes, and wo am I that they do warrant this night's bloody work! I cannot do unto thee as I would, but what I can I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down, therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine (RODERIC *kneels as directed*). I degrade thee from thy sacred office (*spreads his hands, as pushing* RODERIC *from him*). If after two days thou darest to pollute Bavarian ground by thy footsteps, be it at the peril of the steel and the cord (RODERIC *rises*). I dissolve this meeting (*all rise*). Judges and condemners of others, God teach you knowledge of yourselves! (*All bend their heads—Duke breaks his rod, and comes forward.*)

Rod. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery —thou art my liege lord—but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

Hen. (*rushing from the sacristy.*) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Rod. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists —there lies my gage.

Duke. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (*To* RODERIC.) Lists shalt thou never more enter; lance shalt thou never more wield (*draws his sword*). With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; with this sword I dishonour thee—I thy prince—(*strikes him slightly with the flat of the sword*)—I take from thee the degree of knight, the dignity of chivalry. Thou art no longer a free German noble; thou art honourless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honour and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudful and dishonoured,

hide thy shame in a foreign land! (RODERIC *shows a dumb expression of rage.*) Lay hands on Bertram of Ebersdorf: as I live, he shall pay the forfeiture of his outlawry. Henry, aid us to remove thy father from this charnel-house. Never shall he know the dreadful secret. Be it mine to sooth his sorrows, and to restore the honour of the House of Aspen.

(*Curtain slowly falls.*)

L'AMOUR FAIT PASSER LE TEMS.

TO A LADY.

ON THE BAS-RELIEF OF HER CLOCK, WHICH, IN ALLUSION TO THE MOTTO ABOVE, REPRESENTED A CUPID ROWING TIME IN A SMALL BOAT.

BY HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND.

LOVE, says your artist, makes Time pass—
'Tis pretty, but I doubt him.
Dismiss that rowing boy, alas!
Time pushes on without him.
Careless alike of oar or skuller,
He guides with fatal hand
A bark, which though the voyage be duller,
Must reach the destined strand.

LAMENT OF THE GENII,

A FRAGMENT,

BY LORD PORCHESTER,

WRITTEN UPON THE OCCASION OF LADY E—— LEAVING THE SEA COAST FOR THE METROPOLIS.

As I paced the ocean shore,
Listening to its ceaseless roar,
Genii of the land and sea
Held unwonted colloquy.
Once, within the southern zone,
Magic arts to me were shown;
Sparkles of their fire I caught,
Lore by years of wandering bought.
Well I know, by mystic sign,
When unearthly powers combine:
Though the cold ungifted ear
Nothing in that roar can hear,
I can read its voice, and know
Hoary Ocean speaks in wo.

Genius of the ocean speaks.

"Sea-girt City, weeping, say,
Must we lose our all to-day?
For what dire offence must I
Pay this scornful penalty?
Have ye not my breezes blown
Round the dwelling once her own,
Fanning, with your lightest wing,
Bowers where youth was blossoming?
Did I not at evening, too,
All my anxious cares renew,

With a gently rippling sound,
Lull each sense to rest profound?
From my shores she yet would flee!
Have ye blown too faint or free,
Spirits of the boundless main?
If too free, I will restrain;
If too faint, I will unbind
Every tributary wind.
As the passing bark at night
Sheds a transient glorious light,
When the lamp upon its prow
Shows the illumined wave below,
So upon my shores she came,
Bright and fitful as the flame;
Faithless as the dream of hope,
Fleeting as the antelope;
Seen, alas! but to depart,
Yet imprinting on the heart
All that fancy loves to trace,
Eye of fire and form of grace.
City of the Ocean, say,
Must we lose our all to-day?
Some unthought-of joy supply,
To avert this penalty;
Bid the chariot wheels delay,
Drive the fated hour away;
Oh, her visit still prolong,
Like some soul-entrancing song,
Sweeter as it lasts more long.
City of the Ocean, say,
Must we lose our Queen to-day?"

Genius of the land replies.

* * * * * *

STANZAS.

BY THE HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS.

In the city of Cracow, in one of the chapels of the cathedral, a mass is perpetually saying for the souls of the kings of Poland. This has now continued for some centuries; and a foundation exists to ensure its continuation for ever.

A HALLOW'd fane
Adorns the plain
Where Cracow's towers arise,
Beneath whose dome,
In his narrow tomb,
Each crowned Jagellon lies.

Within those walls
The dim light falls
On an aged churchman's head,
Who recites alone,
In hollow tone,
The litanies of the dead.

'Neath the burning ray
Of the summer's day
Which the longest sees the sun,
By the bright moonlight
Of the winter's night,
Still glides that requiem on.

The ceaseless stave
Sounds through the nave,
As the weary chanter sings
For the kings whose bones
Lie beneath the stones,
For the ancient Polish kings.

Ages have fled
Since among the dead
Those monarchs' heads were laid;
Yet of masses to save
Their souls in the grave,
The debt is yet unpaid!

Sarmatia's sway
Has passed away,
Her star is set in night;
Of her long-passed reigns
No trace remains,
Save this solitary rite.

Aye, and still, though all
In this world must fall,
And nations be no more,
Shall that solemn chime,
To the end of time,
Be for ever chanted o'er.

Drawn by J.M.W. Turner R.A

Engraved by R. Wallis

VIRGINIA WATER.

Printed by J. Brown

THE MOURNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!

MOORE.

A GORGEOUS scene of kingly pride is the prospect now before us!—the offspring of art, the nursling of nature—where can the eye rest on a landscape more deliciously lovely than the fair expanse of Virginia Water, now an open mirror to the sky, now shaded by umbrageous banks, which wind into dark recesses, or are rounded into soft promontories? Looking down on it, now that the sun is low in the west, the eye is dazzled, the soul oppressed, by excess of beauty. Earth, water, air, drink to overflowing, the radiance that streams from yonder well of light: the foliage of the trees seems dripping with the golden flood; while the lake, filled with no earthly dew, appears but an imbasining of the sun-tinctured atmosphere; and trees and gay pavilion float in its depth, more clear, more distinct, than their twins in the upper air. Nor is the scene silent: strains more sweet than those that lull Venus to her balmy rest, more inspiring than the song of Tiresias which awoke Alexander to the deed of ruin, more solemn than the chantings of St. Cecilia, float along the waves and mingle with the lagging breeze, which ruffles not the lake. Strange, that a few dark scores should be the key to this fountain of sound; the unconscious link between unregarded noise,

and harmonies which unclose paradise to our entranced senses!

The sun touches the extreme boundary, and a softer, milder light mingles a roseate tinge with the fiery glow. Our boat has floated long on the broad expanse; now let it approach the umbrageous bank. The green tresses of the graceful willow dip into the waters, which are checked by them into a ripple. The startled teal dart from their recess, skimming the waves with splashing wing. The stately swans float onward; while innumerable water fowl cluster together out of the way of the oars. The twilight is blotted by no dark shades; it is one subdued, equal receding of the great tide of day, which leaves the shingles bare, but not deformed. We may disembark and wander yet amid the glades, long before the thickening shadows speak of night. The plantations are formed of every English tree, with an old oak or two standing out in the walks. There the glancing foliage obscures heaven, as the silken texture of a veil a woman's lovely features: beneath such fretwork we may indulge in light-hearted thoughts; or, if sadder meditations lead us to seek darker shades, we may pass the cascade towards the large groves of pine, with their vast undergrowth of laurel, reaching up to the Belvidere; or, on the opposite side of the water, sit under the shadow of the silver-stemmed birch, or beneath the leafy pavilions of those fine old beeches, whose high fantastic roots seem formed in nature's sport; and the near jungle of sweet-smelling myrica leaves no sense unvisited by pleasant ministration.

Now this splendid scene is reserved for the royal possessor; but in past years, while the lodge was called the Regent's Cottage, or before, when the under ranger in-

habited it, the mazy paths of Chapel Wood were open, and the iron gates enclosing the plantations and Virginia Water were guarded by no Cerberus untamable by sops. It was here, on a summer's evening, that Horace Neville and his two fair cousins floated idly on the placid lake,

> "In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

Neville had been eloquent in praise of English scenery. "In distant climes," he said, "we may find landscapes grand in barbaric wildness, or rich in the luxuriant vegetation of the south, or sublime in Alpine magnificence. We may lament, though it is ungrateful to say so on such a night as this, the want of a more genial sky; but where find scenery to be compared to the verdant, well wooded, well watered groves of our native land; the clustering cottages, shadowed by fine old elms; each garden blooming with early flowers, each lattice gay with geraniums and roses; the blue-eyed child devouring his white bread, while he drives a cow to graze; the hedge redolent with summer blooms; the enclosed cornfields, seas of golden grain, weltering in the breeze; the stile, the track across the meadow, leading through the copse, under which the path winds, and the meeting branches overhead, which give, by their dimming tracery, a cathedral-like solemnity to the scene; the river, winding 'with sweet inland murmur;' and, as additional graces, spots like these—Oases of taste—gardens of Eden—the works of wealth, which evince at once the greatest power and the greatest will to create beauty?

"And yet," continued Neville, "it was with difficulty that I persuaded myself to reap the best fruits of my

uncle's will, and to inhabit this spot, familiar to my boyhood, associated with unavailing regrets and recollected pain."

Horace Neville was a man of birth—of wealth; but he could hardly be termed a man of the world. There was in his nature a gentleness, a sweetness, a winning sensibility, allied to talent and personal distinction, that gave weight to his simplest expressions, and excited sympathy for all his emotions. His younger cousin, his junior by several years, was attached to him by the tenderest sentiments—secret long—but they were now betrothed to each other—a lovely, happy pair. She looked inquiringly; but he turned away. "No more of this," he said; and giving a swifter impulse to their boat, they speedily reached the shore, landed, and walked through the long extent of Chapel Wood. It was dark night before they met their carriage at Bishopsgate.

A week or two after, Horace received letters to call him to a distant part of the country: it even seemed possible that he might be obliged to visit an estate in the north of Ireland. A few days before his departure, he requested his cousin to walk with him. They bent their steps across several meadows to Old Windsor churchyard. At first he did not deviate from the usual path; and as they went they talked cheerfully—gaily: the beauteous sunny day might well exhilarate them; the dancing waves sped onwards at their feet, the country church lifted its rustic spire into the bright pure sky. There was nothing in their conversation that could induce his cousin to think that Neville had led her hither for any saddening purpose; but when they were about to quit the churchyard, Horace, as if he had suddenly recollected himself, turned from the

VIRGINIA WATER.

Drawn & J.M.W. Turner R.A

Engraved by R. Wallis

path, crossed the greensward, and paused beside a grave near the river. No stone was there to commemorate the being who reposed beneath—it was thickly grown with rich grass, starred by a luxuriant growth of humble daisies: a few dead leaves, a broken bramble twig, defaced its neatness; Neville removed these, and then said, "Juliet, I commit this sacred spot to your keeping while I am away."—

"There is no monument," he continued; "for her commands were implicitly obeyed by the two beings to whom she addressed them. One day another may lie near, and his name will be her epitaph.—I do not mean myself," he said, half smiling at the terror his cousin's countenance expressed; "but promise me, Juliet, to preserve this grave from every violation. I do not wish to sadden you by the story; yet, if I have excited your curiosity—your interest, I should say—I will satisfy it; but not now—not here."

Leaving the churchyard, they found their horses in attendance, and they prolonged their ride across Bishopsgate Heath. Neville's mind was full of the events to which he had alluded: he began the tale, and then abruptly broke off. It was not till the following day, when, in company with her sister, they again visited Virginia Water, that, seated under the shadow of its pines, whose melodious swinging in the wind breathed unearthly harmony, and looking down upon the water, association of place, and its extreme beauty, reviving, yet soothing, the recollections of the past, unasked by his companions, Neville at once commenced his story.

"I was sent to Eton at eleven years of age. I will not dwell upon my sufferings there; I would hardly refer to them, did they not make a part of my present narration. I was a fag to a hard taskmaster; every labour he could in-

vent—and the youthful tyrant was ingenious—he devised for my annoyance; early and late, I was forced to be in attendance, to the neglect of my school duties, so incurring punishment. There were worse things to bear than these: it was his delight to put me to shame, and,—finding that I had too much of my mother in my blood,—to endeavour to compel me to acts of cruelty from which my nature revolted—I refused to obey. Speak of West Indian slavery! I hope things may be better now; in my days, the tender years of aristocratic childhood were yielded up to a capricious, unrelenting, cruel bondage, far beyond the measured despotism of Jamaica.

"One day—I had been two years at school, and was nearly thirteen—my tyrant, I will give him no other name, issued a command, in the wantonness of power, for me to destroy a poor little bullfinch I had tamed and caged. In a hapless hour he found it in my room, and was indignant that I should dare to appropriate a single pleasure. I refused, stubbornly, dauntlessly, though the consequence of my disobedience was immediate and terrible. At this moment a message came from my tormentor's tutor—his father had arrived. 'Well, old lad,' he cried, 'I shall pay you off some day!' Seizing my pet at the same time, he wrung its neck, threw it at my feet, and, with a laugh of derision, quitted the room.

"Never before—never may I again feel the same swelling, boiling fury in my bursting heart;—the sight of my nursling expiring at my feet—my desire of vengeance—my impotence, created a Vesuvius within me, that no tears flowed to quench. Could I have uttered—acted—my passion, it would have been less torturous: it was so when I burst into a torrent of abuse and imprecation. My

vocabulary—it must have been a choice collection—was supplied by him against whom it was levelled. But words were air—I desired to give more substantial proof of my resentment—I destroyed every thing in the room belonging to him; I tore them to pieces, I stamped on them, crushed them with more than childish strength. My last act was to seize a timepiece, on which my tyrant infinitely prided himself, and to dash it to the ground. The sight of this, as it lay shattered at my feet, recalled me to my senses, and something like an emotion of fear allayed the tumult in my heart. I began to meditate an escape: I got out of the house, ran down a lane, and across some meadows, far out of bounds, above Eton. I was seen by an elder boy, a friend of my tormentor. He called to me, thinking at first that I was performing some errand for him; but seeing that I *shirked*, he repeated his '*Come up!*' in an authoritative voice. It put wings to my heels; he did not deem it necessary to pursue.—But I grow tedious, my dear Juliet; enough that fears the most intense, of punishment both from my masters and the upper boys, made me resolve to run away. I reached the banks of the Thames, tied my clothes over my head, swam across, and, traversing several fields, entered Windsor Forest, with a vague childish feeling of being able to hide myself for ever in the unexplored obscurity of its immeasurable wilds. It was early autumn; the weather was mild, even warm; the forest oaks yet showed no sign of winter change, though the fern beneath wore a yellowy tinge. I got within Chapel Wood; I fed upon chestnuts and beechnuts; I continued to hide myself from the gamekeepers and woodmen. I lived thus two days.

"But chestnuts and beechnuts were sorry fare to a

growing lad of thirteen years old. A day's rain occurred, and I began to think myself the most unfortunate boy on record. I had a distant, obscure idea of starvation: I thought of the Children in the Wood, of their leafy shroud, gift of the pious robin; this brought my poor bullfinch to my mind, and tears streamed in torrents down my cheeks. I thought of my father and mother; of you, then my little baby cousin and playmate; and I cried with renewed fervour, till, quite exhausted, I curled myself up under a huge oak among some dry leaves, the relics of a hundred summers, and fell asleep.

"I ramble on in my narration as if I had a story to tell; yet I have little except a portrait—a sketch—to present, for your amusement or interest. When I awoke, the first object that met my opening eyes was a little foot, delicately clad in silk and soft kid. I looked up in dismay, expecting to behold some gaily dressed appendage to this indication of high-bred elegance; but I saw a girl, perhaps seventeen, simply clad in a dark cotton dress, her face shaded by a large very coarse straw hat; she was pale even to marmoreal whiteness; her chestnut-coloured hair was parted in plain tresses across a brow which wore traces of extreme suffering; her eyes were blue, full, large, melancholy, often even suffused with tears; but her mouth had an infantine sweetness and innocence in its expression, that softened the otherwise sad expression of her countenance.

"She spoke to me. I was too hungry, too exhausted, too unhappy, to resist her kindness, and gladly permitted her to lead me to her home. We passed out of the wood by some broken palings on to Bishopsgate Heath, and after no long walk arrived at her habitation. It was a solitary, dreary-looking cottage; the palings were in disrepair, the

garden waste, the lattices unadorned by flowers or creepers; within, all was neat, but sombre, and even mean. The diminutiveness of a cottage requires an appearance of cheerfulness and elegance to make it pleasing; the bare floor—clean, it is true—the rush chairs, deal table, checked curtains of this cot, were beneath even a peasant's rusticity; yet it was the dwelling of my lovely guide, whose little white hand, delicately gloved, contrasted with her unadorned attire, as did her gentle self with the clumsy appurtenances of her too humble dwelling.

"Poor child! she had meant entirely to hide her origin, to degrade herself to a peasant's state, and little thought that she for ever betrayed herself by the strangest incongruities. Thus, the arrangements of her table were mean, her fare meagre for a hermit; but the linen was matchlessly fine, and wax lights stood in candlesticks which a beggar would almost have disdained to own. But I talk of circumstances I observed afterwards; then I was chiefly aware of the plentiful breakfast she caused her single attendant, a young girl, to place before me, and of the sweet soothing voice of my hostess, which spoke a kindness with which lately I had been little conversant. When my hunger was appeased, she drew my story from me, encouraged me to write to my father, and kept me at her abode till, after a few days, I returned to school pardoned. No long time elapsed before I got into the upper forms, and my woful slavery ended.

"Whenever I was able, I visited my disguised nymph. I no longer associated with my schoolfellows; their diversions, their pursuits, appeared vulgar and stupid to me; I had but one object in view—to accomplish my lessons, and to steal to the cottage of Ellen Burnet.

"Do not look grave, love! true, others as young as I then was have loved, and I might also; but not Ellen. Her profound, her intense melancholy, sister to despair—her serious, sad discourse—her mind, estranged from all worldly concerns, forbade that; but there was an enchantment in her sorrow, a fascination in her converse, that lifted me above common-place existence; she created a magic circle, which I entered as holy ground: it was not akin to heaven, for grief was the presiding spirit; but there was an exaltation of sentiment, an enthusiasm, a view beyond the grave, which made it unearthly, singular, wild, enthralling. You have often observed that I strangely differ from all other men; I mingle with them, make one in their occupations and diversions, but I have a portion of my being sacred from them:—a living well, sealed up from their contamination, lies deep in my heart—it is of little use, but there it is; Ellen opened the spring, and it has flowed ever since.

"Of what did she talk? She recited no past adventures, alluded to no past intercourse with friend or relative; she spoke of the various woes that wait on humanity, on the intricate mazes of life, on the miseries of passion, of love, remorse, and death, and that which we may hope or fear beyond the tomb; she spoke of the sensation of wretchedness alive in her own broken heart, and then she grew fearfully eloquent, till, suddenly pausing, she reproached herself for making me familiar with such wordless misery. 'I do you harm,' she often said; 'I unfit you for society; I have tried, seeing you thrown upon yonder distorted miniature of a bad world, to estrange you from its evil contagion; I fear that I shall be the cause of greater harm to you than could spring from association with your fellow-

creatures in the ordinary course of things. This is not well —avoid the stricken deer.'

"There were darker shades in the picture than those which I have already developed. Ellen was more miserable than the imagination of one like you, dear girl, unacquainted with wo, can portray. Sometimes she gave words to her despair—it was so great as to confuse the boundary between physical and mental sensation—and every pulsation of her heart was a throb of pain. She has suddenly broken off in talking of her sorrows, with a cry of agony—bidding me leave her—hiding her face on her arms, shivering with the anguish some thought awoke. The idea that chiefly haunted her, though she earnestly endeavoured to put it aside, was self-destruction—to snap the silver cord that bound together so much grace, wisdom, and sweetness—to rob the world of a creation made to be its ornament. Sometimes her piety checked her; oftener a sense of unendurable suffering made her brood with pleasure over the dread resolve. She spoke of it to me as being wicked; yet I often fancied this was done rather to prevent her example from being of ill effect to me, than from any conviction that the Father of all, would regard angrily the last act of his miserable child. Once she had prepared the mortal beverage; it was on the table before her when I entered; she did not deny its nature, she did not attempt to justify herself; she only besought me not to hate her and to sooth by my kindness her last moments.—'I cannot live!' was all her explanation, all her excuse; and it was spoken with such fervent wretchedness that it seemed wrong to attempt to persuade her to prolong the sense of pain. I did not act like a boy; I wonder I did not; I made one simple request, to which she instantly ac-

ceded, that she should walk with me to this Belvidere. It was a glorious sunset; beauty and the spirit of love breathed in the wind, and hovered over the softened hues of the landscape. 'Look, Ellen,' I cried, 'if only such loveliness of nature existed, it were worth living for!'

"'True, if a latent feeling did not blot this glorious scene with murky shadows. Beauty is as we see it—my eyes view all things deformed and evil.' She closed them as she said this; but, young and sensitive, the visitings of the soft breeze already began to minister consolation. 'Dearest Ellen,' I continued, 'what do I not owe to you? I am your boy, your pupil; I might have gone on blindly as others do, but you opened my eyes; you have given me a sense of the just, the good, the beautiful—and have you done this merely for my misfortune? If you leave me, what can become of me?' The last words came from my heart, and tears gushed from my eyes. 'Do not leave me, Ellen,' I said; 'I cannot live without you—and I cannot die, for I have a mother—a father.' She turned quickly round, saying, 'You are blessed sufficiently.' Her voice struck me as unnatural; she grew deadly pale as she spoke, and was obliged to sit down. Still I clung to her, prayed, cried; till she—I had never seen her shed a tear before—burst into passionate weeping. After this she seemed to forget her resolve. We returned by moonlight, and our talk was even more calm and cheerful than usual. When in her cottage, I poured away the fatal draught. Her 'good night' bore with it no traces of her late agitation; and the next day she said, 'I have thoughtlessly, even wickedly, created a new duty to myself, even at a time when I had forsworn all; but I will be true to it. Pardon me for making you familiar with emotions and

scenes so dire; I will behave better—I will preserve myself, if I can, till the link between us is loosened, or broken, and I am free again.'

"One little incident alone occurred during our intercourse that appeared at all to connect her with the world. Sometimes I brought her a newspaper, for those were stirring times; and though, before I knew her, she had forgotten all except the world her own heart enclosed, yet, to please me, she would talk of Napoleon—Russia, from whence the emperor now returned overthrown—and the prospect of his final defeat. The paper lay one day on her table; some words caught her eye; she bent eagerly down to read them, and her bosom heaved with violent palpitation; but she subdued herself, and after a few moments told me to take the paper away. Then, indeed, I did feel an emotion of even impertinent inquisitiveness; I found nothing to satisfy it—though afterwards I became aware that it contained a singular advertisement, saying, 'If these lines meet the eye of any one of the passengers who were on board the St. Mary, bound for Liverpool from Barbadoes, which sailed on the third of May last, and was destroyed by fire in the high seas, a part of the crew only having been saved by his majesty's frigate the Bellerophon, they are entreated to communicate with the advertiser: and if any one be acquainted with the particulars of the Hon. Miss Eversham's fate and present abode, they are earnestly requested to disclose them, directing to L. E., Stratton-street, Park-lane.'

"It was after this event, as winter came on, that symptoms of decided ill health declared themselves in the delicate frame of my poor Ellen. I have often suspected that, without positively attempting her life, she did many

things that tended to abridge it and to produce mortal disease. Now, when really ill, she refused all medical attendance; but she got better again, and I thought her nearly well when I saw her for the last time, before going home for the Christmas holidays. Her manner was full of affection: she relied, she said, on the continuation of my friendship; she made me promise never to forget her, though she refused to write to me, and forbade any letters from me.

"Even now I see her standing at her humble door-way. If an appearance of illness and suffering can ever be termed lovely, it was in her. Still she was to be viewed as the wreck of beauty. What must she not have been in happier days, with her angel expression of face, her nymph-like figure, her voice, whose tones were music? 'So young—so lost!' was the sentiment that burst even from me, a young lad, as I waved my hand to her as a last adieu. She hardly looked more than fifteen, but none could doubt that her very soul was impressed by the sad lines of sorrow that rested so unceasingly on her fair brow. Away from her, her figure for ever floated before my eyes;—I put my hands before them, still she was there: my day, my night, dreams were filled by my recollections of her.

"During the winter holidays, on a fine soft day, I went out to hunt: you, dear Juliet, will remember the sad catastrophe; I fell and broke my leg. The only person who saw me fall was a young man who rode one of the most beautiful horses I ever saw, and I believe it was by watching him as he took a leap, that I incurred my disaster: he dismounted, and was at my side in a minute. My own animal had fled; he called his; it obeyed his voice; with ease he lifted my light figure on to the saddle, contriving

to support my leg, and so conducted me a short distance to a lodge situated in the woody recesses of Elmore-park, the seat of the Earl of D——, whose second son my preserver was. He was my sole nurse for a day or two, and during the whole of my illness passed many hours of each day by my bedside. As I lay gazing on him, while he read to me, or talked, narrating a thousand strange adventures which had occurred during his service in the Peninsula, I thought—is it for ever to be my fate to fall in with the highly gifted and excessively unhappy?

"The immediate neighbour of Lewis' family was Lord Eversham. He had married in very early youth, and became a widower young. After this misfortune, which passed like a deadly blight over his prospects and possessions, leaving the gay view utterly sterile and bare, he left his surviving infant daughter under the care of Lewis' mother, and travelled for many years in far distant lands. He returned when Clarice was about ten, a lovely sweet child, the pride and delight of all connected with her. Lord Eversham, on his return—he was then hardly more than thirty—devoted himself to her education. They were never separate: he was a good musician, and she became a proficient under his tutoring. They rode—walked—read together. When a father is all that a father may be, the sentiments of filial piety, entire dependence, and perfect confidence being united, the love of a daughter is one of the deepest and strongest, as it is the purest passion of which our natures are capable. Clarice worshipped her parent, who came, during the transition from mere childhood to the period when reflection and observation awaken, to adorn a common-place existence with all the brilliant adjuncts which enlightened and devoted affection can be-

stow. He appeared to her like an especial gift of Providence, a guardian angel—but far dearer, as being akin to her own nature. She grew, under his eye, in loveliness and refinement both of intellect and heart. These feelings were not divided—almost strengthened, by the engagement that had place between her and Lewis:—Lewis was destined for the army, and, after a few years' service, they were to be united.

"It is hard, when all is fair and tranquil, when the world, opening before the ardent gaze of youth, looks like a well-kept demesne, unincumbered by let or hinderance for the annoyance of the young traveller, that we should voluntarily stray into desert wilds and tempest-visited districts. Lewis Elmore was ordered to Spain; and, at the same time, Lord Eversham found it necessary to visit some estates he possessed in Barbadoes. He was not sorry to revisit a scene, which had dwelt in his memory as an earthly paradise, nor to show to his daughter a new and strange world, so to form her understanding and enlarge her mind. They were to return in three months, and departed as on a summer tour. Clarice was glad that, while her lover gathered experience and knowledge in a distant land, she should not remain in idleness—she was glad that there would be some diversion for her anxiety during his perilous absence; and in every way she enjoyed the idea of travelling with her beloved father, who would fill every hour, and adorn every new scene, with pleasure and delight. They sailed.—Clarice wrote home, with enthusiastic expressions of rapture and delight, from Madeira:—yet, without her father, she said, the fair scene had been blank to her. More than half her letter was filled by the expressions of her gratitude and affection for her adored and

revered parent. While he, in his, with fewer words, perhaps, but with no less energy, spoke of his satisfaction in her improvement, his pride in her beauty, and his grateful sense of her love and kindness.

"Such were they, a matchless example of happiness in the dearest connexion in life, as resulting from the exercise of their reciprocal duties and affections. A father and daughter; the one all care, gentleness, and sympathy, consecrating his life for her happiness; the other, fond, duteous, grateful:—such had they been,—and where were they now—the noble, kind, respected parent, and the beloved and loving child? They had departed from England as on a pleasure voyage down an inland stream; but the ruthless car of destiny had overtaken them on their unsuspecting way, crushing them under its heavy wheels—scattering love, hope, and joy, as the bellowing avalanche overwhelms and grinds to mere spray the streamlet of the valley. They were gone: but whither? Mystery hung over the fate of the most helpless victim; and my friend's anxiety was, to penetrate the clouds that hid poor Clarice from his sight.

"After an absence of a few months, they had written, fixing their departure in the St. Mary, to sail from Barbadoes in a few days. Lewis, at the same time, returned from Spain: he was invalided, in his very first action, by a bad wound in his side. He arrived, and each day expected to hear of the landing of his friends; when that common messenger, the newspaper, brought him tidings to fill him with more than anxiety—with fear and agonizing doubt. The St. Mary had caught fire and had burned in the open sea. A frigate, the Bellerophon, had saved a part of the crew. In spite of illness and a physician's com-

mands, Lewis set out the same day for London, to ascertain as speedily as possible the fate of her he loved. There he heard that the frigate was expected in the Downs. Without alighting from his travelling chaise, he posted thither, arriving in a burning fever. He went on board, saw the commander, and spoke with the crew. They could give him few particulars as to whom they had saved: they had touched at Liverpool, and left there most of the persons, including all the passengers rescued from the St. Mary. Physical suffering for awhile disabled Mr. Elmore; he was confined by his wound and consequent fever, and only recovered to give himself up to his exertions to discover the fate of his friends;—they did not appear nor write; and all Lewis' inquiries only tended to confirm his worst fears; yet still he hoped, and still continued indefatigable in his perquisitions. He visited Liverpool, and Ireland, whither some of the passengers had gone, and learnt only scattered, incongruous details of the fearful tragedy, that told nothing of Miss Eversham's present abode; though much, that confirmed his suspicion that she still lived.

"The fire on board the St. Mary had raged long and fearfully before the Bellerophon hove in sight, and boats came off for the rescue of the crew. The women were to be first embarked; but Clarice clung to her father, and refused to go till he should accompany her. Some fearful presentiment that, if she were saved, he would remain and die, gave such energy to her resolve, that not the entreaties of her father, nor the angry expostulations of the captain, could shake it. Lewis saw this man, after the lapse of two or three months, and he threw most light on the dark scene. He well remembered that, transported with anger by her woman's obstinacy, he had said to her, 'You will

cause your father's death—and be as much a parricide as if you put poison into his cup—you are not the first girl who has murdered her father in her wilful mood.' Still Clarice passionately refused to go—there was no time for long parley—the point was yielded, and she remained pale, but firm, near her parent, whose arm was around her, supporting her during the awful interval. It was no period for regular action and calm order: a tempest was rising, the scorching flames blew this way and that, making a fearful day of the night which veiled all except the burning ship. The boats returned with difficulty, and one only could contrive to approach; it was nearly full: Lord Eversham and his daughter advanced to the deck's edge, to get in. 'We can only take one of you,' vociferated the sailors: 'keep back on your life! throw the girl to us—we will come back for you if we can.' Lord Eversham cast with a strong arm his daughter, who had now entirely lost her self possession, into the boat; she was alive again in a minute, she called to her father, held out her arms to him, and would have thrown herself into the sea, but was held back by the sailors. Meanwhile Lord Eversham feeling that no boat could again approach the lost vessel, contrived to heave a spar overboard, and threw himself into the sea, clinging to it. The boat, tossed by the huge waves, with difficulty made its way to the frigate; and as it rose from the trough of the sea, Clarice saw her father struggling with his fate—battling with the death that at last became the victor—the spar floated by, his arms had fallen from it—were those his pallid features? She neither wept nor fainted, but her limbs grew rigid, her face colourless, and she was lifted as a log on to the deck of the frigate.

"The captain allowed that on her homeward voyage, the

people had rather a horror of her, as having caused her father's death; her own servants had perished, few people remembered who she was; but they talked together with no careful voices as they passed her, and a hundred times she must have heard herself accused of having destroyed her parent. She spoke to no one, or only in brief reply when addressed; to avoid the rough remonstrances of those around, she appeared at table, ate as well as she could; but there was a settled wretchedness in her face that never changed. When they landed at Liverpool, the captain conducted her to an hotel; he left her, meaning to return, but an opportunity of sailing that night for the Downs occurred, of which he availed himself, without again visiting her. He knew, he said, and truly, that she was in her native country, where she had but to write a letter to gather crowds of friends about her; and where can greater civility be found than at an English hotel, if it is known that you are perfectly able to pay your bill?

"This was all that Mr. Elmore could learn, and it took many months to gather together these few particulars. He went to the hotel at Liverpool. It seemed that as soon as there appeared some hope of rescue from the frigate, Lord Eversham had given his pocket-book to his daughter's care, containing bills on a banking-house at Liverpool to the amount of a few hundred pounds. On the second day after Clarice's arrival there, she had sent for the master of the hotel, and showed him these. He got the cash for her; and the next day, she quitted Liverpool in a little coasting vessel. In vain Lewis endeavoured to trace her. Apparently she had crossed to Ireland; but whatever she had done, wherever she had gone, she had taken infinite pains to conceal, and all clue was speedily lost.

"Lewis had not yet despaired; he was even now perpetually making journeys, sending emissaries, employing every possible means for her discovery. From the moment he told me this story, we talked of nothing else. I became deeply interested, and we ceaselessly discussed the probabilities of the case, and where she might be concealed: that she did not meditate suicide was evident from her having possessed herself of money; yet, unused to the world, young, lovely, and inexperienced; what could be her plan? What might not have been her fate?

"Meanwhile I continued for nearly three months confined by the fracture of my limb; before the lapse of that time, I had begun to crawl about the ground, and now I considered myself as nearly recovered. It had been settled that I should not return to Eton, but be entered at Oxford; and this leap from boyhood to man's estate elated me considerably. Yet still I thought of my poor Ellen, and was angry at her obstinate silence. Once or twice I had, disobeying her command, written to her, mentioning my accident, and the kind attentions of Mr. Elmore: still she wrote not; and I began to fear that her illness might have had a fatal termination. She had made me vow so solemnly never to mention her name, never to inquire about her during my absence, that, considering obedience the first duty of a young inexperienced boy to one older than himself, I resisted each suggestion of my affection or my fears, to transgress her orders.

"And now spring came; with its gift of opening buds, odoriferous flowers, and sunny genial days. I returned home, and found my family on the eve of their departure for London; my long confinement had weakened me—it was deemed inadvisable for me to encounter the bad air and fatigues of the metropolis, and I remained to rusticate.

I rode and hunted, and thought of Ellen; missing the excitement of her conversation, and feeling a vacancy in my heart which she had filled. I began to think of riding across the country from Shropshire to Berks for the purpose of seeing her. The whole landscape haunted my imagination—the fields round Eton—the silver Thames—the majestic forest—this lovely scene of Virginia Water—the heath and her desolate cottage—she herself pale, slightly bending from weakness of health, awakening from dark abstraction to bestow on me a kind smile of welcome. It grew into a passionate desire of my heart to behold her, to cheer her as I might by my affectionate attentions, to hear her, and to hang upon her accents of inconsolable despair, as if it had been celestial harmony. As I meditated on these things, a voice seemed for ever to repeat, Now go, or it will be too late; while another yet more mournful tone responded, You can never see her more!

"I was occupied by these thoughts, as, on a summer moonlight night, I loitered in the shrubbery, unable to quit a scene of entrancing beauty, when I was startled at hearing myself called by Mr. Elmore. He came on his way to the coast; he had received a letter from Ireland, which made him think that Miss Eversham was residing near Enniscorthy; a strange place for her to select, but as concealment was evidently her object, not an improbable one. Yet his hopes were not high; on the contrary, he performed this journey more from the resolve to leave nothing undone, than in expectation of a happy result. He asked me if I would accompany him; I was delighted with the offer, and we departed together on the following morning.

"We arrived at Milford Haven, where we were to take our passage. The packet was to sail early in the morning

—we walked on the beach, and beguiled the time by talk. I had never mentioned Ellen to Lewis; I felt now strongly inclined to break my vow, and to relate my whole adventure with her; but restrained myself, and we spoke only of the unhappy Clarice—of the despair that must have been hers, of her remorse and unavailing regret.

"We retired to rest, and early in the morning I was called to prepare for going on board. I got ready, and then knocked at Lewis' door; he admitted me, for he was dressed, though a few of his things were still unpacked, and scattered about the room. The morocco case of a miniature was on his table; I took it up—'Did I never show you that?' said Elmore; 'poor dear Clarice! she was very happy when that was painted!'

"I opened it;—rich luxuriant curls clustered on her brow and the snow-white throat; there was a light zephyr appearance in the figure; an expression of unalloyed exuberant happiness in the countenance; but those large dove's eyes, the innocence that dwelt on her mouth, could not be mistaken, and the name of Ellen Burnet burst from my lips.

"There was no doubt: why had I ever doubted? the thing was so plain! who but the survivor of such a parent, and she the apparent cause of his death, could be so miserable as Ellen? A torrent of explanation followed, and a thousand minute circumstances, forgotten before, now assured us that my sad hermitess was the beloved of Elmore. No more sea voyage—not a second of delay—our chaise, the horses' heads turned to the east, rolled on with lightning rapidity, yet far too slowly to satisfy our impatience. It was not until we arrived at Worcester that the tide of expectation, flowing all one way, ebbed. Suddenly, even while I was telling Elmore some anecdote to prove that, in

spite of all, she would be accessible to consolation, I remembered her ill health and my fears. Lewis saw the change my countenance underwent; for some time I could not command my voice; and when at last I spoke, my gloomy anticipations passed like an electric shock into my friend's soul.

"When we arrived at Oxford, we halted for an hour or two, unable to proceed; yet we did not converse on the subject so near our hearts, nor until we arrived in sight of Windsor did a word pass between us; then Elmore said, 'To-morrow morning, dear Neville, you shall visit Clarice; we must not be too precipitate.'

"The morrow came. I arose with that intolerable weight at my breast, which it is grief's worst heritage to feel. A sunny day it was; yet the atmosphere looked black to me; my heart was dead within me. We sat at the breakfast table, but neither ate, and after some restless indecision, we left our inn, and (to protract the interval) walked to Bishopsgate. Our conversation belied our feelings; we spoke as if we expected all to be well, we felt that there was no hope. We crossed the heath along the accustomed path. On one side was the luxuriant foliage of the forest; on the other, the wide-spread moor: her cottage was situated at one extremity, and could hardly be distinguished, until we should arrive close to it. When we drew near, Lewis bade me go on alone, he would wait my return; I obeyed, and reluctantly approached the confirmation of my fears. At length it stood before me, the lonely cot and desolate garden; the unfastened wicket swung in the breeze; every shutter was closed.

"To stand motionless and gaze on these symbols of my worst forebodings, was all that I could do. My heart seemed to me to call aloud for Ellen—for such was she

to me—her other name might be a fiction—but silent as her own life-deserted lips were mine. Lewis grew impatient, and advanced—my stay had occasioned a transient ray of hope to enter his mind—it vanished when he saw me, and *her* deserted dwelling. Slowly we turned away, and were directing our steps back again, when my name was called by a child. A little girl came running across some fields towards us, whom at last I recognised as having seen before with Ellen. 'Mr. Neville, there is a letter for you!' cried the child. 'A letter—where?—who?' 'The lady left a letter for you. You must go to Old Windsor, to Mr. Cooke's; he has got it for you.'

"She had left a letter:—was she then departed on an earthly journey? 'I will go for it immediately. Mr. Cooke! Old Windsor! where shall I find him? who is he?'

"'Oh, Sir, every body knows him,' said the child; 'he lives close to the churchyard, he is the sexton. After the burial, Nancy gave him the letter to take care of.'

"Had we hoped? had we for a moment indulged the expectation of ever again seeing our miserable friend? Never! O never! Our hearts had told us that the sufferer was at peace—the unhappy orphan with her father in the abode of spirits! Why then were we here? Why had a smile dwelt on our lips, now wreathed into the expression of anguish? Our full hearts demanded one consolation—to weep upon her grave; her sole link now with us, her mourners. There at last my boy's grief found vent in tears, in lamentation. You saw the spot; the grassy mound rests lightly on the bosom of fair Clarice, of my own poor Ellen. Stretched upon this, kissing the scarcely springing turf; for many hours no thought visited me, but the wretched one—that she had lived—and was lost to me for ever!

"If Lewis had ever doubted the identity of my friend with her he loved, the letter put into our hands undeceived him; the handwriting was Miss Eversham's, it was directed to me, and contained words like these:—

"'April 11.

"'I have vowed never to mention certain beloved names, never to communicate with beings who cherished me once, to whom my deepest gratitude is due; and, as well as poor bankrupt can, is paid. Perhaps it is a mere prevarication to write to you, dear Horace, concerning them; but, Heaven pardon me! my disrobed spirit would not repose, I fear, if I did not thus imperfectly bid them a last farewell.

"'You know him, Neville; and know that he for ever laments her whom he has lost. Describe your poor Ellen to him, and he will speedily see that *she* died on the waves of the murderous Atlantic. Ellen had nothing in common with *her*, save love for, and interest in him. Tell him, it had been well for him, perhaps, to have united himself to the child of prosperity, the nursling of deep love; but it had been destruction, even could he have meditated such an act, to wed the parrici——.

"'I will not write that word. Sickness and near death have taken the sting from my despair. The agony of woe which you witnessed, is melted into tender affliction and pious hope. I am not miserable now. Now! When you read these words, the hand that writes, the eye that sees, will be a little dust, becoming one with the earth around it. You, perhaps he, will visit my quiet retreat, bestow a few tears on my fate, but let them be secret; they may make green my grave, but do not let a misplaced feeling adorn it with any other tribute. It is my last request; let no stone, no name, mark that spot.

"'Farewell, dear Horace! Farewell, to one other whom I may not name. May the God to whom I am about to resign my spirit in confidence and hope, bless your earthly career! Blindly, perhaps, you will regret me for your own sakes; but for mine, you will be grateful to the Providence which has snapt the heavy chain binding me to unutterable sorrow, and which permits me from my lowly grass-grown tomb to say to you, I am at peace.

"'ELLEN.'"

SONNET.

BY GEO. HUNTLY GORDON.

WRITTEN ON THE TERRACE OF RICHMOND CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

It is remarkable, that although the surrounding walls and towers of Richmond Castle have long been decaying, the Keep or Donjon, which was erected at the same time, still remains in a state of high preservation.

RICHMOND! their rage a thousand years have spent
On thee, and wasted thy wide-circling wall,
Thy once bold barbican and princely hall;
But stormy blast nor hostile arm hath rent
Thy stately KEEP;—*there* every battlement
And buttress stand, as when the conq'ror's call
Thy warlike host awoke, and frown o'er all
The scene where Swale her beauties wild hath blent!
Majestic pile! *this* moral teach my heart—
Though friends, like thy embattled walls, decay,
And cherish'd passions, like thy lords, depart,
To never stoop my head to fortune's sway,
Tranquil to scorn detraction's venom'd dart,
And still, like thee, unbending meet the changeful day!

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY I. R. GOWEN.

Say whence the loud clangour that deafens the ear,
The war sound that swells on the gale?
'Tis the fierce shout of contest, the accent of fear;—
Shall the cross or the crescent prevail?

O'er the dark waves of Danube, o'er Balkan's steep height,
See Russia's long columns unfold!
Still onward, unwearied, resistless in might,
They press—and their stern purpose hold.

Still onward! Proud foeman, why struggle in vain?
'Tis the torrent of triumph that flows.
Lo! the towers of Istamboul they frown o'er the main,
And the last hope of Islam enclose!

Ten centuries long, o'er Justinian's proud dome,
The cross its mild influence shed,
But the spoiler rush'd forth from his Turcoman home,
And planted the crescent instead.

Then the standard of Mahomet swung o'er the walls,
Where the light of the gospel had beam'd;
And the voice of the Imaum polluted those halls,
Where the organ's rich melody stream'd.

Ah! where was the flower of Europe that day,
The Briton—the Spaniard—the Gaul—
Did they coldly look on, and the death-strife survey,
While the Moslem beleaguer'd the wall?

When the last and the best of the Constantines died,
On yon rampart bedew'd with his blood,
Not an arm was stretch'd forth, not an effort they tried,
And in triumph the Ottoman stood.

And time has roll'd on, and long past are those days,
Since his empire has moulder'd away;
But the embers that slumber'd have burst into blaze,
That shall wither the Mussulman sway.

Oh! deep are the wrongs that our faith has endured
Through ages of outrage and scorn;
But the cup has been quaff'd to its dregs, and secured
Be the guerdon of vengeance this morn.

SONNET.

Loud midnight-soothing melancholy bird,
That send'st such music to my sleepless soul,
Binding her powers in thy fast control,
Few listen to thy song; yet I have heard,
When man and Nature slept, nor aspen stirr'd,
Thy mournful voice, sweet vigil of the sleeping—
And liken'd thee to some angelic mind,
That sits and grieves for erring mortals weeping.
The genius, not of groves, but of mankind,
Watch at this solemn hour o'er millions keeping.
In Eden's bowers, as mighty poets tell,
Didst thou repeat, as now, that plaintive call—
Those sorrowing notes might seem, sad Philomel,
Prophetic to have mourn'd of *man* the *fall.*

Edward Moxon.

COSTANDI *.

A TALE OF THE LEVANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HAJJI BABA.

It was on one of those beautiful evenings, so frequent in the Levant, that Costandi, an Athenian youth, was seated on the prow of a small polacre ship which had recently anchored in the bay of Smyrna, heedlessly singing an *Arnaut* song, and smoking his long *chibouque*. He was a fine undaunted looking youth, formed like one of the figures on the Minerva frieze, with his hair flowing behind his ears from beneath a small red cap, which was perched with some coquetry over his right eye, whilst a slight mustache just curled on his lip. There was an affectation of the Albanian in his dress; his white petticoat falling in many graceful folds to the tip of the knee, whilst his waist, tightly girded, gave a greater breadth to his naturally expanded shoulders.

He was the only son of one of the most respectable archons of Athens, who doted upon him so much that, rather than expose him to the war then waging between the Greeks and Turks, and to the horrors of an expected siege, contrived to send him to sea with one of his own relatives, who owned and navigated a small vessel in the Archipelago. He had been educated with great care and tenderness both by father and mother; had been duly instructed in all the duties, the fasts and ceremonies

* *Constantinos* is the proper spelling, but we have adopted the common manner of pronouncing it now in use in Greece, in order to adapt it better to the character of our narrative.

of the Greek religion; and had imbibed a proper share of hatred for the Turks and Mahomedans in general.

The evening was calm—the sea-breeze was gradually dying away—the labours of the day had ceased on board the ships: here and there might be heard the peculiarly characteristic and harmonious cry which Asiatic sailors make in getting their barks under weigh; and, to complete the list of pleasing sounds which stole upon the ear, might be distinguished, in various intonations, the half mournful, half fanatical call of the imams from the tapering minarets, inviting the faithful to evening prayer.

The larger boats, which on matters of business had been plying from the shore to the shipping during the day, were now succeeded by light pleasure skiffs, in which parties of men, women, and children, were embarked to take the air, amusing themselves with singing to the accompaniment of the mandolina and the tambour. One of these boats, containing three women, who sat in the very hold, a boy perched in the stern acting as helmsman, and two rowers, was seen gliding towards the vessel on which Costandi was lounging. They were Mahomedans, for the women were closely veiled, and the boatmen, who plied their oars with a sort of stern resolute stroke, which Turks sometimes do when they approach Greeks, were making a display of their skill and strength as they cut their way through the closely anchored shipping. They possessed much strength, though but little skill, for they had approached so near the vessel's side, that, endeavouring to retrieve their error, they roared out to their youthful steersman to shift his helm, which he did so little to the purpose, that he threw them immediately "athwart hawse," as the sailors call it, of the Athenian, and there upset.

The screams of the women, the sudden immersion of the boy, and the shouts of the boatmen, awoke all Costandi's energies. He did not wait to ponder whether they were Christians or Mussulmans, whether he ought or could save them, but at once giving way to the generosity of his nature, he plunged headlong into the sea. He was an expert swimmer; for to dive into the depths of the Piræus, or to stretch far out into the bay of Munychia, had been one of his earliest habits. Having first seized the stripling who had risen to the surface, and placed him in safety on an adjacent buoy, he then exerted himself in favour of the women, who, encumbered with the heavy drapery of *chader* and *ferejeh*, would, without his timely aid, have sunk hopelessly. He uplifted one with his left arm, and making way through the water with his right, succeeded, with the help of his shipmates, to deposit her on the deck. It might, perhaps, be surmised, that he fixed on her in preference to the other two, owing to her veil dropping off, which exhibited to his eyes a face of the most extraordinary attractions. Although the colour was fast vanishing from her cheek, and her otherwise bright and cheerful eye was closing with fear and fainting, still she was lovelier than any thing he had ever seen; but when she gradually came to herself, her beautiful and expressive eyes opening upon the enraptured gaze of her deliverer, the effect was such that no stoic, much less no youth in all his ardour and enthusiasm, could withstand: Costandi quite forgot the situation of the remaining sufferers, wrapt as he was in the admiration of his beautiful prize. He fortunately spoke the Turkish language, which from his infancy he had learnt at Athens, and that enabled him to express, though at random, all the awakened feelings of a

first passion. "Sit, lie down, my sultana, my soul!" said he, bringing cushions from the cabin, supporting her head and chafing her temples at the same time. As she came to herself she looked about in the greatest alarm, exclaiming, "O my mother, my brother, my nurse, where are ye! where, oh where! Allah! Allah!" These words brought Costandi, in some measure, to his senses: without further delay he again plunged into the sea, swam to the buoy, and rescued the gasping youth, still struggling with the waves, and brought him at once to his sister. The rapture, the intense delight, with which she flew to the embrace of her brother, and then to kiss the hands and knees of their deliverer, added fuel to the glow which already filled the breast of the young Greek; and although he fain would have remained where he was, to enjoy the pleasure of his good deed, still he thought his work imperfect as long as the other women were not placed in a state of safety. He was about to throw himself into the sea again, when he perceived that they were holding on to the half emerged skiff, waiting for a rescue, and he therefore lost no time in getting into a small boat attached to his own ship, and, sculling towards them, with some difficulty helped them in; and before they well knew their situation, they found themselves in the arms of their children. Costandi's heart, already far gone in love, melted into boyish tenderness at witnessing all the good which he had done; at overlooking the touching scene of parental and filial rapture which was passing before him. "Ahi Mashallah! Oh praise be to God!" they exclaimed with outstretched arms towards Costandi, "you are our preserver—you are our father, our mother, our brother, our uncle! May plenty be your lot! may God grant you

prosperity! may God's shadow be thrown over you! Who are you, in the name of the blessed prophet? who is your father? may his life be a long one! Come to us, come to our house; we will carry you on our heads: our aga, Mustapha (who it seems was the chief of the family), will show you honour: his house shall be yours, and you shall be our child."

Costandi was rejoiced to hear these effusions, and he soon discovered how gratefully their hearts were turned towards him. His looks meanwhile strongly betrayed his feelings towards the object of his admiration, who seemed to enjoy the absence of her veil, and the privilege of using her eyes without their accustomed skreen. It would be impossible to decide which was now the most enamoured of the two; and they would perhaps never have thought it expedient to separate, had not the mother inquired how they were to return to shore. Costandi immediately manned his boat (for the Turkish boatmen were taken up in endeavouring to reclaim their own), and, placing the whole party within it, he rowed towards the landing-place. On the way he heard that the fair creature whom he had saved was called Dilber*, and that she was the daughter of one of the principal *ayâns*, or head men of the city, by name Mustapha, and that the lady, her mother, was his only wife. Having landed, he escorted them to their house, a large crimson-painted mansion, every where exhibiting the signs of ease and substantial wealth. Two or three sleek horses were standing in the court, fastened by peg and chain to the ground, handsomely caparisoned; many well dressed servants were lounging about, and several heavy turbaned heads were

* Literally "heart ravisher."

seen in the windows above. Costandi was about returning to his ship, much to his regret, when the boy, whose life he had saved, said to him, "As you love God, come to-morrow: this is not the proper hour. Our house is always yours!" Looking towards Dilber, who drawing back her veil, gave him one of her most bewitching smiles, the enamoured youth, with a deep-drawn sigh, slowly retraced his steps to his boat. He passed the remainder of the evening, and almost the whole night, in revolving in his mind the events of the day. He could think and dream of nothing but the beauty of his Dilber: her image made him look upon the Turks with less of contempt and hatred than he was wont. He was too young and inexperienced to be aware of the danger which awaited any man, be he true believer or infidel, who might venture to intrude himself upon the mysteries of the harem, and he therefore did not cease devising modes of seeing this lovely object of his ardent affection.

On the morrow, at the earliest hour, he appeared at the gate of Mustapha Aga's house, taking great pains, as he approached, to walk in the slowest manner, in order that he might have full leisure to scan the possibilities of getting a sight of his love. At the entrance he was met by the young Osman (for such was the name of Dilber's brother), who flew to him with as much delight as the natural stateliness of a Turkish boy will admit, and immediately forced him up a long flight of steps to the presence of his father.

In a corner of the room, on soft cushions, his place being marked by a square silken padded seat, with a small window close to him, sat Mustapha Aga. The magnificent bay of Smyrna, its shipping, its distant castle, its shelving

mountains, bounded on the one side by the black cape of Cara Bournou, on the other by the high lands of Foglieri, blended with the intervening landscape of Cordelio, were spread in a varied view before him. He was one of those very handsome Turks, such as are frequently seen in Asia, with aquiline nose, dignity of aspect, and great benignity of manner: he was about forty years old; his head covered with a handsome green cloth *caouk* or padded cap, surrounded by a snow-white muslin bandage, and he wore an ermine pelisse which covered a clean and elegant chintz vest; his girdle being composed of a rich cashmere shawl. Upon seeing Costandi introduced by his son, he immediately recognised who he was; and with a frankness of manner peculiar to Turks, perhaps heightened by the tone of condescension which a true believer always assumes when he addresses an infidel, he exclaimed, "Ahi Costandi, *Khosh gueldin, sefa gueldin!* you are welcome, and doubly welcome! Come hither—sit close to me" (at the same time touching a spot with his hand). "You are our friend—you are our deliverer. We are under obligations to you: our Osman has told us all. Mashallah, Mashallah, praise be to God! you are much of a man already, although you look, in fact, only a youth!"

Costandi could say little or nothing, but seemed mightily pleased and happy.

"Are you Frank or Rayah*?" said the Turk.

Costandi answered that he was an Athenian and a Greek.

"Ah, you are a Giaour, an infidel!" said Mustapha; "but that does not signify, Costandi, you are a good man for all that:—it would have been better had you been an

* The Christian subjects of the Porte are so called.

Osmanli; but *Allah kerim*, God is merciful! *Kismet*, destiny has ordained you to be what you are. What can man do against destiny?"

The youth was then treated with honours only due to a Turk of consequence. A long chibouque, with a fine amber-headed mouth-piece, was placed in his hand, which, after smoking, he was requested to keep. The hottest of coffee was administered to him, and a large spoonful of conserve of roses was admitted into his mouth; his thighs were moreover covered with a shawl napkin fringed with gold lace; smoking incense was wafted over him; he was sprinkled with rosewater; and when he was about going away, Mustapha Aga took him by the hand, and said, "Stop, my friend! we can never do enough to show you our gratitude. Here, Selim," quietly slapping his hands in order to call his head servant, "bring the pelisse of honour for one who has preserved me from being childless, and who has kept our house from misery." Upon which a sable pelisse was placed upon his shoulders. "And here," exclaimed Mustapha, pointing towards the court-yard below, "here is a horse for you, Costandi!—forgive this weak testimony of our thanks—keep and ride it for our sake; and if there be any thing more that Mustapha can do for you, speak."

Our youth was amazed and confounded by such generosity. He did not know what to say or do sufficiently to show his gratitude; although, in fact, he would willingly have given all the pelisses, horses, and pipes in the world for a few minutes' interview with his adored Dilber. Turkish etiquette and feeling with respect to womankind prevented Mustapha Aga from saying a word relating to his wife or daughter, therefore Costandi, on that subject, went away as little satisfied as he had come; but on

descending the stairs, clothed with his sable, in order to take possession of his horse, he contrived to inquire from his young friend, Osman, whether he might be allowed to see them again. Osman, who was too young to have learnt what might be the precise age for debarring women from the sight of man, and who only saw in his sister one who was and had been his playfellow, innocently said, "Come to-night, and you shall see them: there they live, in there," pointing to a door, covered by a large curtain.

This infused fresh life into the Athenian. He forthwith mounted his horse, and then, with pipe in hand, pelisse on back, he made his exit from Mustapha's house, greatly embarrassed with his riches and his future prospects. "What shall I do, and where shall I go?" said he to himself. He was as good a horseman as sailors generally are, that is, very bad; but, notwithstanding this, he was anxious to make a show, and therefore took his way through the bazars and bezestens; the jingle of his horse's furniture, and the respectability of his rich fur, creating a passage for him through the crowd as he proceeded. He curvetted all through the Frank-street, slipping over the large stones, and pushing his way through loaded camels, until he reached a suburb that led to a low point terminating in the sea, where he so galloped and belaboured his fat horse, that the foam flowed down its sides, and reduced him from the best conditioned of beasts, to something approaching a jade. He also had suffered considerably under the heat of his fur; and, therefore, by the time he wished to return on board, he was almost exhausted. Not knowing exactly what course to pursue, he was walking leisurely onward, when he was accosted by a Turk, who, after having minutely examined his horse, at length inquired

whether it was for sale? To this Costandi instantly assented: and after it had been sufficiently lowered in his estimation by the criticisms of his chapman, he agreed to part with it for about one quarter of its real value. The jockey (for they are as keen in Turkey as in other countries) paid him down the money, and instantly took his departure with his purchase, leaving the sailor to repent at leisure the bad bargain he had made.

Still heedless of every thing but of his new passion, and of the hope of seeing the object of it in the evening, he turned his thoughts to the embellishment of his person, and now the money which he had just received came most opportunely to his aid. He proceeded to the bazar, and forthwith bought a gold striped turban, with which he girded his cap: he then decked his shoulders with an embroidered handkerchief, and clothed his hitherto naked legs with richly embossed and laced buskins: he did not forget a magnificent tobacco-pouch of many colours, richly bound with gold braid, and also an embroidered cloak, which he exchanged for his (to him) useless pelisse. With this new equipment he proceeded to the bath, where he passed two full hours, beguiling away the time, purifying his person, and thinking upon his adored Dilber. Having been duly steamed, kneaded, rubbed with a canvas bag, and overwhelmed with soap and water, he came out fresher and sweeter than he had ever been before.

By this time the day was about to close, and with some degree of hesitation and precaution he sought his young conductor, who, true to his word, was waiting with impatience to lead him to the apartment of his mother and sister. They slipped through the curtained door unseen, and then through many a winding passage, reached the

foot of a flight of steps, which Osman ascended with alacrity, whilst Costandi followed, not without apprehension. Upon entering the apartment in which the women were collected, there arose a cry of alarm and surprise at seeing a man; but the moment the wife of Mustapha perceived whom it was, her own deliverer as well as that of her children, she laid aside her Mahomedan scruples for awhile, and welcomed Costandi as if he had been her own son; whilst Dilber, whose cheeks were suffused with the deepest crimson at thus unexpectedly seeing him of whom she had done nothing but dream and think, made those demonstrations of delight which none but lovers can properly appreciate. Transient, however, was the joy; for Costandi was obliged very soon after to take his leave, the rules of decorum being so imperative in a Mahomedan seraglio, that nothing, saving the presence of a crowned head, can break through them. He had, however, observed enough of the situation of the apartments to discover that they looked upon a garden not very distant from the margin of the sea; he could moreover see his own vessel from them; for during his short interview in the harem, Dilber and her mother pointed to the well-known spot as reminding him of the adventure which had first made them acquainted. He thus kept his hope alive that, by some means or other, he might contrive to take a last farewell of his lovely Dilber.

Leaving Mustapha Aga's house, and having got rid of Osman, he almost instinctively found himself making a survey of the situation of the harem; and he discovered that nothing would be so easy as to scale the wall, which, composed of the common sun-burnt brick, was broken down in many places, and which opened an easy access to

the garden, upon which the windows of Dilber's apartments most probably looked. His mind became tormented with this discovery. In vain he endeavoured to think prudently, and to persuade himself of the danger of so rash an enterprise; prudence was not his shining quality, and he only seemed to upbraid the slow passage of time until the hour when he might venture to seek the spot where his love resided. He walked along the quays, and passed his evening in going from coffee-house to coffee-house, until it was so dark that he flattered himself he could not be recognised in the unlighted streets of Smyrna, and he then quietly crept to the garden wall, which having surmounted, he took post in the shrubbery of the garden: there he remained concealed, watching with intense anxiety every light which appeared flitting from window to window, until he began to entertain doubts if indeed Dilber inhabited this side of the house. The moon was just rising, and its beams were beginning to light up many objects which had hitherto been concealed in darkness, when his ear was greeted by a creaking sound of hinges, and he then discovered a small window, which to his great delight was open, and saw a face which he soon recognised for that of his Dilber, leaning, with a melancholy air, on her hand. She was evidently looking towards the harbour where his ship lay at anchor—she sighed audibly —there was a melancholy in the tone of the Allah! Allah! which followed the sigh, that bespoke much of her inward feelings, and Costandi could scarcely refrain from making himself known, so convinced was he that he then occupied her thoughts; but still he feared that she might not be alone, and that, were he discovered, he never could hope to see her again. However, as the moon rose, he could more

easily distinguish objects, and he then ascertained to a certainty she had no companion. A rustling in the leaves which he made attracted her notice; again he moved, again she looked, and at length she said, "*Kim der?* Who is there?" He slightly hemmed, which gave her time to recover her surprise, and then, gradually disengaging himself from his hiding-place, he stood before her. She could not mistake him. His first attitude was one of humility and devotion—his next step was to advance slowly to the foot of her window. She began by speaking very low and in soft accents, which assured him that his presence was not disapproved; and he then used all the eloquence of entreaty to be permitted to approach her.

"I could not leave you," said Costandi, "without seeking another interview. Oh, my lady! my sultana! say one word to your slave, even were that word in anger!"

"You are in danger here," said the affrighted girl. "If you love God, go, and Heaven go with you! Dilber will ever pray for her deliverer."

"But how can I go?" said the youth. "Does not my soul burn? Can I have seen that face, and felt the force of those eyes, and live without them? Speak, my eyes! my angel, speak!"

"Do not, I entreat you, remain here," said Dilber, with hurried accents; "should you be discovered, death would be your portion, and then your Dilber would die—she can only live for her deliverer!"

This avowal of the maiden entranced the young Athenian, and he would have made an attempt to enter her apartment, but a light suddenly appeared, which caused Dilber to close her window and withdraw. She left her lover in

suspense as to whether he should see her again. He waited with patience for half an hour, when again the window was slowly opened, and the following words reached his ears: "Go—go—for the love of Allah go! but be here to-morrow night and later."

Costandi had now drunk so deep of the intoxicating draught of love, that to retreat from his enterprise, which, had he considered it in his sober senses he would have seen could end only in misery and misfortune, was now become impossible; he therefore only awaited the return of night to meet his mistress, passing the tedious intervening hours in anticipating the delight of seeing her without any intruder, and in pouring out the effusions of his passion. At length the moment came—all was again darkness—the lovers met—they vowed eternal constancy—the difference of their religious persuasions seemed to create no difficulties—all was ardent and everlasting attachment. So well had they managed, that they held frequent meetings without interruption, and this, perhaps, rendered them incautious.

One night as Costandi was getting over the accustomed gap in the wall, he thought he saw a man, who mysteriously retreated and hid himself from observation; he did not heed this at the time, but, pursuing his accustomed course, entered his Dilber's apartment with his usual emotions of love and rapture. Occasionally, during their interview, the image of this vision would flit across his mind, and throw a damp over his spirits, which Dilber was not slow in perceiving.

"What is it, Costandi?" said she, "what has happened? Are you going to leave your poor Dilber to die?"

"No, my soul!" cried the enraptured youth; "no! my life is identified with yours!—we shall have one breath, as

we have one heart; but something which forebodes evil will come across my mind, and I have misgivings that our happiness cannot last."

"Ah!" said the ardent girl, "ah, Costandi! would you but adopt our faith—would you but be one of the children of Islam, like me, nothing would be wanting, and then we might never be separated!"

The youth sighed profoundly, and pressed his faithful companion to his heart; but when he saw the first streaks of morning illuming the sky, he hastily arose, and said, "I must go, Dilber! should any thing happen to part us, oh! remember your Costandi! your own, your faithful lover!"

The afflicted girl, melting into tears, sought to detain him, but to remain longer would have entailed certain discovery; then, tearing himself from her embrace, he took his departure. Scarcely had he put one leg over the garden wall, than he felt himself grasped, and in a moment seized by four or five armed Turks, who, with every species of abuse and malediction, hurried him he knew not whither. They tied his arms behind his back with his own shawl, and, with a rapid step, drove him before them, administering blows on his back all the time to make him proceed the faster, whilst they regaled his ears with the following speeches. "Are you come hither to debauch our women, you dog of a Giaour?" said one: "you'll soon see what we can do to you!"—"Inshallah," said another, "our pacha, will not allow our beards to be laughed at by an ill-born Rayah."—"We are Mussulmans!" said a third; "shall we eat the dirt of an infidel?"—"You cannot deceive the police," added another; "our spies have the eyes of eagles! Mashallah! we shall see how soon an infidel's head can fly from his shoulders!"—In this manner they drove the un-

Painted by F. P. Stephanoff. *Engraved by J. Goodyear.*

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fortunate Costandi onwards, until they entered the large court of the pacha's palace. As is usual in Turkey, almost every body was on the stir at this early hour—armed guards were seated here and there in picturesque groups, smoking their first pipe, and sipping their morning coffee. Horses were being cleaned and taking to water. Here might be seen offenders, who, like Costandi, were awaiting judgment from the pacha; and there the servants and attendants of early visitors come to pay their respects to their chief.

Costandi had not waited long before he was taken before the pacha. This chief was seated in a magnificently painted and gilded saloon, on silken ottomans, deep in conversation with three or four other Turks of consequence. When the culprit was brought in (so frequent is the occurrence of such like scenes) the pacha scarcely deigned to turn his eyes towards the crowd which had rushed in. He continued his conversation with his companions, unheeding the interruption; at length, just taking the pipe from his mouth, he quietly said, looking at Costandi, "*Kim boo?* who is that?"

"My aga," said the officer, "this infidel was caught this morning coming out of the harem of a true believer."

"Is he under Frank protection?" asked the pacha.

"No—he is a Rayah," said the officer.

The pacha, without one word more, made a slight horizontal motion with his hand to a fierce fellow, with whiskers curling over his eyes, and with arms naked to the shoulder, which every one present knew meant instant decapitation, and then quietly turned round to continue his conversation. Costandi was about to be seized by the surrounding guards, and led away to execution, when he exclaimed aloud, "I am a Greek! my crime is having

saved the wife, son, daughter, and slave of a Mussulman from drowning; and for this am I dragged like a beast to slaughter!"

"What does he say?" said one of the Turks in conversation with the pacha: "for the love of Allah! let your highness delay justice whilst I ask an explanation."

Costandi soon recognised his friend, Mustapha Aga; whilst every one present was astonished that a Rayah could ever find a friend in a true believer.

Mustapha Aga then explained to the pacha the nature of his obligations to the youth before him; but inquired at the same time, with great severity of aspect, in whose house the trespass had been committed. The officer who had seized him answered with great respect, "I am your slave—it is from your lordship's own harem the infidel came."

"Is it so, indeed!" exclaimed the aga, greatly roused and offended; "then, indeed—" but stopping to reflect, he said, "there is but one remedy." Then, in emphatic language, he exclaimed to the Greek, "You have but one chance for your life—you either instantly embrace our blessed faith, or you die!" Then turning round to the pacha to entreat his sanction of this sentence, he was pleased to find it ratified by his approving, "*Hai! hai!* Ay! ay!"

This sudden call upon his decision—death before him on the one hand, the possible possession of his adored Dilber on the other—the horrors of a decapitation, the hope of future escape—caused the unfortunate Costandi to embrace at once Mustapha Aga's proposal. "I am a Mussulman!" exclaimed he, "and I claim the skirt of your garment, O noble aga!"

"Be it so," said the pacha: "send for the imam."

The priest forthwith appeared with the Koran in his hand; he desired Costandi to repeat after him the Mussulman's profession of faith, which he did with as steady a countenance as he could command. His name was then changed for a Mussulman's name, and he was ordered away to get his head properly shaved: after which it was proposed that the last and distinguishing ceremony should be performed.

This made the poor renegade shrink with horror, but his friend Mustapha again came to his assistance, and said, that he had a nephew on whom the ceremony was about to take place, and that they should be paraded through the city with the accustomed honours on the same day, and suffer together. The benevolent man likewise proposed that Costandi should be given to him to be properly instructed in their faith, and that he would be answerable for his future conduct.

The Greek had no sooner received this reprieve than he felt all the horrors of his situation—still his love for Dilber predominated; and although he felt himself to be a lost degraded apostate from what he knew to be right, yet he was not courageous enough to give up life in this unexpected and hasty manner. He was soon despoiled of his hair; a turban was put upon his head, and he was then conducted to the house of Mustapha Aga.

When left to himself, the various feelings which rushed upon his mind overcame his fortitude, and he gave vent to a violent flood of tears. He thought upon his parents, upon all the pains they had taken to instil proper feelings of religion into his mind, and all the grief they were likely to undergo when they heard of his apostasy. He was

not even cheered by the hope of possessing his Dilber, and of her becoming his wedded partner; for even in the eyes of a Turk, he knew that a renegade would always be looked down upon with contempt.

His absence from his ship produced great alarm in the mind of his relation who commanded her; and having learned the history of the adventure with the Turkish boat and its passengers, he naturally concluded that his absence might be connected with it. He therefore applied for information at Mustapha Aga's house (for it was soon known to whom the party belonged), and there he learnt all that had befallen the young Athenian. He was not allowed free access to him until the last ceremony should have been performed, at which time he would be looked upon as a complete son of Islam; but Costandi was informed that his relation and countrymen had applied to see him, and he would have given the world to have been allowed to depart with them.

Although Mustapha Aga, his good and generous friend and patron, had frequently seen him, and gave him every encouragement to hope that in time he might bestow his daughter upon him, still nothing could dispel the gloom, the settled gloom, which took possession of the renegade's mind. By turns he took the most violent and contrary resolutions: at times he resolved to recant—and then, at others, to wait for the possession of his adored Dilber. Such at length became the maddening force of his feelings, that his mind was made up to lose every thing, even his life, rather than remain the poor despised object he then was.

The day previous to the last ceremony, there was to be a meeting of all the ayâns at Mustapha Aga's house, and

then he determined publicly to make his recantation, and avow himself until death a faithful and determined follower of the blessed Isau. Accordingly, on the morrow he dressed himself with all the care he could as a Turk; he placed a large caouk upon his head, which, for the greater eclat, he determined should be of sacred green, and otherwise made himself look as like a true believer as possible.

Then, when all the principal men of the city, the ayâns, the *sheik el islam,* the chief *dogganier,* the principal *imams,* the *daroga,* and the officers under whom the direction of the city was placed, were assembled (as they usually did once a week), Costandi, with a firm step and resolute countenance, stepped into the midst of the assembly, and. standing up, with an audible voice exclaimed, "O men of Smyrna and professors of Islam! know that I, who, in a misguided moment, in order to save my life, made a profession of your faith, and acknowledged your prophet as a true one, do now totally and completely renounce and retract my words, and thus I do it!"—Upon which he took off his turban, and threw it on the ground before him, and spat upon it, with every sign of contempt. "I am," he continued, "a Christian, and ever will remain one—So help me God!"

The effect which this speech and action produced upon the assembled company cannot be described. A bystander might have observed the fury of fanaticism gradually creeping into the features of every one present, and distorting their natural mildness into violent passion, as one may have frequently seen the unruffled surface of the sea curdle into white foam upon the first approach of a squall, and then break into waves of appalling magnitude, carry-

ing all before them. Costandi would have been torn to pieces on the spot, had they been persons accustomed to deeds of violence; but being naturally peaceable men, all they did was to call for the help of their servants to seize the offender, which was instantly done. Mustapha Aga remained utterly confounded: he could not believe his senses. It was evident that his kind and benevolent heart at once took alarm at the fate which awaited the deliverer of his wife and children.

He rushed forward, and endeavoured to expostulate with the youth. He was so much respected in the city, that every body gave way to him as he pushed towards the unfortunate Costandi. He used every argument, every word of threat or endearment, in order to change his resolution—but to no purpose. Death he had resolved upon, and the good Turk saw that death was inevitable. He therefore requested the assembled company again to take their places, and then explained under what obligations he lay to this youth, reminded them of the sacred duty of hospitality, and entreated he might be permitted to remain one day more in his house, that he might try farther expostulations, in the hope of changing his resolution.

They agreed; and the pacha's deputy or *vekeel,* who was there, added his voice to the general consent, and Costandi was allowed twenty-four hours to consider: should he remain a Mussulman, no notice would be taken of the insult he had inflicted on their faith: on the other hand, certain death would be his portion.

The excellent Mustapha lost no time in seeking his young friend. He spared no entreaty; he implored in the name of Allah, of Isau, and of Mariamne, by every thing sacred to a Christian, to revoke his ill-fated reso-

lution: Costandi was immovable. Mustapha, more enlightened and less bigoted than the generality of his nation, could not but admire the magnanimity of the youth, and at length making one great effort upon himself, he said, "Since thus you determine, so be it; but upon one condition, which is, that you immediately quit this city: never let it be said that Mustapha allowed his guest, and the preserver of his family, to be put to death when he could prevent it. Here," he added, giving him a heavy purse of money, "here, Costandi, go thy way; I will not answer for thy life if thou art here an hour longer." The youth was lost in astonishment and admiration, on hearing these words.—"What do I hear? said he: " is it possible that I am free? Oh, my noble aga! but will no harm come to you if I am free? you have more, and doubly more than requited my poor services—let me die, for I deserve all that can happen to me."

"Hasten," replied Mustapha; "delay may be fatal to you: if the insult you have put upon our religion be once known, the city will rise in a body, and you will be torn to atoms —go—" "And Dilber?" exclaimed the lover. At this name Mustapha Aga's countenance lowered; and he said, "You know what our customs and our religion prescribe—upon that subject speak no more, or I may not be so generous towards you. My daughter can never be the wife of an infidel, although he may have been her deliverer from death: again, I say, depart from my house, and may Allah take you into his holy keeping!"

Costandi knelt down to embrace the good man's knees, kissed his hand, implored his forgiveness for all he had made him suffer, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, left the house of his preserver. As he was leaving

the gate, he met the young Osman; in a hurried manner he embraced him tenderly, and said, "I leave you for ever; tell your sister to forget that she ever saw so miserable a man as Costandi." He would have added more, for the ardent affection which he bore to Dilber was again about to assail him with all its fascination, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, some of the pacha's officers heading a crowd of fanatics, who might have been sent to execute the sentence which had been hitherto delayed, and, without stopping, he reached his vessel. To his joy, he found that she was at that moment about to sail. The story of his escape, which in a few words he related to the commander, gave great delight and fresh impulse to the exertions of the sailors; and the anchor having been raised, and the sails loosened, the vessel very soon began to leave the bay. Costandi strained every look to discover the house of his preserver, and particularly the apartment which contained his Dilber. He at length recognised it; having done so, he thought that he could discover, at the very window where his first interview had taken place, the object of his affections. He would have flown to give her a last embrace; all he could do was to wave his handkerchief: a slight motion of her hand, which he could discern by the aid of his telescope, told him that he was recognised. His eyes were riveted to the distant spot, until the city itself was lost in the great mass of mountains which encompass the bay.

We have been assured, notwithstanding the unfortunate commencement of the loves of Costandi and Dilber, as narrated in the preceding pages, that, not very long after,

they became man and wife, and lived happily in a remote bay of one of the Greek islands. He himself, having obtained the command of a vessel, ventured one dark night in a row-boat to enter the harbour of Smyrna, and to land at the well known landing-place leading to Mustapha Aga's house. He there heard that his worthy patron, although highly respected in the city, had, in fact, been so persecuted by the uncompromising *ullemah*, or men of the law, for having lost the opportunity of either making a convert to the Mahomedan faith in Costandi, or putting him to death for the gross insult which he had put upon it, that he had retired from the world, and at length had died of what is commonly called a broken heart. But he was also told, that his widow and daughter still lived in that part of the house which they had formerly occupied, and in such distress, that, unless relieved, they would soon share the fate of the excellent Mustapha. This intelligence so awoke the feelings of Costandi, that he lost no time in making himself known to them: he found Dilber the most faithful and constant of women; Osman was gone upon his travels as a merchant; and the mother, anxious to leave the scene of her misery, consented to follow his fortunes. That very night they left their birthplace to migrate to unknown and infidel countries. They found the Athenian all that they could wish—kind, generous, and brave. He respected their religious feelings; but, at the death of his wife's mother, it is also added, that Dilber adopted the faith of her husband, and became a shining pattern of Christian excellence.

INSCRIPTION

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY CAROLINE PENNANT.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

When on the tomb where glory lies,
  In monumental pomp array'd,
The traveller casts his wondering eyes,
  And sees its trophied griefs display'd;
Without a tear, without a sigh,
  He reads the blazon'd scroll of fame,
And owns the powerless vanity
  Of honours to an empty name.

Yet, stranger, pause this marble near;
  More hallow'd is the turf you tread,
For youthful beauty slumbers here,
  And virtue graced the noble dead.
Here, wither'd in her bridal hour,
  Torn from affection's bleeding breast,
Of Marlborough's house the pride and flower,
  Shall, till the world's conclusion, rest.

High was her birth—her spirit sought
  A station more sublimely high;
And with the charms which fashion taught,
  Combined a saint's morality.
In all her words affection spoke,
  And grace upon her accents hung;
Whose wit, though brilliant, never broke
  "The law of kindness on her tongue."

Ah! let no tearless eye intrude,
  Nor reckless step profane the ground,
Where, of the beauteous and the good,
  The silent dust alone is found!
But if thine heart hath haply known
  An early cypress veil its shrine,
Then, stranger, come, and o'er this stone
  Weep with the friends of *Caroline*.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

BY THE HONORABLE CHARLES PHIPPS.

Fly, gaudy moth, with fickle flight,
  Elate in all thy painted hues,
Enjoy thine hour of short delight,
  And midst the fairest blossoms choose:
Beware of danger! never stay,
  Nor linger on one bud too long,
But lightly flutter, and away,
  Before you feel the charm too strong.

Each flow'ret is with danger fraught,
  Within, the sweetest Death may wait.
In vain my warning! you are caught,
  And struggle to escape too late.
You totter now with drooping wing,
  You have no longer force to fly,
A helpless, broken-hearted thing,
  Your beauty fades,—you sink,—you die!

Thus youthful hearts each form admire,
  Each blushing cheek, each fairer face;
And thus as youthful fancies tire,
  They settle on some newer grace.
But manhood's heart will danger brave,
  Reject advice, disdain to flee,
Entrapp'd by Love, a willing slave,
  It cannot, hardly *would*, be free.

But, ah! the hopes that used to shine,
  In Fancy's gay prismatic wing,
The thoughts, the joys of youth decline,
  And later days but sorrows bring.
For soon as Love has caught the prize,
  Deprived of spirit, sunk in pride,
The faded heart he will despise,
  And cast the broken toy aside.

A TRAGEDY OF OTHER TIMES,

BUT ENACTED IN OUR OWN*.

BY THE HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS.

The following relation of a true story was given to me in conversation at Paris, in 1816, by General Hulot, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Junot Duke of Abrantes, at the time it happened.

In the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysées, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them forthwith, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry, which it was necessary should be completed before the morning. He expressed his readiness to do so, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five and twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay.

The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped, and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it, and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them, and ap-

* It is upon this incident that the popular vaudeville entitled the "Maçon" was founded.

After the printing of this sheet had commenced, an imperfect relation of the same story appeared in a weekly newspaper, where it was inserted without the permission or knowledge of the author.

peared to be passing along a cross road. About an hour's drive brought them to the end of their journey. The carriage halted, and the mason was taken out of it. He was then led through various passages, and up and down staircases; probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him upon any future occasion to trace his way.

When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated with many wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no part of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the necessary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw: he turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

He had full leisure to examine the funereal ornaments by which he was surrounded: but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hanging being lifted up, discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by masks. They entered, dragging with them a beautiful young woman, whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes, and disordered dress, proved, at the same time, her misery, and the compulsion under which she was suffering.

As soon as she was in the room, she sunk on her knees before her masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her; but they only replied by shaking their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who, from his gray hairs, appeared to be older than the rest. She embraced his knees, and,

with sobs and cries, besought his mercy. To these supplications no answer was given; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and, in spite of her screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords.

The gray-haired mask then desired the mason to begin his task, and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck with what he had seen, and affected beyond measure with the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessary to so foul a murder, refused to proceed. Upon this the masks began to threaten him. The mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death should be his portion; while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

The poor man, thus intimidated, commenced unwillingly his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed; till at length, while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing, as the wall rose upon her which was to shut her out from life, the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically sealed with solid masonry.

The mason threw down his trowel more dead than alive —the gray-haired mask put fifty Napoleons into his hand —his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was carried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The car-

riage was whirled along as rapidly as before; and after the stated period, the mason found himself with his eyes uncovered on the spot in the Champs Elysées where he had first been met, and alone!

The night was now far advanced, or rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered with what he had witnessed; but, after a short time, he recovered the use of his intellects so far, as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having with difficulty got admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more, the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him entire credit.

The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the crime, and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched, and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of fresh made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages and horses, the guards at the *barrières*, &c. were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue, but entirely without success.

This mysterious murder remained, and still remains unexplained and unpunished; but conjecture imagined it to have been an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or other to have dishonoured her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country, who had come to the neighbourhood of Paris for the purpose of completing this vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.

THE LAST LOOK.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

When doom'd by distress through the world's friendless
track
As pilgrims and strangers in sorrow to roam;
How fondly the spirit from distance flies back
In the last lingering look that we turn on sweet home.

Though its lustre through tear-drops is destined to gleam,
When the heart to the eye its deep tenderness sends;
Yet cold would the lips' warmest eloquence seem
To the language that speaks in the last look of friends.

And oh! when condemn'd in distraction to sever,
What anguish can equal the pangs which *they* prove,
Who meet in an hour when they're parting for ever
In all its wild fondness the last look of love!

Long, long its expression sad fancy shall treasure,
And the soul, as it glances o'er memory's book,
Shall recall, midst the whirl of ambition or pleasure,
The tender reflection of love's parting look.

When life to its final departure advances,
And all must be left for the grave's deep repose;
Oh! who can forget the last farewell that glances
On objects beloved from the eyes ere they close?

How often, when fame has recorded the story
Of deathless renown, have fond bosoms been rent
By the thought, though the hero expired in his glory,
His last envied look on a stranger was bent?

ON LOOKING ON THE SEA.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

BY THE HONORABLE CHARLES PHIPPS.

Yon sunny wave, that sparkling foam,
  That booming of the sea,
How many thoughts of friends, of home,
  Those objects bring to me.

So days in youth successive roll'd,
  Like billows drest in light,
And like yon liquid flood of gold,
  Each passing hour was bright.

Those days of bliss! No gayer heart
  Ere led the laughing throng,
Or in the joyous dance took part,
  Or troll'd the merry song.

But like yon shadow'd cloud that flies
  Across the bright blue main,
In time's horizon cares arise
  To chequer life with pain.

And storms have raged, and gloom has veil'd
  The joys that childhood deck'd;
Of all the hopes so trimly sail'd,
  How many now are wreck'd.

But still I love to think on days
'T were better to forget,
And idly watch for pleasure's rays
Where pleasure's sun has set.

I love to wander here alone
And listen to that sound,
That hollow voice, from realms unknown,
Bears tidings of the drown'd.

I fancy every breeze's sigh
Laments for parted hearts,
Upon the murmurs floating by,
Some last, fond thought departs.

I think each swelling wave but seems
A mound o'er some fair head,
And sadly think each ray but beams
To decorate the dead.

The brave, the coward there are laid,
The vilest, and the best;
There hopes have sunk, there joys decay'd,
There Sorrow has found rest.

THE DELUSION OF THREE DAYS.

A SKETCH.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

We are all, more or less, the slaves of prejudice, or the creatures of early habits and impressions; and, however wisely our resolutions may be framed in the hour of sober reflection, yet too often the impulse of a moment will entirely upset the influence of good sense and reason. How decidedly has the truth of this position been exemplified in the case of my friend Herbert, who, really amiable and pleasing, with every wish to escape from the pitiable condition of a bachelor, and with many advantages to assist him in his laudable and unremitting pursuit of a wife, still appears, at the age of thirty-five, as far distant from success as ever. For Herbert, from his first entrance into society, has been a devoted partisan of the fair sex, but an equally enthusiastic admirer of the arts of music and painting, and of all the other minor elegant accomplishments of the day; and he has always fettered himself by the singular notion that no female (whatever her mental or personal recommendations might be) could render him happy or contented, unless she were mistress of all or most of these desirable accomplishments.

Hence this caprice of my friend has been extended to so ridiculous a degree, that after every first introduction to any new and lovely votary of fashion, I have always found him ready to perplex himself and his associates with the same uniform set of interrogatories, of a *small part* of which the following may be an example.

"Does she sing, and play well on the piano or harp?—

Were her masters Crivelli, Moscheles, or Bochsa?—Can she paint in oil or water colours?—Did she study under Fielding or Prout?—Can she converse fluently in French, Italian, and German," &c. &c.—In fact, so organized was this system in the mind of Herbert, and so notorious had he become by his unmitigated development of it, that in despite of his well-known and much-lauded eagerness to secure a wife, he became, at last, to be but coldly received by his female acquaintances.

The close of the spring, in the year 1827, found Herbert in a state of chagrin and disappointment: the slender encouragement held out to him by the offended spinsters of London, and one or two awkward repulses which he had experienced, had considerably abated his hopes and damped his ardour.

Under the pressure of ennui and low spirits, he took himself off to the baths of Ems in Germany. There, the bustle and liveliness of the well-frequented table d'hôte at the hotel de Russie, joined to its variety of faces, forms, and manners, contributed to restore his good humour with *le beau sexe,* and to revive his keenness for his old pursuit. But my friend's taste was vastly too fastidious for the atmosphere of a continental table d'hôte: one very fair and pretty Badoise horrified him by her *penchant* (however strictly patriotic) for eating stewed prunes with roast meat; while another black-eyed and interesting Alsacienne provoked him by her preference (however healthful) of the oysters of the dinner-table to all his small talk and attentions; in short, as far as the ladies were concerned, he had very little prospect of adding to his reputation at Ems.

By good fortune, Herbert met with an old acquaintance, the Baron de T——, whom he had formerly known, both

in England and on the continent, and who was upon terms of intimacy with many of the respectable families in the duchy of Nassau. In the course of conversation, the baron mentioned the name of Madame de Steinbron, a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Ems, and he described her as being a very young, lovely, and interesting widow. She had been contracted by her parents, at an early age, to a gentleman advanced in years, who died, leaving her in opulent circumstances, shortly after their marriage. The manner in which the baron spoke of the widow so wrought upon Herbert's feelings, that he would not quit the subject until he had obtained from the baron the promise of an introduction, on the next day, to the lady.

In consequence of this arrangement, the baron and Herbert, on the following morning, drove out to the Chateau de Steinbron; they found its fair mistress at home; when the baron, having been cordially welcomed, presented his friend, in flattering terms, to Madame de Steinbron.

Accustomed as Herbert had been to presentations to beautiful women, and critic *au fond* as he was upon every point, important or minute, connected with their personal appearance, he never before at least had been so immediately impressed with admiration, or so little disposed to criticise, as on the present occasion. The whole contour of Madame de Steinbron's countenance denoted youth and softness; dark brown hair, simply arranged, clustered round an oval face of the most transparent complexion, and a pair of eyes of the deepest hazel turned upon the beholder with a penetrating expression of real feeling and intelligence; while the lines and proportions of her form appeared as round and correct as the poet or sculptor could desire. In addition, there was something striking and unusual in the style of

her reception of the visitors, which, perhaps, from its very singularity, tended the more to produce a decided impression upon Herbert. Madame de Steinbron was reclined upon a handsome couch, beneath a canopy, the curtains of which were drawn back, and surrounded by all those elegant accessaries of household decoration which the refinement and wealth of modern times have produced. She had only half raised herself upon the entrance of the two gentlemen, but resuming her recumbent position, she retained the same during the remainder of their stay. An animated conversation ensued, and was maintained for a considerable time, between Madame de Steinbron and her visitors. The history, literature, and topography of Germany were in turns talked over; and on all matters the lovely widow displayed so much unpretending knowledge and judgment, that Herbert was perfectly astonished at the fact of so youthful a female having been able to acquire an extent of information the more remarkable, as it was not alloyed by the slightest mixture of pedantry or affectation. Madame de Steinbron had been partly educated in France, and had travelled through the greater portion of Italy; the languages of these countries were quite familiar to her, and at her pérfect command. Herbert was enchanted, and the current of his thoughts hardly found sufficient time to include in its flow all his notions and prejudices, as to the necessity of the acquisition of every species of accomplishment. An incidental remark on the beauty of the surrounding scenery of Nassau led to the subject of painting and drawing, when Madame de Steinbron confessed her utter want of knowledge of the art: but Herbert's excitement was too powerful to be much abated by this confession of a defect in his standard of excellence.

Unreasonably long as this first visit proved, Herbert did not suffer it to come to a conclusion without having obtained the lady's permission to repeat it; and at length he most unwillingly departed with the baron, being at least three parts, if not the whole, of a lover at first sight. During the rest of the day, Herbert persecuted the poor baron with the expression of his warm and passionate admiration of the charming Josephine de Steinbron, and with unceasing and innumerable questions concerning her, which the baron either could or would not satisfy.

Time dragged but heavily on with my enthusiastic friend until the next day arrived, when, at as early an hour as propriety could well sanction, Herbert, without soliciting the further escort of the baron, hurried off again to the Chateau, to pay his permitted visit to its interesting owner. To his great delight he was admitted, and he found Madame de Steinbron alone, occupying her couch in the same saloon, and nearly in the same manner as upon his first introduction. She received him, without any form or reserve, half sitting and lying on her sofa: the ease and elegance of her manner were so winning, and the charms of her conversation so seducing, that Herbert, in an hour, felt as if he had been acquainted with her for years. Every topic that could interest a cultivated and refined mind was again brought forward and discussed; and if Herbert was fascinated on the former occasion, the seal of enchantment was certainly fixed on the present. One trifling incident, and one only, occurred, to disturb the serene and delicious harmony of his feelings: the conversation having branched off to the state of arts in Europe, Herbert's inveterate prejudices prompted him to introduce the subject of music, he not for a moment doubting but that his magician could

exercise her influence over this delightful science. Herbert possessed a curious tact of applying generals to particulars when any one of his old and favourite fancies came into action, and he thus addressed his fair companion:

Herb. What wonderful composers has Germany produced! Haydn, Mozart, and Winter.

M. de Stein. Yes, indeed, their reputation is deservedly great.

Herb. I feel delighted to think you rightly appreciate their merit. What heavenly compositions are the operas of La Clemenza di Tito and Il Ratto di Proserpina! You sing, I am certain, that charming duet of Deh prendi un dolce amplesso?

M. de Stein. I believe I have heard it, but really I do not remember it.

Herb. Not remember it! I could not have believed this. But you cannot forget the duet of Ah Perdonna: forgive me, but I am satisfied you must sing that piece of music to perfection!

M. de Stein. (laughing.) Pray moderate your expectations and enthusiasm, and, in mercy, grant me your *full pardon* when I assure you that I know not a single note of music, and that I am perfectly unable to sing or play on any instrument whatever.

Here it must be owned Herbert was silenced for a time, and his transports experienced no slight check; for it required all his fortitude, and a succession of the most enchanting smiles from the lovely widow, to restore him to his former composure and happy condition of mind. However, when the hour of taking leave arrived, Herbert was completely a lover, and a confirmed one too; and though I cannot positively declare what was the exact state of the

lady's heart, yet it is certain that Herbert, emboldened by the nature of his reception, ventured, after a very extended visit, to press her fair hand gently, and to request permission to return on the following day, and that such request was conceded, and the concession further established both by a blush and a sigh.

It would be a hopeless attempt to describe the feelings under which Herbert retired that night to rest, or rather to seek for rest; he was almost in an excess of delirium: he had at last found the woman he had been for nearly fifteen years seeking; the being, on whom all his hopes of happiness were to rest. The morning of the third day (every previous hour having been regularly counted) at last arrived: away flew Herbert, on the wings of love and sentiment, to the castle of his enchantress, as privately as he could, and keeping his intentions secret from the baron: for Herbert was determined, without further ceremony or delay, to make a proposition in form to Madame de Steinbron.

The weather was sultry and overpowering when he reached the chateau. Upon his admittance into the well-known saloon, he found the charming widow as usual upon her couch, her head resting on both her hands, with her arms extended on one of its pillows. Traces of thought and languor were apparent in her beautiful countenance, but her eyes were fraught with intense feeling. Herbert could hardly refrain from gazing on the lovely arms and hands exposed to his view, which were so white and perfect that Canova might have modelled from them. It was evident that Madame de Steinbron had been occupied in deep and serious meditation; her manner, though kind, partook of something between sorrow

Painted by C. Tina Tarn. Engraved by Chas. Rocks.

and embarrassment. A little time elapsed before the accustomed flow of conversation could be supported; for Herbert, on his part, bent on carrying his resolution into effect, expressed himself with a degree of confusion and hesitation. Madame de Steinbron having remarked how anxious she felt to travel in England, Herbert inwardly blessed his good fortune that so favourable an opportunity had been afforded for his project, and he was (after much conversation on the subject of society and amusements in Britain) in the act of replying to some inquiry of the lady, when the sound of a clarinet out of doors, playing the air of a favourite national dance, attracted his attention. The day of the week was Friday, and perhaps Herbert's evil genius, or some other demon of mischief, was then stalking abroad, or perhaps it was owing to the contemplation of a very pretty foot of Madame de Steinbron, which peeped out from under her robe, that Herbert all at once exclaimed, "What an enlivening air! and what an attractive sight it is, to behold an elegant woman waltz gracefully. I am sure you must be devoted to dancing?"

Madame de Steinbron cast down her lovely eyes, turned pale as marble, and dropping a tear, replied, with emotion, "I once was, but, alas! I am indeed unfortunate!"

Herbert became all romance and tenderness: he drew nearer to the couch, fully prepared to receive some interesting confession, or tale of past sorrows. How transporting, to be selected for such a mark of confidence! His beautiful widow appeared more fascinating than ever; and his senses were all concentrated in his eyes and ears. "Listen! my dear friend," continued Madame de Steinbron: "I have encountered most severe suffering: three years back my carriage was overturned; my right limb miserably frac-

tured; it was amputated; and, alas! in its place I have only a *cork* leg!"

If a sudden thunderbolt from heaven had darted by Herbert without immediately destroying him, he could not have felt more overwhelmed and dismayed. Complete silence ensued for a few minutes, till, hardly conscious of his actions, he at last started from his seat, and absolutely screaming aloud, "A *cork* leg!" he darted out of the apartment, and in the shortest possible time found himself at his hotel at Ems. In another half hour his bill was discharged, his trunks were packed, and Herbert was in his travelling calèche, mentally ejaculating curses on the Baron de T. and his own wayward destiny, and audibly bestowing the same on the schwager and the post-horses, while he hurried over the road to Cologne to return to England, as fast as German travelling and English impetuosity could permit.

Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A. *Engraved by Charles Heath.*

PRINCESS DOPIA AND THE PILGRIMS.

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SKETCH,

BY LORD NORMANBY.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CEREMONY REPRESENTED IN THE PICTURE OF THE PRINCESS DORIA AND THE PILGRIMS.

Remember, gentle reader, and bear in mind, critical connoisseur, that the beautiful, though somewhat slight cabinet picture from which this engraving is taken, is by the same masterly hand which has already enriched what may be called the Anglo-Dutch school with so many chef-d'œuvres from the Blind Fiddler, and the Rent Day, to the Village Ale-house Door, and Blindman's Buff.

I do not mention this, from an idea that the intrinsic merit of this picture requires to be enhanced by any such adventitious recollections, but, on the contrary, from wishing to call attention to the curious fact, that there is no mannerism by which the connexion could, untold, have been detected—that, if unknown, it never would be guessed—and that this work, and the former ones by the same hand, have nothing in common, except the consummate talent with which, in different ways, two very distinct styles of subjects are treated. I am aware that in venturing to notice this, I am at once provoking that disposition inherent in every professed connoisseur, to point a disparaging finger at some corner of a picture, with an "Isn't that *rather* so and so" sort of observation; and am at the same time calling into play that feeling, so common to human nature,—a dislike to admit any claim to versatility of talent. Next to being called upon to pay a tradesman's bill twice over, there are few things to which most men have a stronger objection, than to be called upon a

second time, to admire the same man on new grounds. Without any determination to disparage, there is something soothing to our envious feelings in being able to qualify our admiration with, "Very well—but *that*'s his *line*." And the game laws themselves hardly excite more ill blood, than does that privilege sometimes claimed by Genius, as a sort of manorial right to sport whereon it pleases, without confining itself to what the world may have chosen to limit and affix as its peculiar property.

There is hardly an instance in which this claim has been cheerfully or candidly admitted, or where versatility has not led alone to invidious comparisons, and the consequent sacrifice of one or other of the two attempts.

Who will say that the estimation of Scott's poems, chivalrous and captivating as they are, has not suffered from the admiration extorted by his pre-eminence as a novelist? How long before the attempt in this instance, justified the opinion, had it been predetermined that the genius of the author of Childe Harold was not dramatic. Sheridan's commanding position amongst the first-rate orators and statesmen of his day was rather endangered than confirmed by his concurrent fame as the only sterling dramatist of modern times; a circumstance once, indeed, made the subject of an unworthy taunt by a great and not an envious rival. On the stage,—a case most in point with this sister art of painting,—who, since the days of Garrick, has been allowed to excel equally in both tragedy and comedy? and though an actor may be admirable in each, the moment he attempts both, the course of criticism is to find in which he is not so good as in the other. In painting, I am ready to admit, the instances of variety of style and subject are more rare; the few landscapes of Titian or of Rubens, which might be but

elaborate backgrounds, are hardly an exception. The occasional treatment of a serious subject, by one of the Dutch school, is but a Tom Thumb sort of tragedy. Admirable as many masters of this school are in their line, who could take up a catalogue in which such a subject as "Washing the feet of the Pilgrims" was combined with the name of an Ostade or Jan Staen, without feeling convinced that it would be vulgar and gross in conception, indelicate, and perhaps indecent, in its execution? Yet he who has now treated this serious subject with such singular felicity, has rivalled those two great names in the humour and fun with which he has enriched many of his former pictures. As, for instance, to name one, when any might be cited, was there ever a more perfectly-told story than that of "the Cut Finger?" from the glorious crying face of the boy himself, whose uproarious bellowing one almost hears collecting every one around him, to the pack-thread tied to his cart, through whose medium one traces the former state of things which this unlucky accident interrupted, when each individual of the newly-gathered group was engaged in their own appropriate occupation, and the little urchin himself too still and quiet not to be in mischief. I have particularised this, because I think it furnishes the most complete contrast to the picture now before us. In one, every little incidental detail of common life is, by nice observation, artfully collected to give an appearance of truth and nature to the scene; in the other, a subject is attempted peculiarly difficult to manage, in which any detail might be dangerous to its proper effect; yet the dignity of the subject is so skilfully separated from any awkward association, that I defy any one to look on it without a serious, even a solemn impression:—then, is it too much to quote these two pictures as a triumphant proof of

the versatility of genius? The amiable artist must not be offended at this, however unimportant, yet sincere, tribute to his talents. He has so much modesty for himself, that his friends and admirers have none to spare for him. It is written at a distance from himself and his productions, and is only elicited by a lively recollection of their varied merits.

It must be unnecessary to remind my readers that the ceremony of washing the feet of the pilgrims is founded upon an ancient custom of the Jews, mentioned in the Old Testament as already established in the time of Abraham, and then considered as the exercise of one of the first offices of hospitality; that it has since been adopted into the Catholic church as a religious observance, and is practised on Holy Thursday, by the pope and other dignitaries, in commemoration of the example of our Saviour at the Last Supper. The engraving before us represents the performance of this function by the Princess Teresa Doria Panfili, who was at the head of the sisterhood of ladies of Roman citizens and others, whose duty it is to receive the female pilgrims at the Hospice of Santa Trinita dei Pelligrini, where they are entertained three days and nights, and greeted with this patriarchal ceremony.

It is a ceremony certainly at variance with our customs, inconsistent with our reformed religious observances, and not adapted to the analyzing spirit of the age in which we live. When kept up as a mere empty form, it is but a painful mockery of humility—when the care of the sham penitent is but of the robe which may be spoiled, and the thought of the hungry mendicant is but of the feast which is to follow. But such is not the impression of the feelings of any of the parties concerned, which one derives from the contemplation of this picture.

Many of the observances of the Catholic church were peculiarly well calculated to produce a beneficial effect in the earlier stages of society, when religion derived its main influence not from the reasonings of philosophy, but from the more palpable impressions of the feelings: and of all these there is perhaps none from which a more useful lesson might be derived, than the sincere adoption of the ceremony in question as emblematical of Christianity.

It is difficult, perhaps, for a poor ignorant creature like the pilgrim here painted, to believe through all her tedious days of toil, and her anxious hours of want, that all things can be equalised between her and those for whose luxuries she labours. But when she sees, as in the figure of the kneeling princess, one in whom are happily combined the choicest gifts of nature and of fortune, voluntarily expressing, by self-humiliation, even at her feet, the acknowledgement, that all the boast of beauty, the pride of rank, or the enjoyment of wealth, are, in her estimation, as nothing, compared with the hopes which true religion inspires—after such a sight the poor pilgrim shall return to her wretched hovel with her faith strengthened by such disinterested testimony in confirmation of her own hopes, that to all, there shall be a future state. This may not be the purest and most philosophical foundation for faith, but it is better than that, which rejects such outward observances as irrational, without sufficient power of reflection to adopt any other. And there may be some who throng the high-priced pews of our exclusive chapels, who possess not such strong feelings of unfeigned humility, as those which give a peculiar interest to the beautiful countenance of the Princess Doria, whilst kneeling at the feet of the beggarly pilgrim in the earnest discharge of what she considers to be her religious duty.

THE EVIL EYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

" The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head, and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed man of Macedon."

LORD BYRON.

The Moreot, Katusthius Ziani, travelled wearily, and in fear of its robber-inhabitants, through the pashalik of Yannina; yet he had no cause for dread. Did he arrive, tired and hungry, in a solitary village—did he find himself in the uninhabited wilds suddenly surrounded by a band of Klephts—or in the larger towns did he shrink at finding himself sole of his race among the savage mountaineers and despotic Turk—as soon as he announced himself the Pobratimo* of Dmitri of the Evil Eye, every hand was held out, every voice spoke welcome.

The Albanian, Dmitri, was a native of the village of Korvo. Among the savage mountains of the district between Yannina and Terpellène, the deep broad stream of Argyro-Castro flows; bastioned to the west by abrupt wood-covered precipices, shadowed to the east by elevated mountains. The highest among these is Mount Trebucci; and in a romantic folding of that hill, distinct with minarets, crowned by a dome rising from out a group of

* In Greece, especially in Illyria and Epirus, it is no uncommon thing for persons of the same sex to swear friendship; the church contains a ritual to consecrate this vow. Two men thus united are called *pobratimi*, the women *posestrime*.

pyramidal cypresses, is the picturesque village of Korvo. Sheep and goats form the apparent treasure of its inhabitants; their guns and yataghans, their warlike habits, and, with them, the noble profession of robbery, are sources of still greater wealth. Among a race renowned for dauntless courage and sanguinary enterprise, Dmitri was distinguished.

It was said that in his youth, this Klepht was remarkable for a gentler disposition and more refined taste than is usual with his countrymen. He had been a wanderer, and had learned European arts, of which he was not a little proud. He could read and write Greek, and a book was often stowed beside his pistols in his girdle. He had spent several years in Scio, the most civilized of the Greek islands, and had married a Sciote girl. The Albanians are characterized as despisers of women; but Dmitri, in becoming the husband of Helena, inlisted under a more chivalrous rule, and became the proselyte of a better creed. Often he returned to his native hills, and fought under the banner of the renowned Ali, and then came back to his island home. The love of the tamed barbarian was concentrated, burning, and something beyond this—it was a portion of his living, beating heart—the nobler part of himself—the diviner mould in which his rugged nature had been recast.

On his return from one of his Albanian expeditions, he found his home ravaged by the Mainotes. Helena—they pointed to her tomb, nor dared tell him how she died; his only child, his lovely infant daughter, was stolen; his treasure-house of love and happiness was rifled; its gold-excelling wealth changed to blank desolation. Dmitri spent three years in endeavours to recover

his lost offspring. He was exposed to a thousand dangers —underwent incredible hardships: he dared the wild beast in his lair, the Mainote in his port of refuge; he attacked, and was attacked by them. He wore the badge of his daring in a deep gash across his eyebrow and cheek. On this occasion he had died, but that Katusthius, seeing a scuffle on shore and a man left for dead, disembarked from a Moreot sacovela, carried him away, tended and cured him. They exchanged vows of friendship, and for some time the Albanian shared his brother's toils; but they were too pacific to suit his taste, and he returned to Korvo.

Who in the mutilated savage could recognise the handsomest amongst the Arnaoots? His habits kept pace with his change of physiognomy—he grew ferocious and hard-hearted—he only smiled when engaged in dangerous enterprise; he had arrived at that worst state of ruffian feeling, the taking delight in blood. He grew old in these occupations; his mind became reckless, his countenance more dark; men trembled before his glance, women and children exclaimed in terror, "The Evil Eye!" The opinion became prevalent—he shared it himself—he gloried in the dread privilege; and when his victim shivered and withered beneath the mortal influence, the fiendish laugh with which he hailed this demonstration of his power, struck with worse dismay the failing heart of the fascinated person. But Dmitri could command the arrows of his sight; and his comrades respected him the more for his supernatural attribute, since they did not fear the exercise of it on themselves.

Dmitri had just returned from an expedition beyond Prevesa. He and his comrades were laden with spoil. They killed and roasted a goat whole for their repast;

they drank dry several wine skins; then, round the fire in the court, they abandoned themselves to the delights of the kerchief dance, roaring out the chorus, as they dropped upon and then rebounded from their knees, and whirled round and round with an activity all their own. The heart of Dmitri was heavy; he refused to dance, and sat apart, at first joining in the song with his voice and lute, till the air changed to one that reminded him of better days; his voice died away—his instrument dropped from his hands—and his head sank upon his breast.

At the sound of stranger footsteps he started up; in the form before him he surely recognised a friend—he was not mistaken. With a joyful exclamation he welcomed Katusthius Ziani, clasping his hand, and kissing him on his cheek. The traveller was weary, so they retired to Dmitri's own home; a neatly plastered, white-washed cottage, whose earthen floor was perfectly dry and clean, and the walls hung with arms, some richly ornamented, and other trophies of his Klephtic triumphs. A fire was kindled by his aged female attendant; the friends reposed on mats of white rushes, while she prepared the pilaf and seethed flesh of kid. She placed a bright tin tray on a block of wood before them, and heaped upon it cakes of Indian corn, goat's milk cheese, eggs, and olives: a jar of water from their purest spring, and skin of wine, served to refresh and cheer the thirsty traveller.

After supper, the guest spoke of the object of his visit. "I come to my Pobratimo," he said, "to claim the performance of his vow. When I rescued you from the savage Kakovougnis of Boularias, you pledged to me your gratitude and faith; do you disclaim the debt?"

Dmitri's brow darkened. "My brother," he cried, "need

not remind me of what I owe. Command my life—in what can the mountain Klepht aid the son of the wealthy Ziani?"

"The son of Ziani is a beggar," rejoined Katusthius, "and must perish, if his brother deny his assistance."

The Moreot then told his tale. He had been brought up as the only son of a rich merchant of Corinth. He had often sailed as caravokeiri* of his father's vessels to Stamboul, and even to Calabria. Some years before, he had been boarded and taken by a Barbary corsair. His life since then had been adventurous, he said; in truth, it had been a guilty one—he had become a renegade—and won regard from his new allies, not by his superior courage, for he was cowardly, but by the frauds that make men wealthy. In the midst of this career some superstition had influenced him, and he had returned to his ancient religion. He escaped from Africa, wandered through Syria, crossed to Europe, found occupation in Constantinople; and thus years passed. At last, as he was on the point of marriage with a Fanariote beauty, he fell again into poverty, and he returned to Corinth to see if his father's fortunes had prospered during his long wanderings. He found that while these had improved to a wonder, they were lost to him for ever. His father, during his protracted absence, acknowledged another son as his; and dying a year before, had left all to him. Katusthius found this unknown kinsman, with his wife and child, in possession of his expected inheritance. Cyril divided with him, it is true, their parent's property; but Katusthius grasped at all, and resolved to obtain it. He brooded over

* Master of a merchant ship.

a thousand schemes of murder and revenge; yet the blood of a brother was sacred to him; and Cyril, beloved and respected at Corinth, could only be attacked with considerable risk. Then his child was a fresh obstacle. As the best plan that presented itself, he hastily embarked for Butrinto, and came to claim the advice and assistance of the Arnaoot whose life he had saved, whose Pobratimo he was. Not thus barely, did he tell his tale, but glossed it over; so that had Dmitri needed the incitement of justice, which was not at all a desideratum with him, he would have been satisfied that Cyril was a base interloper, and that the whole transaction was one of imposture and villany.

All night these men discussed a variety of projects, whose aim was, that the deceased Ziani's wealth should pass undivided into his elder son's hands. At morning's dawn Katusthius departed, and two days afterwards Dmitri quitted his mountain-home. His first care had been to purchase a horse, long coveted by him on account of its beauty and fleetness; he provided cartridges, and replenished his powder-horn. His accoutrements were rich, his dress gay; his arms glittered in the sun. His long hair fell straight from under the shawl twisted round his cap, even to his waist; a shaggy white capote hung from his shoulder; his face wrinkled and puckered by exposure to the seasons; his brow furrowed with care; his mustachios long and jet black; his scarred face; his wild, savage eyes; his whole appearance, not deficient in barbaric grace, but stamped chiefly with ferocity and bandit pride, inspired, and we need not wonder, the superstitious Greek with a belief that a supernatural spirit of evil dwelt in his aspect, blasting and destroying. Now prepared for his journey,

he departed from Korvo, crossing the woods of Acarnania, on his way to the Morea.

"Wherefore does Zella tremble, and press her boy to her bosom, as if fearful of evil?" Thus asked Cyril Ziani, returning from the city of Corinth to his own rural abode. It was a home of beauty. The abruptly broken hills covered with olives, or brighter plantations of orange-trees, overlooked the blue waves of the Gulf of Egina. A myrtle underwood spread sweet scent around, and dipped its dark shining leaves into the sea itself. The low-roofed house was shaded by two enormous fig-trees: while vine-yards and corn-land stretched along the gentle upland to the north. When Zella saw her husband, she smiled, though her cheek was still pale and her lips quivering—"Now you are near to guard us," she said, "I dismiss fear; but danger threatens our Constans, and I shudder to remember that an Evil Eye has been upon him."

Cyril caught up his child—"By my head!" he cried, "thou speakest of an ill thing. The Franks call this superstition; but let us beware. His cheek is still rosy; his tresses flowing gold—Speak, Constans, hail thy father, my brave fellow!"

It was but a short-lived fear; no ill ensued, and they soon forgot an incident which had causelessly made their hearts to quail. A week afterwards Cyril returned, as he was wont, from shipping a cargo of currants, to his retreat on the coast. It was a beautiful summer evening; the creaking water-wheel, which produced the irrigation of the land, chimed in with the last song of the noisy cicala; the rippling waves spent themselves almost silently among the shingles. This was his home; but where its lovely

flower? Zella did not come forth to welcome him. A domestic pointed to a chapel on a neighbouring acclivity, and there he found her; his child (nearly three years of age) was in his nurse's arms; his wife was praying fervently, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. Cyril demanded anxiously the meaning of this scene; but the nurse sobbed; Zella continued to pray and weep; and the boy, from sympathy, began to cry. This was too much for man to endure. Cyril left the chapel; he leant against a walnut-tree: his first exclamation was a customary Greek one—"Welcome this misfortune, so that it come single!" But what was the ill that had occurred? Unapparent was it yet; but the spirit of evil is most fatal when unseen. He was happy—a lovely wife, a blooming child, a peaceful home, competence, and the prospect of wealth; these blessings were his: yet how often does Fortune use such as her decoys? He was a slave in an enslaved land, a mortal subject to the high destinies, and ten thousand were the envenomed darts which might be hurled at his devoted head. Now timid and trembling, Zella came from the chapel: her explanation did not calm his fears. Again the Evil Eye had been on his child, and deep malignity lurked surely under this second visitation. The same man, an Arnaoot, with glittering arms, gay attire, mounted on a black steed, came from the neighbouring ilex grove, and, riding furiously up to the door, suddenly checked and reined in his horse at the very threshold. The child ran towards him: the Arnaoot bent his sinister eyes upon him:—"Lovely art thou, bright infant," he cried; "thy blue eyes are beaming, thy golden tresses fair to see; but thou art a vision fleeting as beautiful;—look at me!" The innocent looked up, uttered a shriek, and fell gasping on

the ground. The women rushed forward to seize him; the Albanian put spurs to his horse, and galloping swiftly across the little plain, up the wooded hill-side, he was soon lost to sight. Zella and the nurse bore the child to the chapel, they sprinkled him with holy water, and, as he revived, besought the Panargia with earnest prayers to save him from the menaced ill.

Several weeks elapsed; little Constans grew in intelligence and beauty; no blight had visited the flower of love, and its parents dismissed fear. Sometimes Cyril indulged in a joke at the expense of the Evil Eye; but Zella thought it unlucky to laugh, and crossed herself whenever the event was alluded to. At this time Katusthius visited their abode. "He was on his way," he said, "to Stamboul, and he came to know whether he could serve his brother in any of his transactions in the capital." Cyril and Zella received him with cordial affection: they rejoiced to perceive that fraternal love was beginning to warm his heart. He seemed full of ambition and hope: the brothers discussed his prospects, the politics of Europe, and the intrigues of the Fanar: the petty affairs of Corinth even were made subjects of discourse; and the probability that in a short time, young as he was, Cyril would be named Codja-Bashee of the province. On the morrow, Katusthius prepared to depart—"One favour does the voluntary exile ask; will my brother and sister accompany me some hours on my way to Napoli, whence I embark?"

Zella was unwilling to quit her home, even for a short interval; but she suffered herself to be persuaded, and they proceeded altogether for several miles towards the capital of the Morea. At noontide they made a repast under the shadow of a grove of oaks, and then separated.

Returning homeward, the wedded pair congratulated themselves on their tranquil life and peaceful happiness, contrasted with the wanderer's lonely and homeless pleasures. These feelings increased in intensity as they drew nearer their dwelling, and anticipated the lisped welcome of their idolized child. From an eminence they looked upon the fertile vale which was their home: it was situated on the southern side of the isthmus, and looked upon the Gulf of Egina: all was verdant, tranquil, and beautiful. They descended into the plain; there a singular appearance attracted their attention. A plough with its yoke of oxen had been deserted midway in the furrow; the animals had dragged it to the side of the field, and endeavoured to repose as well as their conjunction permitted. The sun already touched its western bourne, and the summits of the trees were gilded by its parting beams. All was silent; even the eternal water-wheel was still; no menials appeared at their usual rustic labours. From the house the voice of wailing was too plainly heard.—"My child!" Zella exclaimed. Cyril began to reassure her; but another lament arose, and he hurried on. She dismounted, and would have followed him, but sank on the road's side. Her husband returned—"Courage, my beloved," he cried; "I will not repose night nor day until Constans is restored to us—trust to me—farewell!" With these words he rode swiftly on. Her worst fears were thus confirmed; her maternal heart, late so joyous, became the abode of despair, while the nurse's narration of the sad occurrence tended but to add worse fear to fear. Thus it was: The same stranger of the Evil Eye had appeared, not as before, bearing down on them with eagle speed, but as if from a long journey; his horse lame and with drooping head;

the Arnaoot himself covered with dust, apparently scarcely able to keep his seat. "By the life of your child," he said, "give a cup of water to one who faints with thirst." The nurse, with Constans in her arms, got a bowl of the desired liquid, and presented it. Ere the parched lips of the stranger touched the wave, the vessel fell from his hands. The women started back, while he, at the same moment darting forward, tore with strong arm the child from her embrace. Already both were gone—with arrowy speed they traversed the plain, while her shrieks, and cries for assistance, called together all the domestics. They followed on the track of the ravisher, and none had yet returned. Now, as night closed in, one by one they came back; they had nothing to relate; they had scoured the woods, crossed the hills—they could not even discover the route which the Albanian had taken.

On the following day Cyril returned, jaded, hagard, miserable; he had obtained no tidings of his son. On the morrow he again departed on his quest, nor came back for several days. Zella passed her time wearily—now sitting in hopeless despondency, now climbing the near hill to see whether she could perceive the approach of her husband. She was not allowed to remain long thus tranquil; the trembling domestics, left in guard, warned her that the savage forms of several Arnaoots had been seen prowling about: she herself saw a tall figure, clad in a shaggy white capote, steal round the promontory, and on seeing her, shrink back: once at night the snorting and trampling of a horse roused her, not from slumber, but from her sense of security. Wretched as the bereft mother was, she felt personally almost reckless of danger; but she was not her own, she belonged to one beyond expression

dear; and duty, as well as affection for him, enjoined self-preservation. He, Cyril, again returned: he was gloomier, sadder than before; but there was more resolution on his brow, more energy in his motions; he had obtained a clue, yet it might only lead him to the depths of despair.

He discovered that Katusthius had not embarked at Napoli. He had joined a band of Arnaoots lurking about Vasilico, and had proceeded to Patras with the Proto Klepht; thence they put off together in a monoxylon for the northern shores of the gulf of Lepanto: nor were they alone; they bore a child with them wrapt in a heavy torpid sleep. Poor Cyril's blood ran cold when he thought of the spells and witchcraft which had probably been put in practice on his boy. He would have followed close upon the robbers, but for the report that reached him, that the remainder of the Albanians had proceeded southward towards Corinth. He could not enter upon a long wandering search among the pathless wilds of Epirus, leaving Zella exposed to the attacks of these bandits. He returned to consult with her, to devise some plan of action which at once ensured her safety, and promised success to his endeavours.

After some hesitation and discussion, it was decided that he should first conduct her to her native home, consult with her father as to his present enterprise, and be guided by his warlike experience before he rushed into the very focus of danger. The seizure of his child might only be a lure, and it were not well for him, sole protector of that child and its mother, to rush unadvisedly into the toils.

Zella, strange to say, for her blue eyes and brilliant complexion belied her birth, was the daughter of a Mainote:

yet dreaded and abhorred by the rest of the world as are the inhabitants of Cape Tænarus, they are celebrated for their domestic virtues and the strength of their private attachments. Zella loved her father, and the memory of her rugged rocky home, from which she had been torn in an adverse hour. Near neighbours of the Mainotes, dwelling in the ruder and most incult portion of Maina, are the Kakovougnis, a dark suspicious race, of squat and stunted form, strongly contrasted with the tranquil cast of countenance characteristic of the Mainote. The two tribes are embroiled in perpetual quarrels; the narrow sea-girt abode which they share affords at once a secure place of refuge from the foreign enemy, and all the facilities of internal mountain warfare. Cyril had once, during a coasting voyage, been driven by stress of weather into the little bay on whose shores is placed the small town of Kardamyla. The crew at first dreaded to be captured by the pirates; but they were reassured on finding them fully occupied by their domestic dissensions. A band of Kakovougnis were besieging the castellated rock overlooking Kardamyla, blockading the fortress in which the Mainote Capitano and his family had taken refuge. Two days passed thus, while furious contrary winds detained Cyril in the bay. On the third evening the western gale subsided, and a land breeze promised to emancipate them from their perilous condition; when in the night, as they were about to put off in a boat from shore, they were hailed by a party of Mainotes, and one, an old man of commanding figure, demanded a parley. He was the Capitano of Kardamyla, the chief of the fortress, now attacked by his implacable enemies: he saw no escape—he must fall—and his chief desire was to save his treasure and

his family from the hands of his enemies. Cyril consented to receive them on board: the latter consisted of an old mother, a paramana, and a young and beautiful girl, his daughter. Cyril conducted them in safety to Napoli. Soon after, the Capitano's mother and paramana returned to their native town, while, with her father's consent, fair Zella became the wife of her preserver. The fortunes of the Mainote had prospered since then, and he stood first in rank, the chief of a large tribe, the Capitano of Kardamyla.

Thither then the hapless parents repaired; they embarked on board a small sacovela, which dropt down the gulf of Egina, weathered the islands of Skyllo and Cerigo, and the extreme point of Tænarus: favoured by prosperous gales, they made the desired port, and arrived at the hospitable mansion of old Camaraz. He heard their tale with indignation; swore by his beard to dip his poniard in the best blood of Katusthius, and insisted upon accompanying his son-in-law on his expedition to Albania. No time was lost—the gray-headed mariner, still full of energy, hastened every preparation. Cyril and Zella parted; a thousand fears, a thousand hours of misery rose between the pair, late sharers in perfect happiness. The boisterous sea and distant lands were the smallest of the obstacles that divided them; they would not fear the worst; yet hope, a sickly plant, faded in their hearts as they tore themselves asunder after a last embrace.

Zella returned from the fertile district of Corinth to her barren native rocks. She felt all joy expire as she viewed from the rugged shore the lessening sails of the sacovela. Days and weeks passed, and still she remained in solitary and sad expectation: she never joined in the

dance, nor made one in the assemblies of her country-women, who met together at evening-tide to sing, tell stories, and wile away the time in dance and gaiety. She secluded herself in the most lonely part of her father's house, and gazed unceasingly from the lattice upon the sea beneath, or wandered on the rocky beach; and when tempest darkened the sky, and each precipitous promontory grew purple under the shadows of the wide-winged clouds, when the roar of the surges was on the shore, and the white crests of the waves, seen afar upon the ocean-plain, showed like flocks of new-shorn sheep scattered along wide-extended downs, she felt neither gale nor inclement cold, nor returned home till recalled by her attendants. In obedience to them she sought the shelter of her abode, not to remain long; for the wild winds spoke to her, and the stormy ocean reproached her tranquillity. Unable to control the impulse, she would rush from her habitation on the cliff, nor remember, till she reached the shore, that her papooshes were left midway on the mountain path, and that her forgotten veil and disordered dress were unmeet for such a scene. Often the unnumbered hours sped on, while this orphaned child of happiness leant on a cold dark rock; the low-browed crags beetled over her, the surges broke at her feet, her fair limbs were stained by spray, her tresses dishevelled by the gale. Hopelessly she wept until a sail appeared on the horizon; and then she dried her fast flowing tears, fixing her large eyes upon the nearing hull or fading topsail. Meanwhile the storm tossed the clouds into a thousand gigantic shapes, and the tumultuous sea grew blacker and more wild; her natural gloom was heightened by superstitious horror; the Morai, the old Fates of her native

Drawn by H. Corbould. *Engraved by Charles Heath.*

Grecian soil, howled in the breezes; apparitions, which told of her child pining under the influence of the Evil Eye, and of her husband, the prey of some Thracian witchcraft, such as still is practised in the dread neighbourhood of Larissa, haunted her broken slumbers, and stalked like dire shadows across her waking thoughts. Her bloom was gone, her eyes lost their lustre, her limbs their round full beauty; her strength failed her, as she tottered to the accustomed spot to watch—vainly, yet for ever to watch.

What is there so fearful as the expectation of evil tidings delayed? Sometimes in the midst of tears, or worse, amidst the convulsive gaspings of despair, we reproach ourselves for influencing the eternal fates by our gloomy anticipations: then, if a smile wreathe the mourner's quivering lip, it is arrested by a throb of agony. Alas! are not the dark tresses of the young, painted gray; the full cheek of beauty, delved with sad lines by the spirits of such hours? Misery is a more welcome visitant, when she comes in her darkest guise, and wraps us in perpetual black, for then the heart no longer sickens with disappointed hope.

Cyril and old Camaraz had found great difficulty in doubling the many capes of the Morea as they made a coasting expedition from Kardamyla to the gulf of Arta, north of Cefalonia and St. Mauro. During their voyage they had time to arrange their plans. As a number of Moreots travelling together might attract too much attention, they resolved to land their comrades at different points, and travel separately into the interior of Albania: Yannina was their first place of rendezvous. Cyril and his father-in-law disembarked in one of the most se-

cluded of the many creeks which diversify the winding and precipitous shores of the gulf. Six others, chosen from the crew, would, by other routes, join them at the capital. They did not fear for themselves; alone, but well armed, and secure in the courage of despair, they penetrated the fastnesses of Epirus. No success cheered them: they arrived at Yannina without having made the slightest discovery. There they were joined by their comrades, whom they directed to remain three days in the town, and then separately to proceed to Terpellenè, whither they immediately directed their steps. At the first village on their way thither, at "monastic Zitza," they obtained some information, not to direct, but to encourage their endeavours. They sought refreshment and hospitality in the monastery which is situated on a green eminence, crowned by a grove of oak-trees, immediately behind the village. Perhaps there is not in the world a more beautiful or more romantic spot, sheltered itself by clustering trees, looking out on one wide-spread landscape of hill and dale, enriched by vineyards, dotted with frequent flocks; while the Calamas in the depth of the vale gives life to the scene, and the far blue mountains of Zoumerkas, Sagori, Sulli, and Acroceraunia, to the east, west, north, and south, close in the various prospects. Cyril half envied the Caloyers their inert tranquillity. They received the travellers gladly, and were cordial though simple in their manners. When questioned concerning the object of their journey, they warmly sympathised with the father's anxiety, and eagerly told all they knew. Two weeks before, an Arnaoot, well known to them as Dmitri of the Evil Eye, a famous klepht of Korvo, and a Moreot, arrived, bringing with them a child, a bold, spirited, beau-

tiful boy, who, with firmness beyond his years, claimed the protection of the Caloyers, and accused his companions of having carried him off by force from his parents.—"By my head!" cried the Albanian, "a brave Palikar: he keeps his word, brother; he swore by the Panargia, in spite of our threats of throwing him down a precipice, food for the vulture, to accuse us to the first good men he saw: he neither pines under the Evil Eye, nor quails beneath our menaces." Katusthius frowned at these praises, and it became evident during their stay at the monastery, that the Albanian and the Moreot quarrelled as to the disposal of the child. The rugged mountaineer threw off all his sternness as he gazed upon the boy. When little Constans slept, he hung over him, fanning away, with woman's care, the flies and gnats. When he spoke, he answered with expressions of fondness, winning him with gifts, teaching him, all baby as he was, a mimicry of warlike exercises. When the boy knelt and besought the Panargia to restore him to his parents, his infant voice quivering, and tears running down his cheeks, the eyes of Dmitri overflowed; he cast his cloak over his face; his heart whispered to him—"Thus, perhaps, my child prayed. Heaven was deaf—alas! where is she now?"—Encouraged by such signs of compassion, which children are quick to perceive, Constans twined his arms round his neck, telling him that he loved him, and that he would fight for him when a man, if he would take him back to Corinth. At such words Dmitri would rush forth, seek Katusthius, remonstrate with him, till the unrelenting man checked him by reminding him of his vow. Still he swore that no hair of the child's head should be injured; while the uncle, unvisited by compunction, meditated his

destruction. The quarrels which thence arose were frequent and violent, till Katusthius, weary of opposition, had recourse to craft to obtain his purpose. One night he secretly left the monastery, bearing the child with him. When Dmitri heard of his evasion, it was a fearful thing to the good Caloyers only to look upon him; they instinctively clutched hold of every bit of iron on which they could lay their hands, so to avert the Evil Eye which glared with native and untamed fierceness. In their panic a whole score of them had rushed to the iron-plated door which led out of their abode: with the strength of a lion, Dmitri tore them away, threw back the portal, and, with the swiftness of a torrent fed by the thawing of the snows in spring, he dashed down the steep hill: the flight of an eagle not more rapid; the course of a wild beast not more resolved.

Such was the clue afforded to Cyril. It were too long to follow him in his subsequent search; he, with old Camaraz, wandered through the vale of Argyro-Castro, and climbed Mount Trebucci to Korvo. Dmitri had returned; he had gathered together a score of faithful comrades, and sallied forth again; various were the reports of his destination, and the enterprise which he meditated. One of these led our adventurers to Terpellenè, and hence back towards Yannina: and now chance again favoured them. They rested one night in the habitation of a priest at the little village of Mosme, about three leagues to the north of Zitza; and here they found an Arnaoot who had been disabled by a fall from his horse; this man was to have made one of Dmitri's band: they learned from him that the Arnaoot had tracked Katusthius, following him close, and forcing him to take refuge in the monastery of the Prophet

Elias, which stands on an elevated peak of the mountains of Sagori, eight leagues from Yannina. Dmitri had followed him, and demanded the child. The Caloyers refused to give it up, and the klepht, roused to mad indignation, was now besieging and battering the monastery, to obtain by force this object of his newly-awakened affections.

At Yannina, Camaraz and Cyril collected their comrades, and departed to join their unconscious ally. He, more impetuous than a mountain-stream or ocean's fiercest waves, struck terror into the hearts of the recluses by his ceaseless and dauntless attacks. To encourage them to further resistance, Katusthius, leaving the child behind in the monastery, departed for the nearest town of Sagori, to entreat its Belouk-Bashee to come to their aid. The Sagorians are a mild, amiable, social people; they are gay, frank, clever; their bravery is universally acknowledged, even by the more uncivilized mountaineers of Zoumerkas; yet robbery, murder, and other acts of violence, are unknown among them. These good people were not a little indignant when they heard that a band of Arnaoots was besieging and battering the sacred retreat of their favourite Caloyers. They assembled in a gallant troop, and taking Katusthius with them, hastened to drive the insolent klephts back to their ruder fastnesses. They came too late. At midnight, while the monks prayed fervently to be delivered from their enemies, Dmitri and his followers tore down their iron-plated door, and entered the holy precincts. The Protoklepht strode up to the gates of the sanctuary, and placing his hands upon it, swore that he came to save, not to destroy. Constans saw him. With a cry of delight he disengaged himself from the Caloyer who held

him, and rushed into his arms: this was sufficient triumph. With assurances of sincere regret for having disturbed them, the klepht quitted the chapel with his followers, taking his prize with him.

Katusthius returned some hours after, and so well did the traitor plead his cause with the kind Sagorians, bewailing the fate of his little nephew among these evil men, that they offered to follow, and, superior as their numbers were, to rescue the boy from their destructive hands. Katusthius, delighted with the proposition, urged their immediate departure. At dawn they began to climb the mountain summits, already trodden by the Zoumerkians.

Delighted with repossessing his little favourite, Dmitri placed him before him on his horse, and, followed by his comrades, made his way over the elevated mountains, clothed with old Dordona's oaks, or, in higher summits, by dark gigantic pines. They proceeded for some hours, and at length dismounted to repose. The spot they chose was the depth of a dark ravine, whose gloom was increased by the broad shadows of dark ilexes; an entangled underwood, and a sprinkling of craggy isolated rocks, made it difficult for the horses to keep their footing. They dismounted, and sat by the little stream. Their simple fare was spread, and Dmitri enticed the boy to eat by a thousand caresses. Suddenly one of his men, set as a guard, brought intelligence that a troop of Sagorians, with Katusthius as their guide, was advancing from the monastery of St. Elias; while another man gave the alarm of the approach of six or eight well-armed Moreots, who were advancing on the road from Yannina; in a moment every sign of encampment had disappeared. The Arnaoots began to climb the hills, getting under cover of the rocks,

and behind the large trunks of the forest-trees, keeping concealed till their invaders should be in the very midst of them. Soon the Moreots appeared, turning round the defile, in a path that only allowed them to proceed two by two; they were unaware of danger, and walked carelessly, until a shot that whizzed over the head of one, striking the bough of a tree, recalled them from their security. The Greeks, accustomed to the same mode of warfare, betook themselves also to the safeguards of the rocks, firing from behind them, striving with their adversaries which should get to the most elevated station; jumping from crag to crag, and dropping down and firing as quickly as they could load: one old man alone remained on the pathway. The mariner, Camaraz, had often encountered the enemy on the deck of his caick, and would still have rushed foremost at a boarding, but this warfare required too much activity. Cyril called on him to shelter himself beneath a low, broad stone: the Mainote waved his hand. "Fear not for me," he cried; "I know how to die!"—The brave love the brave. Dmitri saw the old man stand, unflinching, a mark for all the balls, and he started from behind his rocky screen, calling on his men to cease. Then addressing his enemy, he cried, "Who art thou? wherefore art thou here? If ye come in peace, proceed on your way. Answer, and fear not!"

The old man drew himself up, saying, "I am a Mainote, and cannot fear. All Hellas trembles before the pirates of Cape Matapan, and I am one of these! I do not come in peace! Behold! you have in your arms the cause of our dissension! I am the grandsire of that child—give him to me!"

Dmitri, had he held a snake, which he felt awakening in

his bosom, could not so suddenly have changed his cheer:—"the offspring of a Mainote!"—he relaxed his grasp;—Constans would have fallen had he not clung to his neck. Meanwhile each party had descended from their rocky station, and were grouped together in the pathway below. Dmitri tore the child from his neck; he felt as if he could, with savage delight, dash him down the precipice—when, as he paused and trembled from excess of passion, Katusthius, and the foremost Sagorians, came down upon them.

"Stand!" cried the infuriated Arnaoot. "Behold Katusthius! behold, friend, whom I, driven by the resistless fates, madly and wickedly forswore! I now perform thy wish—the Mainote child dies! the son of the accursed race shall be the victim of my just revenge!"

Cyril, in a transport of fear, rushed up the rock; he levelled his musket, but he feared to sacrifice his child. The old Mainote, less timid and more desperate, took a steady aim; Dmitri saw the act, and hurled the dagger, already raised against the child, at him—it entered his side—while Constans, feeling his late protector's grasp relax, sprung from it into his father's arms.

Camaraz had fallen, yet his wound was slight. He saw the Arnaoots and Sagorians close round him; he saw his own followers made prisoners. Dmitri and Katusthius had both thrown themselves upon Cyril, struggling to repossess themselves of the screaming boy. The Mainote raised himself—he was feeble of limb, but his heart was strong; he threw himself before the father and child; he caught the upraised arm of Dmitri. "On me," he cried, "fall all thy vengeance! I of the evil race! for the child, he is innocent of such parentage! Maina cannot boast him for a son!"

"Man of lies!" commenced the infuriated Arnaoot, "this falsehood shall not stead thee!"

"Nay, by the souls of those you have loved, listen!" continued Camaraz, "and if I make not good my words, may I and my children die! The boy's father is a Corinthian, his mother, a Sciote girl!"

"Scio!" the very word made the blood recede to Dmitri's heart. "Villain!" he cried, dashing aside Katusthius's arm, which was raised against poor Constans, "I guard this child—dare not to injure him! Speak, old man, and fear not, so that thou speakest the truth."

"Fifteen years ago," said Camaraz, "I hovered with my caick, in search of prey, on the coast of Scio. A cottage stood on the borders of a chestnut wood, it was the habitation of the widow of a wealthy islander—she dwelt in it with her only daughter, married to an Albanian, then absent;—the good woman was reported to have a concealed treasure in her house—the girl herself would be rich spoil—it was an adventure worth the risk. We ran our vessel up a shady creek, and, on the going down of the moon, landed; stealing under the covert of night towards the lonely abode of these women."—

Dmitri grasped at his dagger's hilt—it was no longer there; he half drew a pistol from his girdle—little Constans, again confiding in his former friend, stretched out his infant hands and clung to his arm; the klepht looked on him, half yielded to his desire to embrace him, half feared to be deceived; so he turned away, throwing his capote over his face, veiling his anguish, controlling his emotions, till all should be told. Camaraz continued:

"It became a worse tragedy than I had contemplated. The girl had a child—she feared for its life, and struggled

with the men like a tigress defending her young. I was in another room seeking for the hidden store, when a piercing shriek rent the air—I never knew what compassion was before—this cry went to my heart—but it was too late, the poor girl had sunk to the ground, the life-tide oozing from her bosom. I know not why, but I turned woman in my regret for the slain beauty. I meant to have carried her and her child on board, to see if aught could be done to save her, but she died ere we left the shore. I thought she would like her island grave best, and truly feared that she might turn vampire to haunt me, did I carry her away; so we left her corse for the priests to bury, and carried off the child, then about two years old. She could say few words except her own name, that was Zella, and she is the mother of this boy!"

A succession of arrivals in the bay of Kardamyla had kept poor Zella watching for many nights. Her attendant had, in despair of ever seeing her sleep again, drugged with opium the few cates she persuaded her to eat, but the poor woman did not calculate on the power of mind over body, of love over every enemy, physical or moral, arrayed against it. Zella lay on her couch, her spirit somewhat subdued, but her heart alive, her eyes unclosed. In the night, led by some unexplained impulse, she crawled to her lattice, and saw a little sacovela enter the bay; it ran in swiftly, under favour of the wind, and was lost to her sight under a jutting crag. Lightly she trod the marble floor of her chamber; she drew a large shawl close round her; she descended the rocky pathway, and reached, with swift steps, the beach—still the vessel was invisible, and

she was half inclined to think that it was the offspring of her excited imagination—yet she lingered. She felt a sickness at her very heart whenever she attempted to move, and her eyelids weighed down in spite of herself. The desire of sleep at last became irresistible; she lay down on the shingles, reposed her head on the cold, hard pillow, folded her shawl still closer, and gave herself up to forgetfulness.

So profoundly did she slumber under the influence of the opiate, that for many hours she was insensible of any change in her situation. By degrees only she awoke, by degrees only became aware of the objects around her; the breeze felt fresh and free—so was it ever on the wave-beaten coast; the waters rippled near, their dash had been in her ears as she yielded to repose; but this was not her stony couch, that canopy, not the dark overhanging cliff. Suddenly she lifted up her head—she was on the deck of a small vessel, which was skimming swiftly over the ocean-waves—a cloak of sables pillowed her head; the shores of Cape Matapan were to her left, and they steered right towards the noonday sun. Wonder rather than fear possessed her: with a quick hand she drew aside the sail that veiled her from the crew—the dreaded Albanian was sitting close at her side, her Constans cradled in his arms—she uttered a cry—Cyril turned at the sound, and in a moment she was folded in his embrace.

THE CONDEMNED.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

Child of guilt! thou art destined to die
  Far away from the good and the brave;
Ev'n thy limbs shall not mouldering lie
  In the dark silent depths of the grave.

I can number the threads of thy fate,
  And the moments thy life has to run;
Short the space from thy slumbering state,
  To the sleep which no mortal can shun.

Thou shalt wake to thy funeral knell
  When it vibrates around thy lone bed;
Thou shalt cling to each note of the bell
  As it tolls to the living and dead.

What to thee! that on high the sun beams,
  Shedding gladness with freshness and light;
That the day through thy prison grate streams
  To thy cell's dreary moisture and night!

What to thee! that all Nature is gay
  From the kiss of the morn's fragrant breath;
What to thee! that the season is May,—
  Thou art bound as a bridegroom to death!

If the meadows are blooming in pride,
  And the groves rich in foliage and song,
To thy soul ev'ry charm is denied,
  To thine eye all in Nature is wrong.

All the space of creation's domain
  Could to thee not a refuge impart,
From the shame and the merciless pain
  Of thine outcast and desolate heart.

See the tears deeply furrow thy face,
  While thy thoughts wild and feverish roam
Through the deep burning tracks of disgrace,
  O'er the past, to thine infancy's home.

To that home, where true happiness flow'd
  Almost pure, as the bliss from above;
Where a mother's fond bosom bestow'd
  All the shelter of virtue and love.

When the smile on thine innocent cheek
  Could repay her affection and care,
As she bade thee with fervency speak
  To thy God in thanksgiving and pray'r:

Where, at ev'ning, thy cheerful repose
  Was ensured by her care-healing kiss;
And the day-star in calmness arose,
  To greet freedom, contentment, and bliss:

Yes! thy heart it must bitterly weep
  At the change thus created by time;
From the child's to the murderer's sleep,
  From peace to the frenzy of crime.

Son of guilt! may thy sins be forgiv'n!
  Soon thy woe and thy slumber will cease.
Fare thee well! may the Father of heav'n
  To thy soul whisper pardon and peace!

THE BRIDE.

A TALE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

"Bride! upon thy marriage-day
When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
Midst thy braids of sunny hair;
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?"

F. H. Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1828.

From the greatest bard of England to the last and least, all have sung the uncertainties of the lover's life; the vicissitudes of feeling which he is doomed to experience, and the inevitable sorrow and anxiety which attend the progress of passion, however pure, and however eventually successful. That this must be always so, *he* well knew who denied the smoothness of true love's course; for if fate and fortune happily abstain from raising obstacles and obstructions in his path, the ingenious sensitiveness of the lover himself most surely conjures up strange chimeras and fancied miseries, even in the midst of bliss and sunshine.

What then must be *his* happiness, who, devotedly attached to a lovely girl, through a long period of years, has been separated from her by the vast waters of the deep; and who, month after month, and summer after summer, has lived upon the recollections of hours in which their mutual faith was plighted! What must be *his* happiness, when returning triumphant from the field of honour enriched by the course of events, and ennobled by his valour and his conquests, he is received with exultation in the house of his beloved, whence, in earlier days, his want of fortune had excluded him! How great must be his joy, his pride, his rapture, in finding himself thus welcomed to the bosom of that family, into which, of all that exist in his native land, he most ardently and anxiously desires to be admitted! Such a moment repays whole years of sorrow, care, and toil: the grief of the past is forgotten in the joy of the present, and all that is to be seen is bright and gay for the future.—Such were the feelings of Sir Frederick Ryland, as he was met and welcomed at the door of Dorrington Hall by the owner of that noble mansion.

Frederick Ryland was born the third son of a baronet, with whose honourable descent the nicest genealogist alive could not have found fault; but, at a period when two brothers stood between him and the title and estates of his father, Sir George Dorrington did not conceive him to be an eligible husband for his only daughter Maria, in whom were centered all the beauty of the female branches of the family, and all the worth and wealth of the males.

Long had the young soldier and the beautiful girl loved in secret; and the continued intercourse between the families gave constant opportunities for that association which, between two such beings, could not fail to produce a mutual

affection. At length, encouraged by some friendly remark made after dinner by the father of his beloved, Frederick confessed his passion, sought permission to address Miss Dorrington formally, and was the next day, in due form, excluded (for ever, as it was thought) from Dorrington Hall—as if, old and knowing in the world's ways as *he* was, Sir George fancied, that separating two such hearts would weaken the feelings which possessed them; or that the arbitrary measure, of thus suddenly terminating an intercourse, which had so long subsisted under his own sanction, would obliterate a passion, to the birth of which he himself, by his tacit concurrence in their constant association, had been negatively if not actually, at all events, a party.

Frederick Ryland after this dismissal left the country, and joined the regiment in which he had recently been placed by his father, who, quite agreeing in the policy of his neighbour, Sir George, sent him forth to the field, as he told him, to cut his way to fame and fortune with his sword. These parting instructions, however, the worthy baronet did not long survive, for in less than a month after his son's departure, in the ardour and anxiety of pursuing an unhappy fox, and in the full hope of riding home with the tail of the said fox stuck in his hat (according to his custom whenever he got the brush), he attempted a leap, wider than was convenient, or agreeable, to his half-tired horse, and coming off, head foremost, gave up the ghost in the middle of a muddy ditch, sincerely lamented by the whole of his sporting friends, who contended then, and do contend to this minute, that the horse was to blame and not the rider—a matter, the debating of which must be much more interesting to themselves than any part of the

respectable family which was thus suddenly deprived of its very "head and front."

The natural and sometimes the most important result of a baronet's death is the consequent succession of his heir apparent to his title; and accordingly the family dignity descended upon the young Sir William, who did, I believe, live long enough to receive the announcement of his misfortune and honour, and to receive the addresses of mingled condolence and congratulation from his friends. He was in the south of France at the time of his father's death, and survived the event only long enough to send for his next brother Henry, to close his eyes, and receive at his hands his affectionate adieu. Sir Henry, immediately after the funeral of Sir William, returned to England, and proceeded to install himself in the ancient house of his fathers—he, like his venerable parent, having what is called a passion for the sports of the field, and being, like the old gentleman, somewhat insensible to any of those softer allurements, which minds of gentler mould discover in the society of those by whom we are soothed, exalted, and refined.

During the progress of these changes in the Ryland family, Maria Dorrington would sit and listen to the recapitulation, in hopes that some change might bring her Frederick back, or at least place him in such a situation that his want of wealth might no longer be objected against him. News had arrived of his having distinguished himself in action—his name was mentioned in the despatches. Why was he not the bearer of them? A thousand times did she read over the lines in which his personal bravery and intrepid conduct were described, and her eye lingered on the one loved name, which seemed to blaze in letters of

fire amongst the list of gallant heroes who, as well as himself, had so performed their duty as to merit the honour of being particularised in the narrative of the day's fight. Except, however, a courteous remark on the part of Sir George Dorrington, that "*poor* Fred. Ryland seemed to be doing very well in the army," Maria heard nothing of him; and her heart revolted at the pity of her obdurate parent, which was indeed no kin to love.

At this juncture the lovely girl was doomed to severer trials; the sufferance of quiet sorrow and unmolested grief was soon to be denied her, and a suitor, armed with her father's patronage and recommendation, came forward with an apparent determination not to be repulsed. Pride, arrogance, and self-love, seemed to be the chief ingredients of this nobleman's character—for noble he was, and gentle he was not. In temper hasty, in manner petulant, in conversation dictatorial, Lord Pavonden approached the timid Maria Dorrington, as if he were conferring a favour upon *her* and her whole race by the association; and the supercilious, sensual manner in which he cast his unquiet eyes over her lovely person, bespoke too plainly the character of the feeling by which his notice had been attracted to her; and although his affection for her, if it deserved the name, was ardent and all-engrossing, still it was impossible not to perceive in his handsome yet fiendlike countenance, the ceaseless struggle between his animal desire and his worldly prudence, the continued conflict between his passion and his pride.

Before he had taken the ordinary pains to discover Maria's sentiments—and it must be admitted she took very little trouble to conceal them—he had arranged, not only in his own mind, but in interviews with her father,

the programme of the whole affair; they had even descended to particulars, and sums were actually named as settlements and jointures: his lordship believing that her declaration was a mere piece of formality, as necessary, it is true, for the completion of the match, as a *congé d'elire* to the making of a bishop, and about as certain in its result as the king's recommendation which accompanies that liberal document. Lord Pavonden, amongst his other intellectual qualities, happened not to possess that nice distinctive faculty which can properly appreciate the hidden feelings of a woman by her external conduct; and he construed the ease and familiarity of Maria's manner, when with him, as expressive of pleasure in his society. To one more versed in human nature, and less blinded by vanity and conceit, these symptoms would have infallibly declared her indifference. Had Frederick Ryland appeared, were his name even mentioned, were an allusion to any event which had occurred in his presence, a remark on his family, or the part of the world in which he was, on the army in which he served, or the cause in which that army was engaged, Maria's heart beat, her cheeks flushed, and her hands trembled. None of these signs were present when Lord Pavonden was near her: a restless good humour, an affected gaiety, to avoid if possible any serious avowal of the feelings which she was informed by her officious and envious female friends, that his lordship entertained for her, characterized the sweet girl's conduct; and upon such harmless encouragement as this, the noble baron built the hopes which a few days were doomed to dissipate.

"What an unfortunate family are the Rylands!" said Sir George Dorrington, as he entered the drawing-room where the few visitors were waiting the announcement of dinner; "it seems as if a fatality hung over them."

Inquiries burst from every tongue, except Maria's, who sat like a statue motionless.

"Sir Henry is dead——"

"Dead!" exclaimed the astonished auditors.

Thank God it was not Frederick.—Maria burst into tears—the attention of every body was directed to her; and she was led into the anteroom, where the air and restoratives soon revived her.

"Poor girl," said Sir George, "she is too sensitive for this world. Yes," continued he, returning to the circle, "he was shooting this morning, and in passing through or over a hedge, the trigger of his gun got entangled with the briars, and he was dead in an instant."

"How rapidly that baronetcy changes owners," said Lord Pavonden: "this is the third death in the family in less than eighteen months: who gets it now?"

Maria had just sufficiently recovered to return to the room as the question was asked, and heard her father answer, as indeed she knew, that Frederick, the third son, was now the head of the family.

"A forward sort of person, I think," said Lord Pavonden; "I scarcely recollect him: I know he had got the character of a lady killer, in the Eighteenth,—I suppose, this event will bring him to England."

Maria felt all her agitations renewed, and felt that a few more remarks would again drive her out of the room; when the announcement of dinner cut short the conversation, terminated the lamentations of Sir George Dorrington and his friends, released his daughter, and put an end to the sympathy which some more ancient ladies on the sofa were about to exhibit.

All that passed at table was lost to the heiress of the house, and although in accordance with her father's desire

she actually presided, she was guilty of the most flagrant inattentions, committed the most glaring solecisms, and withdrew the female division before Miss Angelica Amadou had half finished her quantum of dried cherries.

The drawing-room afforded her little more relief; and she flew to her boudoir, to indulge in a flood of tears, which were ready to burst from her eyes. "I am conscious," murmured the agitated girl, "that the feeling of joy at what has happened is sinful, is criminal; but, God forgive me! no circumstance, no accident could have presented a hope to my distracted mind, of extrication from a destiny worse than death itself, but this; now no obstacle is opposed to the completion of that scheme of happiness which my beloved Frederick and I have marked out: wealth and rank are his—at least rank equal to my own, and wealth superior to my father's. Admired and esteemed by all who know him, even by my parent himself, whose rejection of him was founded solely on his want of fortune, and whose decided exclusion of him from our house was caused by the apprehension of his winning qualities, what objections can be raised to the fulfilment of all my hopes on earth?"

Thus did the elated happy Maria give utterance to the generous sentiments of her heart; and having in some degree composed herself, she rejoined her friends; their conversation had taken a totally different turn, and Miss Dorrington, still thinking of but one subject, continued to talk upon others, until the arrival of the gentlemen from the dinner-rooms. And, oh! who shall describe the repugnance, the horror, with which she now received the abrupt, supercilious, yet ardent advances of Lord Pavonden? Who, but a girl devoted to one, and assiduously

assailed by another, can understand the feeling? It baffles *my* power to describe it—it was not quite unperceived by his lordship, who found the free and artless manner of the young lady, upon which he had founded his certainty of success, and which she had in her helplessness adopted, in order to convince him of the contrary, changed into a more distant reserve; for now, confident as she was in Frederick's fidelity, and satisfied that his claim upon her hand in right of her heart would now be acceded to, by her father, she saw no reason for affecting a manner towards Lord Pavonden, who, if repulsed, would be suffered to depart by Sir George, and who, if piqued by the alteration of her conduct to make her a direct offer, might be repulsed at once, and, according to the established rules of society, expelled from the house altogether.

By one of those singular coincidences, which in works of fiction appear improbable and overstrained, but which in real life are occurring every day, the object of all Maria's affections was brought to the scene of action much sooner than could have been expected. Another victory had graced the triumphant arms of the illustrious WELLINGTON, under whose command the youthful soldier fought; again had Ryland distinguished himself: he was now selected as the bearer of the details of the conflict in which he had borne so honourable a part; and actually reached London within little more than four-and-twenty hours after the occurrence of that fatal accident, which bereaved him of a brother, and bestowed upon him the baronetcy.

To the house of mourning did the promoted officer speed as soon as his official duty was transacted; and in the midst of his grief for the loss of his near and dear relation, is it unnatural to suppose that he wrote to his Maria?

Whether natural or not, I cannot say, but that he did so is most true, and not clandestinely or disguisedly, he wrote to his beloved, and inclosed her letter in another, addressed to Sir George, evincing in the hour of trial and sorrow that devotion to the object of all his earthly hopes which neither time nor space could alter or deteriorate. His visiting them was at the instant impossible, but he could not allow a moment to escape without claiming the promise which Sir George had given, at least by implication, and making the first step of his new life, that, which was to ensure his life's happiness.

But as the great Bard and every little bard has said in different ways, what are not fond hearts doomed to suffer! Without consulting his daughter, Sir George Dorrington had actually pledged himself to Lord Pavonden. He had never cast a thought towards the extraordinary advancement of Frederick Ryland, nor had he imagined the possibility of a refusal on the part of Maria to comply with his commands. Lord Pavonden had already made arrangements connected with the marriage. Lawyers were already employed on the drafts and deeds of settlement, and every thing in short was in a forward state of preparation, except the Bride.

The question now with Sir George was, whether he should open all the circumstances to his daughter, delivering Henry's letter to her, and stating exactly how he was situated, or send the letter to his daughter back to Ryland, inclosed in an explanatory letter to *him*. The doubt was easily solved: he admired Frederick's character and qualities; he knew the extent of his fortune, the amiability of his disposition, and the proximity of their property, his future influence in the county, his daughter's avowed af-

fection for him, his approved constancy to *her*. All these weighed heavily against the pretensions of Lord Pavonden, whom Maria hated, whose title was Irish, whose estates were, for the most part, situate and lying in the "Green Isle," and whose funded property was insignificant compared with Ryland's (for Sir George had not been idle in acquainting himself with the contents of the late baronet's last will and testament), and whose manner even to himself was arrogant and overbearing: but then he had gone so far in the preliminaries of the treaty, or rather so far beyond preliminaries, that he did not at all see the possibility of breaking off; indeed, unless Lord Pavonden's heart could be touched, and his generous spirit roused, the thing appeared impossible. At all events, Sir George, who truly loved his daughter, made up his mind to be the bearer of the letter from her lover, and thus sanction openly what he must, under the unexpected change of circumstances, always secretly have approved.

The sight of Henry's well known writing in the hand of her father produced a sudden revulsion of nature in Maria, and she fell senseless at the feet of her parent, who raising and soothing her, eventually restored her to something like serenity: he then gave her the letter, spoke candidly and unreservedly of his feeling towards Ryland, explaining to her at the same time the difficulties in which he had involved himself with his rival.

"But *I* have not involved myself in any difficulty," said Maria; "I, sir, am no party in this treaty, which, even if Frederick had died on the field of battle, never could, and never should have been ratified by me. The accidental acquisition of wealth and title may, by rendering Frederick Ryland worthy in your eyes, afford me the

happiness of uniting my fate with one, who is all excellence and kindness; but no reverse of fortune, however severe, no poverty, however abject, no distress, however humiliating, could have compelled me to link myself to a man whose manners I dislike, whose temper I dread, whose conversation even I do not comprehend, and whose character I never can respect: tell him this, sir, and surely he will not persevere in claiming my hand from you, when he never can receive a heart from me."

"What I fear," said Sir George, "is, that Lord Pavonden will attribute the change in your determination to the change in Ryland's circumstances, for Rumour is not so idle but that he is aware of his attachment to you."

"He cannot attribute the change in my determination," said Maria, "to any extrinsic events; in fact I never was consulted, I never was asked to make a decision; if I had——"

"But *I*, my dear Maria," said Sir George, "have in *your* name expressed a readiness, by a desire for the union and——"

"Forgive me, sir," said Maria, catching her father's hand; "why, why do *this*, without consulting the child you love, the daughter who lives but in your affection?"

"I thought by your manner," said Sir George, "that Pavonden was not *so* disagreeable to you."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maria, "do you know so little of my heart and feelings as to believe that I could marry with a negative affection for my husband? Did you think that I would consent to share my existence with one, while there was another ranking yet higher in my esteem? You know I loved Frederick; you merely postponed our union till a period, which, through the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, has arrived."

"Maria," said Sir George, folding his weeping daughter to his bosom, "Frederick Ryland *shall be your husband*—I HAVE SAID IT.—How to disentangle myself from the *embarras* with Lord Pavonden I do not yet exactly see, but your happiness is paramount—it must be done."

"Be *that my* task," cried the half frantic girl. "I will appeal to his generosity, to his pride, to his feelings—if he have any—you must not risk an altercation with such a man: on *me* let his vengeance fall, if vengeance *is* to fall: with *you* a disagreement might be fatal; his well-earned reputation in what is called the field of honour renders him a dangerous adversary: on *me* these chivalrous qualities have no effect. I will be candid with him, take all upon myself, and rescue you, I hope and think, from difficulties in which, had I been previously consulted, you never would have been involved."

"I trust more to his pride than his generosity, I confess," said Sir George; "however, take your own course, Maria; I feel that I, personally, am too deeply pledged to stir in this matter further."

The permission was enough. The certainty Maria felt that an appeal, as her father said, to his pride, if not to his generosity, would release her from the claim of Lord Pavonden, inspired her; and having hastily acknowledged the welcome letter of Frederick, she proceeded to address the noble baron in the following terms:—

"Dorrington Hall, —— 18—.

"MY LORD,

"For the first time since I have had the honour of your lordship's acquaintance, my father, this morning, has informed me of the ulterior object of your lordship's constant association with our family, and your unremitting attention to myself.

"Not vain enough to imagine that I could be the object of attraction here, I have hitherto remained in ignorance, not only of the motives, which induced your lordship to devote so much of your time to our very limited domestic circle, but of the steps which I now find have been taken towards the completion of that measure, upon which, however important it may be thought to *me*, I have only this day been consulted.

"Aware, my lord, of the apparent indelicacy of venturing to address your lordship upon such a subject, I considered before I took the step. But I have resolved to do so, and to risk all the censure or ridicule which my conduct may incur, for the sake of checking in the present stage those pretensions to my hand, which I am now authoritatively informed it is your intention to prefer: it is to avoid the pain of giving pain I do this; and it is in the hope of remaining upon amicable terms with your lordship, that I entreat you not to assume a character, which, while it terminates our *friendship*, must most unpleasantly end our acquaintance.

"When I candidly tell you that, however pleased I may be to see you amongst my father's guests at Dorrington, and however anxious I may have appeared to contribute my trifling efforts to make your residence amongst us as a friend of his, agreeable, my heart has been long, long engaged, I am quite sure I shall not vainly appeal to your generosity, nor uselessly seek to prevent a refusal on my part, which, however painful it may be to *me*, cannot be less irksome to your lordship.

"My father tells me candidly, that he has had several conversations with you on the subject of an alliance between us; his implied certainty of my consent, I fear, has de-

ceived you; and I cannot but deeply regret that I was not earlier apprised of the subject of your deliberations; since it would have been more agreeable to my feelings, *for many, many reasons*, to have put a stop to them much sooner, by convincing my father of their total uselessness, and my determination never to bestow my hand where my heart could not accompany it.

"Forgive me, my lord, this distinct declaration; receive it in the spirit in which I make it; see in it, the effort of a being, whose affections have been for years devoted to one object; anxious to prevent a proposal which *must be rejected*, and which could only have the effect of destroying her peace of mind, and wounding the pride and sensibility of another.

"Your lordship will forgive me for adding, that, although this letter has not been seen by my father, he is aware of my resolution of writing it, and that I have no desire that its contents should be concealed from him. In the hope that you will feel for me, pity me, and continue to regard me as your friend, I remain, my lord,

"Yours most truly,

"MARIA DORRINGTON."

Two days elapsed after the despatch of this letter, and on the third (the day of Sir Henry Ryland's funeral), Miss Dorrington received the following lines from her noble correspondent.

"Lord Pavonden presents his compliments to Miss Dorrington, in acknowledging her letter on Tuesday; he cannot but express his deep regret at her *anticipated* refusal of his proposal. Lord Pavonden trusts that he possesses

sufficient *discrimination*, as well as delicacy, to prevent his forcing his attentions where they *cease to be* agreeable. Yet he cannot but regret, that the negotiations between himself and Sir George Dorrington should have been carried so far as they have been, if that gentleman was *then* aware of the state of his daughter's affections.

"Lord Pavonden has made a communication to Sir George Dorrington, which will terminate their negotiations; and in the hope that Miss Dorrington will not suffer the circumstances which have occurred to agitate or annoy her, he has, he thinks, best consulted both *her* feelings and his own, by quitting the neighbourhood of Dorrington, and proceeding to London; when, at some future period, he hopes to have the honour of finding himself included in the list of Miss Dorrington's sincere friends."

"There, Maria!" said Sir George, when he had read this note: "what is your opinion of Lord Pavonden *now?*"

"I think," said Maria, "that one ought never to judge by appearances, or, at least, not to ascribe to natural causes, manners and habits which, after all, may be adopted under the absolute dominion of fashion, even at the sacrifice of natural feelings. I rejoice in his decision, I admire his generosity, and I promise him my friendship, for he has deserved it."

A few words will suffice to detail the proceedings of the family party, after this occurrence. Sir Frederick Ryland, having been warmly and affectionately received by Sir George, as soon as all the mournful ceremonies connected with his brother's death had terminated, became the constant inmate of his future father-in-law's residence. And if it were possible for human beings to enjoy perfect hap-

piness on earth, Frederick and Maria, in the constant enjoyment of each other's society, looking back with interest upon the past, and picturing increasing joy for the future, were in the full possession of it: every day developed some new trait of excellence in the character of the lover, every day produced some new evidence of Maria's excellence of disposition, purity of mind, and goodness of heart; when, to crown all their hopes, the wedding-day was fixed—that day which was to terminate all the little anxieties which "love is heir to," and out of which spring half its delights; that day which was to change the character of their affection, hallow the passion which possessed both their hearts, and join them in that sacred bond of union, whence flows all earthly happiness, all worldly comfort.

Then came the discussion about bridemaids, and lace, and carriages, and favours, and who should be at the wedding, and who should marry them, and where they should be married, and the thousand little delicate points which are so very, very important, upon such occasions; in all of which, Maria was constantly supported by her two female cousins; while Frederick generally contrived to inlist Sir George on *his* side; until at length it was arranged, that the marriage should take place in London, and that the young couple should, according to the established routine of the Morning Post, "immediately after the ceremony quit town in a new travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon." It was absolutely essential that a journey to London should be undertaken, to purchase such necessaries of life as country milliners and provincial dress-makers could not contrive to invent or even construct; and therefore with good reason they came unanimously to the conclusion, to marry in the metropolis,

and return to the shady groves and sylvan scenes to reap the rich harvest of their constant love.

It would be impossible to describe the happiness which these devoted beings enjoyed, during the month or six weeks preparatory to the ceremony; indeed, the attempt to do so would be absurd, since, besides the inadequacy of language to do justice to their feelings, such details are as little interesting to general readers, as the practice of love-making itself is to the indifferent spectator; suffice it to say, that time, which never stops, seemed to fly, and in the midst of joy, gaiety, hope, anxiety, and agitation, the evening arrived which was to be the last of her "single blessedness." It seemed to Frederick like a bright vision —he was on the brink of happiness which for years he had been taught to think never might be his.

He pressed his beloved to his heart, and printed a glowing kiss upon her flushing cheek. "Good night!" was whispered by the fond lover, and echoed by the trembling maid; but oh! parting is such sweet sorrow, that they lingered on, in their dream of happiness; and when they separated, the magic word "To-morrow!" hung on their lips and sunk deep into their hearts.

That Maria slept much, or tranquilly, I cannot affirm; certain it is that Frederick did not. The night, however, wore away, and the sun rose in all its brightness to greet the blooming bride. The establishment was seen hurrying to and fro, making preparations for the banquet, which was to regale the guests invited, and astonish those in the newspapers who were not. The bridemaids arrived, and Maria came forth from her chamber, bright and sweet as the morning, pure in her mind as the white robe in which she was decked, her blue eyes melting with love and

modesty. In her fair hair, parted on her snowy forehead, there were pearls which Frederick had given her, and the veil thrown over her (as the sweet poet says, whose lines are taken as the motto for this tale,) seemed like a halo mellowing

all the pomp and light
Into something meekly bright.

With pride and exultation did her father lead her into the room, where already had assembled the numerous friends who were to grace the ceremony.

The carriages were drawn up to the door, the clock had struck the appointed hour, yet one was absent whose presence was most essential, and who began to be most anxiously expected. Sir Frederick Ryland, the ardent, happy bridegroom, had not yet arrived. Maria inquired for him, and heard with wonder, and not without some little displeasure, that he had not yet made his appearance. Even strict punctuality seems negligence in love; and here, on the auspicious day, when all his doubts and fears were to end, and his sum of earthly happiness was to be completed, to find her lover lingering on his way wounded her deeply. Another quarter of an hour elapsed—no Frederick; another had nearly passed, when a carriage was driven to the door, and from it sprang hastily one not bidden as a guest, nor dressed as if he were coming to join the festive party—it was not Frederick—it was a stranger muffled up in a cloak, who had apparently just arrived from the country. In a few moments Sir George was summoned from the party; then the stranger was seen to depart, and then one or two of the visiters were called from the drawing-room. The prelate who was there to sanctify the happiness of the young couple was summoned from the

Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A. *Engraved by Charles Heath.*

THE BRIDE.

side of the now trembling bride: her colour came and went, she shook from head to foot, she saw horror painted on the countenance of one who had returned from her father: a scream from one of her bridemaids announced some horrible communication: the light vanished from her eyes, and without knowing the cause of her dread and agitation, or even that it was well founded, she fell senseless into the arms of those near her.

Well was it for her that Nature at that moment robbed her of her senses. Frederick, after he had quitted her the night before, had proceeded to one of the Clubs, of which he was a member, to write some notes of business, necessary to be despatched before he quitted town in the morning; there he encountered Lord Pavonden. Excited by wine, the angry feelings of offended pride, which, under the mask of dignified submission to Maria, had smouldered for months in his lordship's breast, burst forth at the sight of his triumphant happy rival. Premeditated insult, and a blow, were the fruits of this hateful explosion of rage and mortification. There was no alternative—no question as to the result. A meeting was arranged at daylight at Wimbledon: they met—they fired—and Frederick Ryland fell:—he lived in agony for two hours, and then expired.

This sad history was poor Maria doomed to hear, so soon as reason returned to her. When she recovered sufficiently to comprehend any thing, she found the scene of gaiety changed, the guests departed, and her father kneeling at her side: in a moment she understood the worst:—Frederick was dead—she knew—she felt that nothing but death could have kept him from her—he was gone for ever,—and the bright star of her existence had set eternally.

STANZAS

ON TRYING IN VAIN TO READ.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Hence, thoughts! I vainly strive to steep
  In cold Oblivion's balm by reading,
For weak and wayward fancies keep
  Attention dead and Memory bleeding!
I gain not, all I seek, relief,
  Roaming through Fiction's noblest pages,
But find them still recall my grief,
  Scott, Horace, India's sages.

When from the aërial island hurl'd
  From more than soul's and senses' pleasures,
The eastern prince regain'd the world,
  Enrich'd by Memory's painful treasures,
Could present joys supply the past?
  Could Earth's most lovely sounds and flowers
Obliterate what flew so fast—
  Those unforgotten hours?

And can the busy race which roars
  Through London's maze of marble wonders,
Where shine or roll, as Genius soars,
  Poetic beams or patriot thunders,
Supply the unstudied sense and grace,
  The Paradise, so fair and fleeting,
So far beyond this gorgeous place—
  The daily chance of meeting?

When pledged by Charles's cheering host
  Glenlivet's liquid diamonds quiver'd,
Each glass ne'er held a humbler toast,
  Devoutly kiss'd—and quaff'd—and shiver'd:
So let the heart whose core contain'd
  Vows fondly felt though faintly spoken,
Since Hope's inspiring draught is drain'd,
  Be, like those goblets—broken.

When Rome believed the forked stroke
  Was wing'd by Jove's offended power,
Smitten from Heaven the blasted oak,
  Revived no more by gleam and shower,
And Spring's soft breath and Morning's dew,
  Remain'd still leafless, lone, and wasted:
And thus the pining heart must rue
  Heaven's fire too rashly tasted.

As, withering o'er the verdant sod,
  Those branches, scorch'd by Heaven's great Sire,
Ne'er blazed for some inferior God,
  The Heart disdains all earthlier fire;
Since prayers repell'd by lines so stern
  And grief by sterner silence slighted
Are bolts that leave the breast they burn,
  Like Rome's Bidental—blighted.

SONGS OF A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE SON OF A SOLDIER.

Oh mother! dear mother! I cannot remain;
I've heard the war-summons again and again;
They'll deem me a coward—then, dear as thou art,
I cannot stay with thee—'tis right we should part.
My comrades are marching—I dare not delay—
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

His name I inherit so famed in the field;
Be just then, and give me his helmet and shield.
Oh give me his banner! shake from it the dust;
Oh give me his broadsword! wipe from it the rust;
Oh give me his steed—let me mount, and away!
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

YOUR LOSS WILL BREAK MY HEART.

Why will you wear those ribbons, the red and blue cockade?
You've thrown aside the love-knot that I so lately made:
You think a word of comfort will soothe me when we part—
Alas! you little know me—your loss will break my heart.

You say that life is wasted in such a peaceful scene;
And must I then remind you how happy we have been?
I know you sigh to enter the world's tumultuous mart,
And you are form'd to grace it—but you will break my heart.

My love might, had you scorn'd it, in absence seek its cure;
But being loved, to lose you I never can endure:
You go to gather laurels—but pause e'er you depart;
I shall not live to see them—your loss will break my heart.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turn'd,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook:
He listen'd to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which flutter'd in the breeze:
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer *he* could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd, and left the spot,—
Oh! do not deem him weak;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek:
Go, watch the foremost rank,
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most potent there,
Has wiped away a tear.

HIS FIRST LOVE, AND HIS LAST.

He lived to dwell contentedly
  Upon his native plain,
He lived to share in village sports,
  With village friends again:
To cheer the stormy winter's night
  With tales of peril past,
Lived happy with a happy wife,
  His *first* love, and his *last*.

Oh! he could tell of conquering foes,
  Captivity and pain;
Of dungeon deep, and stratagem
  That broke the galling chain:
She listen'd, and could scarce believe
  The danger really past;
Then whisper'd low, "Thou 'rt safe with me,
  My *first* love, and my *last*."

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Oh balm of nature to the mind opprest,
Descend and calm the tumults of my breast;
Bind with Oblivion's veil these wakeful eyes,
And still the varying passions as they rise;
While airy dreams, in Fancy's fictious light,
Sport in the gloomy darkness of the night;
And a bright Angel, borne on silver wings,
To heaven's high arch his song of triumph sings:
Oh, sleep! descend, and, on thy downy breast,
Lull, with thy poppy wreath, my soul to rest!

THE SHOOTING STAR.

BY LORD NUGENT.

It was my meaning to return, late as it was, across the bog, over by "Phelim's Rest," and so reach home before my mother should wake. And what was "Phelim's Rest," and who was I, and my mother at home and alone, and I out still, and it so late?—And is there another bog in the whole south, be it where it may, from Wexford and the golden vale of Kilkenny, to the westermost extremity of Ireland and of Europe entirely, that it wouldn't be better crossing on a dark November's night, than exactly that which lay convenient to my poor mother's bit of a farm? And "Phelim's Rest," in the middle of it, had been, many's the long day since, the strong place of some old chieftain, (or worse may be), where he used to hold himself secure from all comers, save and except them he'd like, by reason there was only one path, none of the widest, and not much of a path neither, leading from the "Rest" both ways out to the edge of the bog. The path was crooked and broke, with big stones here and there, a sort of causeway like; and you'd sometimes seem to yourself to be rather going backward than forward, seeing the turns of it, and each side brown shaking bog, and big holes of water; and worse luck's his who would get into them. It's my opinion that, in his day, and before the stone causeway was there, it was all brown together, only patches of green or of water, and that none but he and his men would know the

firm ground at all to go across. And the "Rest" is but a small little place, on which once stood a grand tower, or such as that, the old stone wall of which still is in parts five or six feet above the heap, and on one side a little gable for his bell; and the stones of the upper part of the tower, such as hadn't gone to make the causeway, had tumbled round the foot, and made it almost a sort of island of natural rock to look at it, standing up gray in the dark and watery flat. And there it was, as a boy, I'd be mightily given to sit of a morning, and through the day too, and a good bit of the evening, by reason it was the shortest way to the town, when I'd go for my mother of an errand. And there I'd lie in the sun on the stones and soft moss, or sit dabbling my heels in the square pools that the turf-cutters made, with my bit of whatever it was that I'd eat; and I'd glory in a throw at the wild fowl, who'd come (bold birds as they were) to quarrel with me for my seat and my bit: and it was by my staying out so late, (and because, when the water lay high on the bog, and the evenings were dark and dirty, and seeing it was not always a sure thing to find the path rightly), that my poor mother would be uneasy; and sometimes when I'd come home, wet and cold, she'd be very mad with me, poor soul! God rest her! for she loved me greatly. And often, when she'd fault me for leaving her to go sit alone among the stones and the wild birds, she'd talk of my father, who had left her alone with me in the world, and she'd cry over me, graceless as I was.—For I was the only son of my mother,—and she was a widow! Oh, my poor mother! and I loved you too!—And I believe at times you knew it!—And, oh that I had you with me now, old as you would be, and helpless, but for me, and all the

dearer too for that, and I would tell you that indeed indeed I loved you all along, and that your care of me should never make a sore heart between us again; and I'd never cause you uneasiness, but sit by you, and comfort and cherish you. But that is past and gone now!

Well, and I grew up to be a clean proper fellow, and it was my own birthday, and there was a wedding in the town, and I wished greatly to be there, and my poor mother knew it right well; and, the why I didn't know, but she was more than ever eager with me that night to stay with her, though I told her I'd pass my birthday night with her until she'd be going to bed; but that the boys would be wanting me at the town, and that there'd be grand doings long after that. And true for me it was: the bridegroom had been, many's the day, my fishing companion, and, besides, the bride's mother was her own gossip, and the piper was her own foster-brother; and why wouldn't she let me go? And there was Anty Dooley too—and I knew she'd be there, the creature—and I'd be making sweet eyes at Anty. But it was all one! my poor mother, besides a wish expressed faintly and mildly enough, when she went to bed left her command and her blessing on me that I wouldn't go. But how could my going hurt my poor mother? So I sees her to bed, and the light well out, and off I slinks out of the window, not to be heard, like a bold undutiful blackguard, and across the bog by the sweet moon, meaning to be back before my mother was up. Well, all this was very well, and though the rains had made the water lie high in places on the turf, and over some parts of the causeway too, I knew the track, and the sky was bright altogether; and I spent my hour or two just as I'd wish, and no much harm neither; only I was disobeying and deceiving my poor mother.

It was a good two in the morning when I put forward to come back. Alone I was; for nobody's way but mine lay over the bog. The morning had set in cloudy and dark, and not a blink in the whole heavens, but a small rain in my face; and I was thinking more of Anty than should be, seeing the danger was all before me, and nothing to be discerned at the nose's length of me, any more than if I had been stark natural blind. I missed the track that led to the causeway. Young I was, and because nothing could hurt the like of me, I pushed on over the quaking scraw-lugger, thinking, sure enough, I should, by and by, come to the hard. Every step took me deeper into the mischief; and out of my knowledge, and among appearances new and strange to me.—I was bothered among bog holes, I tumbled over turf-clumps, till at last all grew soft, and it was enough for me to keep this side smothering depth, by reason, I was fairly bogged. I sunk if I stood still; I was more lost if I tried to get on: I knew no more than the dead where I was, or how to return. My limbs ached with the labour, and I cried piteously—the wind blustered and howled mournfully round me—the green plovers, blown from the roost, were borne before it off their wings, gibbering and squeaking across my very face—and the black clouds were driving, as it seemed to me, close over my head. A few moments more, and I was throat-deep in water. I thought of my mother!—of her strong love for me—and a mischief on me—and the many proofs I'd be daily receiving of it; I knew her agony if I'd never return, or be again heard of—and, oh! I hated myself, and was in despair. I looked wildly up to heaven, and prayed: "Oh Lord, I am a sinner! But my mother, my poor mother!" I paused, holding on by my hands to the edge of the hole where I was, and my heart beat quick and strong, for it

seemed a small spot grew suddenly light in the vast black heavens, and a shooting star darted across; and, oh! its ever blessed gleam lighted up for a moment one big white stone, which I could not mistake; it was not above twenty good paces from me—I struggled towards it—the ground grew firmer, long life to it,—it was one of the causeway,—and I reached "Phelim's Rest." But the clouds were as dark again as ever! and here I could but sit till first day-dawn, two, three, cold wretched hours, giving God thanks; but my heart breaking to think if my mother would wake and call me.

I reached home, oh! strongly hoping that she had been spared all. But I was soon sensible the house-door was open, and a light in the bit of a kitchen. I saw through the window my mother up and drest, sure enough, and boiling the milk, at that unreasonable hour, and a suit of my clothes warming at the fire. She was very pale. Her eye was often turned towards the door, and then upwards; and then she'd droop her head again, and turn my clothes; and then bend her eyes to the fire, and clasp her hands for me. Hard enough it was to bear to see that! I was soon with my arms round her neck: "My child—my pet—my darling——" she paused, "be comforted, all's right now—I've been very anxious—I guessed where you were, and how it would be; it was very dark for you, and, helpless as I am, I had once the thought to go out to you; but I did a better part—I prayed; for without Him there is no help, and with Him there is no danger. I watched at the door till near three, and the wind blew cold upon my heart, and I could see nothing, and hear nothing, but the blast and dashing rain; and it was that night, sixteen years ago, you first drew breath, and God knows how it

might then be with you. I knelt on the ground in my agony, and said, 'Lord, who gaved'st him life, spare him, and he will be thy servant!' Oh, my boy, I am not presumptuous! but just then a bright shooting star streamed across, and it almost seemed to tell me that there was hope, and that heaven was not shut to my prayers, or to my child!"

I'll not take it on me to say whether myself grew better or wiser for that, but I am sure I ought to;—or whether I was more dutiful to my mother;—alas! I hope so, for a sadder night it was mine to see within three years after. But *that* night her son never can describe—no, nor think of—except to my own self.

Shortly after my poor mother's death I had offers from a commercial house in Cork to which my father had been well known; and before the year came round it was determined to send me out on business to their correspondents at Lisbon. I took my passage in a small merchant brig that had been built for privateering on the Spanish Main, going out in ballast, ill appointed enough, and mighty short-handed—the captain, three men, and a boy, over and above myself. But what of that? Fresh to the world, and moreover proud, to be sure, and thinking greatly of what I'd got on hand, and I so young, what could a wild Irish boy feel but a bounding heart, on the bold wide ocean for the first time? I set to work to take my place in the ship—I took my watch, and went aloft, and kept a dead reckoning, and took daily a bit of an observation too for my own self. Well, all went mighty well, and we made the Rock, and were well off the Tagus before sun-down on the fourteenth day. The wind being fair, and plenty of it, the captain was anxious to save his tide up that night: but not know-

ing the river, and wanting a pilot in, we bore up to a sail that was coming close-hauled from the southward, and apparently standing in. The stranger, a Portuguese ship, heavy laden, seemed not to like our cut, and went about, carrying on, and putting herself before the wind. Well, we knew we could go two to her one; and it was taking us mighty little out of our course, and we could not get in without a pilot at any rate, and so we only luffed a point or two, not to fall to leeward of our chase, and hand over hand we were coming up with her. In less than two hours we were within hail, and so near in to the land too, and it being a shoal coast, and the wind coming strong from the north-west, and it growing very dark, it was only having her—and a large ship she was too—within us, that gave us confidence to stand on. Suddenly she luffed up, nearly across our bows, as if going about; but she merely braced her head-yards round, then took in top-gallant sails, and, keeping her main topsail back to the mast, lay at our mercy. We hailed her as we passed, but no answer we got but a dead silence. So, bringing the brig up in the wind as soon as we could, to heave her to, convenient to the Portuguee, we held a council what was to be done. We had but one boat, and she was on deck, and a nasty, little, round, short, crazy jolly-boat she was as you'd wish to see. So we lowered her, and, by reason we were short handed, and it blowing strong, the captain wouldn't spare only a man, and the small boy, and me that wasn't good for much. So, shoving off, I steered for the Portuguee, whom we could now see but mighty little of, for the distance had increased greatly between the two vessels since we first hove to. Well, we had got a musket in the bottom of the boat for a signal in case of accident, and then the brig was to hoist a light. By the time we had pulled fairly out of sight of her,

and the night now pitch dark, it was our opinion we could not catch a wink of the other, and it was a bare chance where she might be. Then, for the first time, spoke the small boy. "And may be," said he, "the Portuguee guessed we were lowering away our boat, and thinking, after we had shoved off, that the captain with his boat adrift could hardly do less than wait to pick her up, may be the Portuguee has made sail again." And faith this sounded reasonable too. And, furthermore, and besides that, it being at best beyond our knowledge where the Portuguee was, we thought we might as well pull back. At this time, I felt the cold greatly about the legs of me, and, putting my hand down, oh murder! if the boat wasn't half way up to the thwarts in water. "Why, what on earth is this?" cried I. "May be," says the small boy, "your honour, and the captain, and Pat, and Flinn, and myself, and Ben that's here, forgot to ship the plug, and may be it's out." And sure enough it was. And, because I was sensible of a hole as big as my thumb through the boat's bottom, it stood to reason that she should be filling. "Short times for thinking," said I; "it's my opinion it's a good season for making a bit of a signal. But, worse and worse, there was the musket where we'd put it, over head and ears, lock and all, poor thing, in good blue water on the boat's floor. Nothing remained but to pull for the bare life; and what if I'd bale with my hat, and may be they'll be thinking on board something's wrong, and they'll show a light, and then," says I, "I'll see them." Well, by the very reason of the boat's pulling heavy, and a swell, and Ben catching a crab too, crack goes the grummet his oar pulled against, short off in the mortice! and there we were, one oar, and we spinning round, and filling, and nothing else! Now, to be sure, all seemed as good as over with us at any rate.

And is there any one, with only nineteen years upon him, with death, inevitable, imminent death, staring him in the face, every moment nearer and more grim, but would feel it hard to have lived to be thus lost in his youth, with all his hopes before him? So thought the poor small boy in the bows, for he wept aloud, and called on his mother. Poor boy! she was far away. But had nobody a mother but he? Oh yes! Though mine was dead and gone, she'd be with me still: often in my joy, when I'd wish for her to share it; and always in pain and sorrow, for they were a-kin to the thoughts of having lost her. And, oh! that night, when I was alone on the wide, tumbling, unrelenting swell, in a round, short, crazy jolly-boat, with one oar, and no plug to bless ourselves, and two poor wretches whose company would be no comfort in drowning, and the more I baled the more I couldn't keep her from filling,—it was just that night twelvemonth—but why did I remember that it was just a year ago that night that I lost her, when I thought to be sure we were so soon to meet again? Oh, it was that I was thankful she was dead and gone, not to mourn for me! But I said nothing, for I wouldn't have considered that handsome by any means to the rest of us; but I looked once round before I'd give all up. Was that the brig's light? Oh no! it was a shooting star!—and I don't know what it was, or why, but I felt something glance warm across my heart. It was but a foolish shooting-star, after all; but I set the spot where it fell. And, hurrah! if Ben, who had been working all along with his knife, like a heathen who never thought of death, hadn't got the mortice-hole clear, and new shipped the grummet. So we cheered to keep our hearts up, and got something like steerage-way on the boat once more. But seeing it was all one which way we put her head, I steered

her a straight course for where the star had shot into the wave—I don't know why—and baled double tides. And, poor comfort though this was, I thought I'd see what would come of it, and hurrahed them to give way stoutly, for we might at least be pulling in towards shore.

Two dreary hours more, and still working hard, when a streak of gray morning light began to dawn narrow and cheerless on the horizon. Was it cheerless, I said? Oh no, blessings on it! for as the dark curtain drew up which for hours had been closed on the very souls of us, I thought I could see a sail on the black heaving horizon, against the opening sky, right a-head. My eyes ached, being fixed so long; I closed them for a wink, and then, clear and plain, there was the brig, hove to as we had left her, and not a lantern had the thief shown all the time. Well, we cheered again, loud and lustily. And now it was indeed I wept amain; and the poor boy shrieked like a young thing catching a sight of life again. Even Ben, the creature, dropped his head as if he felt more than he'd be speaking of.

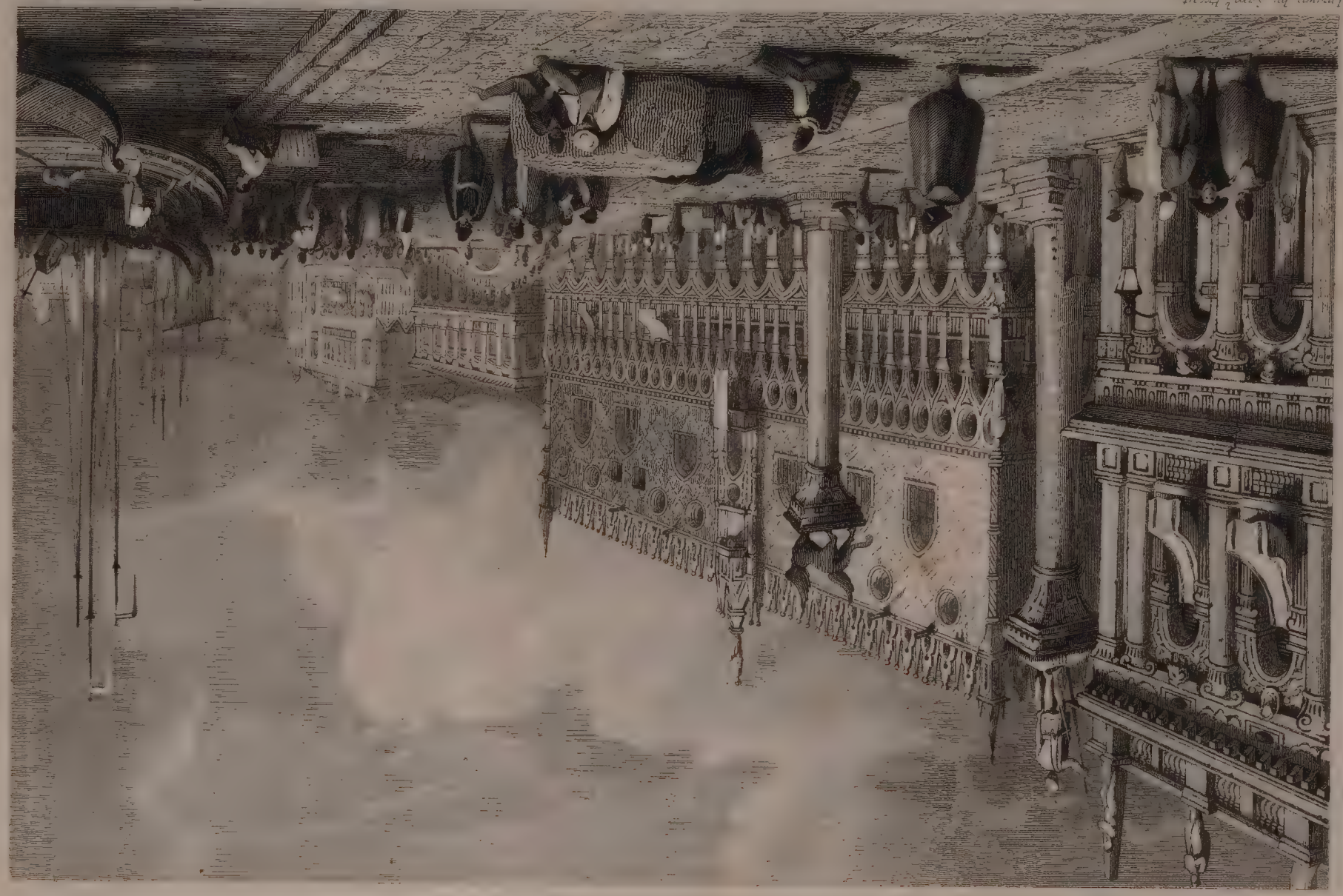
It was long, long before we could be seen pulling over the swell, though often I'd wave my handkerchief high. But, at last, oh glory! we saw her fill her sails and come right down to us. And she picked us up just as the jolly-boat's ugly gunnel was down to the water's edge.

And here I am, five years after. I have led a rough life since, and am like to do,—for I'm captain's clerk to a West-Indiaman. But never, never from that hour have I seen a shooting-star but I'm the better for it, for then I bless heaven for my life, and my poor mother for her prayer when I was struggling in the bog-hole near "Phelim's Rest."—Am I superstitious?—I believe not.——

VENICE.

Drawn by Stanfield.

Engraved by Finden.



THE NUPTIALS OF THE DOGE OF VENICE WITH THE ADRIATIC SEA.

BY LORD MORPETH.

DOGE.

Thou blue and buoyant wave,
  That lav'st my ducal tower,
Whom nature to me gave
  For pastime and for power,
I ride upon thy foam,
  I revel by thy side,
I claim thee as my home,
  I woo thee for my bride.

ADRIATIC.

Lord of the glitt'ring town,
  The vineyard and the lea,
The mountain and the down,
  What would'st thou on the sea?
Thy mandates cannot sway
  My waters as they roll;
My wild waves in their play,
  Will spurn at thy control.

DOGE.

The portion of my hand
  No monarch ever bore,
A gift from ev'ry land,
  A spoil from ev'ry shore;
Lo! Venice is thine own,
  Her beauty and her might,
The lions of her throne,
  The bowers of her delight—

Her massive domes and halls,
  Her pillar'd corridors,
Her painting-cover'd walls,
  Her marble-chequer'd floors;
The portico and shrine,
  The arsenal and quay,
Fair daughter of the brine,
  I give them all to thee.

ADRIATIC.

I bathe Gargano's steep,
  Otranto's castled tower,
Ravenna's mould'ring keep,
  Ancona's Doric bower;
But, Venice, on my strand
  I see not aught like thee;
Then, first upon the land,
  Be first upon the sea.

Ev'ry gem of the wave
  Shall deck the spouse I wed,
Of my pearl-lighted cave,
  My coral-pillow'd bed;
All precious things that grow
  Beneath the amber shower,
A thousand fathom low,
  Shall be the sea-maid's dower.

DOGE.

I pledge to thee my vow,
  Long as my ruling star
Binds commerce to my prow,
  And conquest to my car:

Each accurs'd Moslem slave
From thy waters shall flee;
None may tread on thy wave,
But the Faithful and Free.

ADRIATIC.

Thy fleets, where'er they sail,
For glory or for gain,
Through sunshine and through gale,
I'll speed across the main;
The thunder of my deep
Shall rescue thee from harm,
I'll shed, too, round thy sleep
The music of my calm.

DOGE.

Uplift the streamer bright,
Upraise the golden spear,
Each armour-girded knight,
Each gay-clad gondolier;
A thousand voices sing,
As in thine azure tide
I drop the mystic ring,
My Adriatic bride.

ADRIATIC.

Strike your ocean-tun'd shell,
Sister-choirs of the deep,
In your emerald cell
Lofty festival keep:
Chief of the countless gold!
Chief of the fearless sword!
The nuptial rite is told,
I take thee for my lord.

LETTERS FROM LORD BYRON,

TO SEVERAL FRIENDS.

Pisa, November 20, 1821.

MY DEAR ———,

I OUGHT to have answered your letter long ago, but I am but just subsiding into my new residence, after all the bore and bustle of changing. The traveller can "take his ease in his inn," but those who are settled in a place, and must move with bag and baggage, are (as I suppose you know by experience) necessarily more tardy in their arrangements.

I have a very good spacious house, upon the Arno, and have nothing to complain of, except that it is less quiet than my house in Ravenna.—And so you are at Rome? —I am glad you have got rid of the gout;—the tumour, if not of podagrous origin, will subside of itself.

At Bologna I met with ————, and we crossed the Apennines together—probably you have got him at Rome by this time. I took him to visit our old friend the sexton, at the Certosa, (where you and I met with Bianchetti), who looked at him very *hard*, and seemed well disposed to keep him back in his skull-room. The said sexton, by the way, brought out his two daughters, to renew our acquaintance; one of them is very pretty, and the other sufficiently so. He talked pathetically of the venality of the age, in which young virgins could not be espoused

without a *dower:* so that, if you are disposed to portion them in your way to Milan, you have an opportunity of exercising your benevolence.

I was obliged to set out the next day with ———; remained with him a day at Florence, and then came on alone to Pisa, where I found all my friends in good health and plight. ——— looks a little black still about being called "venerable," but he did not mention it. It was at his own request that I met him in the City of Sausages: he is not a bad traveller, but bilious.

As to "Don Juan," it is not impossible that he might have visited the city which you recommend to his inspection; but these costermonger days are unfavourable to all liberal extension of morality. As to his author, he can hardly come on to Rome again for the present; but some day or other probably may. You ask after Bowles? but he has been so extremely civil, that I could not, without appearing overbearing and insolent, continue the controversy; for I could not answer without saying something sharp, and therefore it is better to be silent.

If Lord Clare and Lord Sligo are at Rome, and are of your acquaintance, will you tell them both, with my best remembrances, that I will answer their letters soon.

I find my old friends have got a notion (founded, I suppose, on an angry note of mine to a poem), that I receive nobody, and renew no old acquaintance. They are very much mistaken—I only desire no *new* ones. The silly note (which, by the way, I desired Murray to suppress before publication), was caused by a really impudent assertion of an anonymous traveller, who said, that he, or she, had frequently declined an introduction to me. Now I never

in my life proposed, and rarely would accept, an English introduction since I came abroad.

Let me hear from you whenever you think it is not a bore to do so, and believe me

Ever and truly yours,
BYRON.

Pisa, February 6, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

"TRY back the deep lane," till we find a publisher for "the Vision;" and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's "Remonstrance," by the "eminent Churchman;" but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against "Cain." The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

I have got ———'s pretended reply, to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is, to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or mo-

nomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds, but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

They say that "Knowledge is Power;"—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant "*money:*" and when Socrates declared, "that all he knew was, that he knew nothing," he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortex's) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's-stone, or at least his *touch*-stone. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash* is *Virtue*.

I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to ———; and fifty pounds worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or law-suit, or MSS. or any lawful means whatever.

I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson's letter, on the demand of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS., (no matter what); and, in short, "Rem, *quocunque modo*, Rem!"—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

Yours, ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

Pisa, February 25, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

WITH regard to what you say about publishing, I have before declared, that I cannot take it ill; it is the manner, and not the matter, of such things which can offend; and yours, in the present instance, is plain—to the purpose, meant well, and, I trust, not ill taken: no one has greater right to say what he pleases to me than you, who have so much trouble and bother on my account.

But, acknowledging all this, I shall not the less continue to publish, till I have run my vein dry. You say it is not profitable—be it so; I shall do so for nothing; till, indeed, it becomes actually a loss;—and this, because it is an occupation of mind, like play, or any other stimulus.

With regard to what I sent you a few days ago ("The Mystery"), and what I shall send you in a few days (the drama of "Werner"), I shall publish them with another publisher, and *anonymously*, if you like. I am much surprised that you say nothing about the "Vision," as you seemed delighted with it, and eager to get it published. Published *it shall be*, though even upon my own account. As I said before, the profit is a secondary object—pleasant if it come, but to be borne without, if it do not. If you cannot settle with any English publisher, forward them to Galignani at Paris, and make any agreement you please.

You can get my MSS. out of Murray's hands, as I shall most probably collect all those I have, and publish them at once. My object is not *immediate* popularity in my present productions, which are written on a different system from the rage of the day. But *mark what I say;* that the time will come when these will be preferred to any I have before written:—it is not from the cry or hubbub of a month that these things are to be decided upon. In the meantime I intend to be as a Calderon, or Lope de Vega.

As to my parting at this present moment with a thousand guineas, I can tell you, that I shall consent to nothing of the kind. I wonder if you take me for an atheist, to make me so unchristian a proposition?

It is true that I have reduced my expenses; but I still have had many to encounter. On getting to dry land, I had to buy carriages, and some new horses, and to furnish my house; for here you find only walls, no furnished apartments—it is not the custom. Besides, though I do not subscribe to liquidate the sum of two thousand pounds for a man of twenty thousand per annum, nor write me down

a contributor to the English radical societies, yet, wherever I find a poor man suffering for his opinions—and there are many such in this country—I always let him have a shilling out of a guinea.

What you say of ———'s declining health would be very well to any one else; but the way to be immortalized—I mean, not to die at all—is to have me for your heir. I recommend you to put me in your will, and you will see that as long as I live, you will never even catch cold.

I could give you some curious and interesting details of things here; but they open all letters, and I have no wish to gratify any curiosity except that of my friends, and gossips. Some day or other, when we meet, (if we do meet), I will make your hair stand on end, and ———'s wig (does he wear one still?) start from its frame, and leave him under *bare poles*. There is one thing which I wish particularly to communicate to you—and yet it can't be, without this letter went in a balloon, and, as Incledon says, "*Tha-at*'s impossible!" Let me hear from you as much good news as you can send in that soft, agreeable, conciliating style of yours.

Yours, ever and truly,
N. B.

Pisa, April 2, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

I CANNOT make this a long letter (luckily for you), for I am a good deal occupied about a very unpleasant squabble between some soldiers of the guard at the gate, a drunken brutal dragoon, and some English gentlemen, including myself.

The result was, that they tried to arrest us. I broke through with another. An Englishman was wounded, and the dragoon stabbed (by a servant, as is supposed), in a very dangerous way, in the full street, before thousands of people, as he was galloping along, after sabring the unarmed people already in arrest. The fellow is, however, declared out of danger, and the Englishman is also well. This is the sum; but the particular depositions I reserve until I hear again from our minister at Florence —who has sent me one very polite answer to the papers which I forwarded to him—in order that the statement may not appear garbled or premature.

You may suppose the row, a sort of miniature Manchester business, except that the military aggressor has not, in this instance, escaped with impunity. It is a strange instance of the fallibility of human testimony, that, with thousands of witnesses, they have not been able to identify the man who wounded the dragoon, nor even the weapon with which the deed was perpetrated; for some said a pistol, some an air-gun, and others, a stiletto, a lance, and a pitchfork.

Mr. Dawkins, our minister, says, that I am acquitted of any suspicion of having sanctioned, approved, or suggested the act of which his assailant is accused. The fact was, we, at least I, mistook the fellow for an officer—he is a sergeant-major—but I am no great tailor in uniforms. He rode against one of the party, and I advanced to him, to ask what he meant. He blustered and bullied—and thence the whole affair. After I had given him my card, he called to the guard to arrest us, and so forth, as alluded to above. I have only one word more to add: the man they have sworn to as guilty of the act is not a servant of

mine, but of Count Gamba; there is, however, every reason to suppose that he is *not* the real assailant.

Yours, ever and truly,

N. B.

Genoa, November, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

I HAVE finished the twelfth canto of Don Juan, which I will forward when copied. With the sixth, seventh, and eighth in one volume, and the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in another, the whole may form two volumes, of about the same size as the two former. There are some good things in them, as perhaps may be allowed. Perhaps one volume had better be published with one publisher, and the other with another; it would be a new experiment: or one in one month, and another in the next; or both at once. What thinkest thou?

Murray, long after the "piracies," offered me a thousand pounds (guineas) a canto for as many as I might choose to write. He has since departed from this proposal, for it was too much, and I would not take advantage of it.

You must, however, use your own judgment with regard to the MSS. and let me know what you propose; presuming always (what may at last be but a presumption) that the seven new cantos are, on the whole, equal to the five former.

Suppose Hunt, or somebody else, were to publish one canto a week, upon the same size and paper, to correspond with the various former editions?—but this is merely as a vision, and may be very foolish, for aught I know.

I have read the defence of Cain, which is very good; who can be the author? As to myself I shall not be deterred by any outcry; your present public hate me, but they shall not interrupt the march of my mind, nor prevent me from telling those who are attempting to trample on all thought, that their thrones shall yet be rocked to their foundations. It is Madame de Staël who says, "that all talent has a propensity to attack the strong." *I* have never flattered—whether it be or be not a proof of talent.

I have just seen the illustrious * * * who came to visitate me here. I had not seen him these ten years. He had a black wig, and has been made a knight for writing against the queen. He wants a diplomatic situation, and seems likely to want it.

He found me thinner even than in 1813; for since my late illness at Lerici, in my way here, I have subsided into my more meagre outline, and am obliged to be very abstinent by medical advice, on account of liver and what not.

But to the point—or at least my point in mentioning this new chevalier. Ten years ago I lent him a thousand pounds on condition that he would not go to the Jews; he took the moneys, and went to the Jews. Now, as Mr. ——— is a purchaser of bonds, will he purchase this of me? or will any body else, at a discount?

I have been invited by the Americans on board of their squadron here, and received with the greatest kindness, and rather *too much* ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture to an American artist now in Florence. As I was preparing to depart, an American lady took a rose which I wore, from me, and said that she wished to send something which I had about me to America. They showed me, too, American editions of my poems, and all kinds of attention and good-will.

I also hear that, as an author, I am in high request in Germany. All this is some compensation for the desertion of the English.

Would you write a German line to Goëthe for me, explaining the omission of the dedication to "Sardanapalus," by the fault of the publisher, and asking his permission to prefix it to the forthcoming volume of Werner and the Mystery.

Are you quite well yet? I hope so. I am selling two more horses, and dismissing two superfluous servants. My horses now amount to *four*, instead of *nine:* and I have arranged my establishment on the same footing. So you perceive that I am in earnest in my frugalities.

Yours ever affectionately,

N. B.

December 19, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

As you are convalescent—that is to say, not quite well, but not ill enough to find yourself *not* ennuyé—I have less hesitation in writing frequently; because, after having yawned sufficiently over *present* friends, you can fairly go to sleep over the *absent*. When you are once abroad again, haranguing, galloping, and prospering, I shall have less chance of attention; but nevertheless I pray you "to ride gently over the stones." One would think you had been breaking in my Pegasus, by the falls you have undergone. Prithee, be careful: after a man is turned of thirty, why should he ride a mad horse except in case of war or woman?

I have been pondering over the vicissitudes of "Don Juan." As for booksellers' intrigues, and booksellers' demons, they are not worth a thought:—I tell you that the two most successful things ever written by me, viz., the

English Bards and Childe Harold, were refused by one half "the trade," and reluctantly received by the other. There are two or three ways to proceed.

Firstly, To look about and see if any proposition is made by those *tanners* of authors, the calf-skin, morocco, and Muscovite publishers.

Secondly, If none be made, we have always the option of stamping (an Italic phrase) upon the "touch and go" account score; which is only objectionable inasmuch as it never yet succeeded—but it *may;* as steam has, and as balloons will.

Thirdly, If so concluded, we must have securities that said publisher's account shall have its arithmetic summed up, and checked by the skilful in such affairs.

Fourthly, Are the "Don Juans" subject to any laws? that is, *your* laws, which are somewhat of the queerest; and is any compact respecting them *binding* to the contracting parties?

Fifthly, If Mr. John Hunt publish them eventually, his son (if of age) ought to be comprised in the stipulation to render a fair account of *meum et tuum* quarterly, to persons appointed by the author.

Sixthly, Some other ought to be bound—*not* for the assets, but merely in case of non-fulfilment to guarantee, that the account (be it good, bad, or indifferent) is a fair and true one; for it is a difficult piece of antiquarianism to decypher the hieroglyphic of a publisher's balance, *pro, con,* or otherwise, or anywise.

I venture to throw out these hints for your honour's convalescence; but how far they may merit attention in your sickness, or your health, is left to your consideration. "And your petitioner shall ever," &c. &c. &c.

I am not very well—I suspect worse than you are—at

least I hope so. Ever since the summer, when I was fool enough to swim some four miles under a broiling sun, at Via Reggio, I have been more or less ailing.

First, my skin peeled off—then it came again—then I had a fever and violent inflammation, which confined me to my bed, in a bad inn, on a worse road. I thought I was well quit for the winter at least, but lo! within this last month, I have had eruptions, and the deuce knows what besides; so that I have been compelled to call in an English physician, who has decocted and concocted me, *secundum artem*, until I am turned inside out.

I am as temperate as an anchorite; but I suspect that temperance is a more effective medicine at twenty than at thirty—and almost *five*.

> Oh Parish Register! oh Peerage! why
> Record those years that I would fain deny?

I shall not trouble you farther, and I merely do it now as a sleeping draught for your collar-bone.

Yours ever, and truly,
N. B.

P. S. I tell you that English Bards and the first and second cantos of Childe Harold were refused by half the craft, and even crafts, in London, although *no* demand was made. Decide for yourself from such premises—*they know nothing*.

Cephalonia, December 23, 1823.

MY DEAR ———,

I SHALL be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend, but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one, or both, in the event of either being required.

I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr. Murray about "Werner." Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the provisional government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. You may judge of this when I tell you, that the four thousand pounds advanced by me to the Greeks, is likely to set a fleet and an army in motion for some months.

A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to convey me to Missalonghi, where Mavrocordato now is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect to embark immediately. Still address, however, to Cephalonia, through Messrs. Welch and Barry of Genoa, as usual; and get together all the means and credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment, for it is "in for a penny, in for a pound," and I must do all that I can for the ancients.

I have been labouring to reconcile these parties, and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless attempts on Anatolikæ. Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago. The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can obtain a loan, I am of opinion that matters will assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect for their independence.

In the meantime I stand paymaster, and what not; and lucky it is, that, from the nature of the warfare and of the country, the resources even of an individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

Colonel Stanhope is at Missalonghi. Probably we shall

attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned) it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion.

Once more recommending to you the reinforcement of my strong-box and credit from all lawful sources and resources of mine to their practicable extent; for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almacks or Newmarket; and requesting you to write to me as often as you can,

I remain ever yours,
N. B.

Missalonghi, February 21, 1824.

MY DEAR ——,

I HAVE received yours of the 2d of November. It is essential that the money should be paid, as I have drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Greeks. Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and all is going on hopefully for the present, considering circumstances.

We shall have work this year, for the Turks are coming down in force; and as for me, I must stand by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some very narrow escapes from the Turks, and also from being shipwrecked. We were twice upon the rocks —but this you will have heard, truly or falsely, through

other channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

So far I have succeeded in supporting the government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year, to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the "sinews of war" properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.

I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score. I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight and twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and have sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own expense.

It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could,* or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his "prodigal son;" and if I have allowed his "fatted calf" to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal.

Yours ever,
N. B.

Missalonghi, March 12, 1824.

MY DEAR ——,

I WRITE without much certainty that this letter will reach you, for the plague has broken out this

morning in the town, and, of course, precautions will be taken in the islands and elsewhere. It has been supposed to be communicated from the Morea: be that as it may, a man from thence has just died of it, as my physician says, whom I have just seen, as well as the Prince Mavrocordato. What the event may be cannot of course be foreseen.

* * * * * * *

I shall be most anxious to hear from you, as the communication may probably be interrupted for some time to come. Whatever may happen to me, believe me that I am, was, and will be (as long as I am at all) ever yours,

Most faithfully and affectionately,

Noel Byron.

THE EXCUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASTILIAN."

Wish thee joy on thy birth-day!—
I could not, most wayward beauty:
This was deem'd a want of duty,
But I thought far other way.

Chilling words, and looks still colder,
Most unjustly fall on me;
How should that day joyful be,
When it told that thou wert older?

Oh! how truly would I bless
That same day which I deplore,
If, instead of one year more,
It could give thee one year less!

THE TIME WAS—AND IS.

BY W. JERDAN.

YEARS, many years have pass'd,
  Since I sat beside this board;
Then, as now, the feast was spread,
  And the ruby wine was pour'd.

And the cup and song went round,
  And the mirth was loud and light;
The song and cup still circle—
  But they 're not the same to-night.

Ten sat around the board,—
  What friends are but in youth,—
When we feel before we think,
  And lips from hearts learn truth.

Yet, some of them are here,
  Links of a broken chain;
Only recalling ties
  Never to join again.

Alter'd and cold our hearts—
  There's shadow on each brow:
Of the glow of former years
  There's not a vestige now.

Interests have jarr'd,—the world
  Has its cold lesson taught;
And hope from memory's page
  Its darken'd likeness caught.

And the grave has had its prey—
  Strangers are seated here;
And every stranger's face
  Recalls a thought of fear.

It tells of those who sleep
  Beneath the funeral stone;
And dark Death's record is
  When it speaks of our own.

But away, let song burst forth—
  The lighted goblet shine—
And deep, deep drain the flood
  Of the crimson Lethe-wine.

Break, break the faithless cup;
  No spell 't has to restore
Feelings, and friends of youth,
  When that youth is no more.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

Azineb, the son of Omar, succeeded to his father's crown, at a very early age; and all his subjects, the old and wise men, as well as the unlettered and the humble, instead of withholding their confidence from his youth, blessed Alla and the Prophet for the prospect of a good and happy reign. For, although nineteen years had scarce rolled over the head of Azineb, he was known to be matured in wisdom and virtue. From his early boyhood he had devoted himself to books, and the conversation of the learned and the accomplished; his days and nights of study being relieved only by practising such manly and warlike feats and sports as would at once prepare him for probable future hardships in battle, and exercise the physical strength and skill with which God had blessed him, and which, therefore, were not to be permitted to remain uncultivated. So that, while few or none of his subjects, of his own years, rivalled Azineb in a knowledge of the grave literature of his country; in science, in poetry, and, above all, in his Koran; and while the wisest, the oldest, and the most religious men of his court, wondered at the sedateness and vigour of his discourse; he was also unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in graceful feats of horsemanship, in the use of the scimitar, and in courage and adroitness in hunting the lion, the leopard, and the tiger. His own hand had given the death-blow to many of these ferocious animals; indeed, he bore home more of their

skins than did any other adventurer of the chase; and yet, so tempered with skill and prudence was his intrepidity, that from tusk or talon he had never received a wound.

The learned fathers of his mind were justly proud of their scholar, and boasted of his acquirements and talents, more than they did of their own:—it was whispered, however, by some satirist of the court, that they thus took the best way of ensuring royal tributes of admiration and gratitude to themselves. Another of Azineb's instructors might also be allowed to feel honoured in his pupil; namely, Mustapha, a man high in military command, and his master, ever since childhood (until the princely boy first equalled, and then eclipsed his own skill), in warlike exercises and in the hunting-field. But whatever were Mustapha's inward feelings on this subject, he never boasted of his pupil, as did the more superior and reverenced men who had aided in forming the mental and moral excellence of the (so called) Royal Wonder. Had any one raised a question of Azineb's manly prowess, he would have gainsayed the slander, at risk of his life: but he seemed too sure of the fact, to insist upon it; and of its general acceptance, to talk about it. Making it a theme of self-praise, either in vanity, or that his master might hear his speeches, and show a pleased consciousness of them, never entered into his mind. The sole privilege which Mustapha appeared to think he had acquired by his successful instructions of Azineb, was that of loving him the more: and in this love of the subject for the prince, was essentially included the zeal of serving him faithfully. And Azineb, understanding and feeling the claims of Mustapha, not only recognised and admitted his love, and afforded opportunities for its indulgence, but

returned it, also, with his heart, and rewarded it with his bounty.

It was amazing, if not irksome, to the philosophical, the poetical, nay, the pious colleagues of Mustapha, that he should succeed so well at court, merely by saying nothing on the topic which, of all others, seemed calculated, if well kept alive, to ensure him success. None of them got on better, if so well, by the contrary, and, as they argued, more advisable, rule of conduct. Their individual reveries on this point, for they were too wise to communicate, at present, their sentiments to one another, began to create a jealousy of Mustapha. And, upon the occasion of a grand banquet given by Azineb in the palace in honour of all his former tutors, this jealousy rankled into something akin to hatred, in consequence of a particular mode of designation adopted by the prince towards his old riding-master.

During the feast, the young monarch proposed in succession the healths of his guests. One was his "most reverenced helper in reading the Koran;" another, "his honoured tutor in astronomy;" a third, his "most useful assistant in languages;" a fourth, his "accomplished playfellow in the bowers of poetry;" but Mustapha he simply called, "my faithful servant." And one would have thought that, by complimenting in their own polite style, each of Mustapha's rivals, Azineb had taken the best means of gratifying their laudable pride, and of leaving them nothing to complain of: and, indeed, so he had, until the proposal of his last toast; but that was too much for logic, rhetoric, rhyme, and piety, united: and from that hour, Mustapha had active enemies at court, and they at last began to make common cause against him.

The ethical sage of the cabal, sitting down to consider a plan for disgusting Azineb with his Faithful Servant, soon built up a formidable battery of syllogisms. His first assumption was a simple one, an axiom in fact, or something else, more true, if possible, namely, "Azineb is very young." Then he proceeded to the following effect, though with greater order. "Very young, and blessed with robust health, and a vigorous constitution; consequently, notwithstanding his precocious philosophy, religion, and morality, containing within him all the springs of strong natural passions. Suppose some of these excited—what then? Mustapha is an austere man; a crabbed man; and somewhat of a rough-spoken man: he deems he loves the prince; would he relish Azineb's backslidings? would he let them pass without reproof? And then, how would the prince take his constant moralizing, either in its matter or manner?—Let us see."——

The professor consulted his colleagues, and they admired his system, and pledged themselves to each other to carry it into effect. The master of belles lettres began the attempt. He composed beautiful verses in praise of the most lovely and fascinating maiden of the royal city, and sang them, and caused them to be sung repeatedly in the presence of Azineb. From admiring the poetry, the prince unconsciously was led to ask questions about its object, and received answers which heightened his curiosity. In due time, the charming Zobeide supped at the palace; and after an evening of song, smiles, roses, perfumes, music, wit, and wine, her youthful entertainer proved mortal; and so far were verified the inverted ethics which conjectured this event.

Little was now necessary but to continue an application

of excitements, sufficient not only to satisfy the cravings of new-born passions, but also to smother the occasional pangs of remorse; and the conspirators were not idle in their duty. Day by day, step by step, Azineb surrendered himself into the arms of sensual pleasure and licentious enjoyments. To his great comfort—for during his first hours of repentance he had feared the contrary—neither the moralists nor the divines of his council troubled him with their reprehensions. As they had calculated, however, there was one man who did exercise the duty of affection towards his royal master.

Not after the first lapse of Azineb, nor yet, after his third or fourth, were the unwelcome hints of Mustapha addressed, notwithstanding, to his ear. The beloved and princely boy had sinned long, and impulses were on the verge of becoming habits, (hideous change!) before his Faithful Servant uttered a word of expostulation; and then, indirectly, he would say, "The wisest man, in his youth, is made weak. Who therefore wonders? It is so."—Again. "When the young man is wise and virtuous, and has fallen into no snares, the old bless him, though they wonder, and say the snares have not been spread in his path."—Or, at another time, "The stumblings of the good, and the sins of the hardened in evil, are two things. It is so."——

To such gentle admonitions Azineb gave little heed, though he lent them an ear. The temptations to disregard them were too strong for their refraining tenderness. By degrees, the sincere Mustapha grew bolder in the stern task of love: but his idolized prince had become less sensitive of admonition, and still he produced no effect. He gained his utmost possible point of reproof, beyond

which even his feelings dared not to pass; and now Azineb heard him impatiently, because he was still more self-devoted to licentiousness, and therefore still more removed from sympathy with Mustapha's heart. The sole thing he could or would eventually distinguish was the uncouthness of his monitor's manner; and this he called rude, at first, and then bold, and at last audacious; knowing not, or seeing not, that here he was confounding manner and motive, and so misrepresenting true friendship.

The learned and accomplished conspirators could not long remain ignorant of such a change in Azineb's sentiments towards his "faithful servant;" for exactly such a change they had hoped to produce, and were watchful accordingly. And thereupon they sharpened other weapons for Mustapha's overthrow. The poet took an occasion to exhibit, garishly, the old soldier's lack of accomplishments, by calling upon him for an impromptu, of which all the world knew he did not even comprehend the nature; and Azineb, to whom, at that moment, the power of saying a witty thing in verse was a great talent (because he could excel in it himself, and because it hit the vein of the hour), joined in the scoff against his old friend's simple rejection of the challenge. Upon a less elated occasion, he agreed with the astronomer, that any man who was ignorant of at least the rudiments of heavenly science was a disgrace to the cabinet of a civilized court; and it was not long till he listened to an insinuation of Mustapha's orthodoxy, originating with the sage of the Koran, the uncle of the last unrivalled beauty who had been introduced to the royal palace.

In fact, Azineb soon admitted, nay believed, or thought

he did, that for many weighty and virtuous reasons he ought to dismiss Mustapha from court, and confine him to a provincial military command, hundreds of miles distant; and yet a cowardliness of purpose, the common attendant curse of the sensual, or else a lingering recollection at his heart, hindered him from issuing the necessary order. Meantime, he tried to palter with the embarrassment. His queen of the hour would be amused by assuming a part in a tiger or lion hunt; and he desired Mustapha to prepare for taking the field, upon a certain day, with extraordinary pomp and preparation; supposing that his old tutor might thus be diverted from present thoughts into the bias of former enthusiasm.

Upon the morning of the appointed day, the hunting cavalcade left the palace in as much pomp, as Asiatic gorgeousness ever witnessed. The beauty and trappings of the Arabian coursers, the highly-ornamented castles of the elephants, the surpassing splendour of the palanquin which contained Azineb's reigning favourite,—beside which the youthful prince rode upon a steed of unmatched proportions and fleetness,—the bands of music, the ensigns, all formed a magnificent spectacle.

Intelligence had just been gained that a lion had descended, the night before, upon the herd of a neighbouring noble, and, after having been surprised and scared from his prey, had retreated into an adjacent wood. Those skilled in the requisites for a good hunt, decided that he should be tracked, roused, and challenged in his temporary lair, because they concluded that his balked appetite would render him peculiarly disposed to manifest the true spirit of his nature. Mustapha, the conductor of the sport, agreed to these reasons and arrangements, and the

cavalcade accordingly got into motion for the wood pointed out by the guides.

It was approached across an almost barren plain, scorched by the sun, and scantily studded here and there with sharp rocks, which afforded root among their crevices, to some meagre shrubs and blades of brown grass. A broad and rapid river divided this plain from the leafy retreat of the lion, and was to be crossed only by a rude bridge, a good distance up its stream from the cavalcade's line of advance. The middle of the wood, deemed to be the beast's couching-place, was, however, straight before the hunters, close by the river's opposite bank; and a flat country, stretching to the right and to the left from its skirts, and a gentle ascent beyond and above it, showed the only ground over which, after having been scared from his lair, he could be pursued. As all stopped on the sterile plain, some distance from the near bank of the turbulent water, Azineb understood, at a glance, that upon this spot he ought to halt his beautiful favourite; for from it she could fully see any possible turn of the chase, excepting the start in the wood, without sharing one of its perils; and he accordingly gave orders to have her palanquin rested, its bearers halt, and a body of horse form around her, while he turned to cross the bridge, with his attendants, and so approach the wood.

Mustapha had been considering the opposite ground as attentively as his master, and, from his own conclusions, respectfully objected to the proposed arrangement, so far as concerned the safety of the lady. The wood was not thick, he said: it afforded numerous temptations to an angry lion to break through it, regardless of any line of men who might be left to guard its edges; in reasonable

anticipation, the beast they were about to rouse would prefer attempting a return to the prey from which he had been scared the previous night, to a retreat into the hungry wilderness he had abandoned upon his late adventure.

Rendered obstinate by his self-opinion, Azineb laughed at this advice. Whispers from some of Mustapha's enemies prompted him to treat it even more despotically. He told Mustapha that he believed it arose rather from a design to betray the lady into danger, than to save her from possible harm.

"Then Mustapha will watch by the palanquin to share the dangers of his own treachery."

To this, still prompted by a whisper, Azineb made a cruel and tyrannical retort. "The old hunter feared for himself," he said.

"If he has taught the young hunter to fear for himself, it is so," replied Mustapha, with more spirit than the highest subjects were allowed to use towards an Asiatic prince; and he had not spoken the words when Azineb struck him on the shoulders with the flat of his sabre, and ordered him to quit the hunting-ground and retire down the bank of the river. A great struggle was seen in Mustapha's features, and his hand involuntarily moved towards his own sabre; but pure love of the royal boy whom he had often helped to his saddle, and pure love alone, subdued all his majestic wrath, and making a low salutation, he rode slowly in the direction in which he had been commanded to go.

He halted, about the same distance from the palanquin, down the stream, as was the bridge from it, towards the water's source. Proud, bitter, and yet tender tears filled his eyes. At first he felt no wish to notice the proceed-

ings of the pompous and gallant train from whom he had been ignobly banished. Their music and their cries aroused his interest, however, and he glanced to the bridge and then to the wood: the greater number were just entering the latter, after having stationed a weak line round its skirts. Farther he could not observe the chances of the hunt: but the continued cries, now of a changed cadence, which broke from the lion's umbrageous lair, told his experienced ear, first, that the animal had been tracked; next, that he had been seen and dared; next, that his anger had been roused into an attack upon his assailants: and the ensuing sound Mustapha heard was the explosive, almost crashing roar of the terrific beast himself, as he sprang out of the wood, overwhelmed two or three of his scared enemies on its outposts, and plunged into the river exactly opposite the bank where the palanquin rested.

His fiery eyes were scarcely seen glaring in the water, by the horsemen left to guard the lady, ere they fled across the plain like one of its own hurricane-blasts; the equally frightened horses not requiring spur or whip to urge them to utmost speed. Then Mustapha heard piercing shrieks issue from the palanquin, and saw its glittering silk curtains shaken violently in the sun, and white arms tossed in agony through their openings towards the wood. The following instant, Azineb's worshipped one, and all her young slaves, ran, still screaming, along the river's bank, approaching the point where Mustapha had stationed himself. "She is very young and beautiful," muttered Mustapha, "and but for *him* would have been innocent. He loves her too," he continued, as in answer to her startling calls, the young prince just then issued from the wood, and, casting his eyes abroad over the river,

began—after bounding forward a few steps—to return her cry for cry, tear his hair, rend his garments, beat his breast, and exhibit all the actions of utter anguish and despair. For now the lion gained the confronting bank; and as Azineb and all his attendants had left their horses at the bridge, pursuit was useless. "Loves her," resumed Mustapha, "as the apple of his eye; loves her, even as he hates me. What then?" he took another glance at the terrified girl. From excessive fear or lack of strength, she had been left far behind by her slaves, and the lion, evidently selecting her as an object of vengeance, closed fast upon her—"What then?"—Mustapha made but a moment's pause when he added, "It will be so. He shall see it—" and suddenly taking off a loose part of his dress, he threw it over his courser's eyes, to hinder him from seeing the lion, and galloped amain to meet the poor fugitive.

Shouts, in applause of his heroism, arose from the prince and many of the attendants: and Azineb now ran along his side of the river, towards the bridge, obviously bent upon seconding, if possible, the daring attempt of Mustapha. During his hurry thither, accompanied by his hunters, he lost sight of the appalling scene: when he and they had re-mounted, and crossed the bridge, Mustapha held his prize before him on the saddle. Again all shouted tremendously, now to overawe the lion, and turn him from his unremitted pursuit. The enraged beast paused an instant; looked back upon them; and then as if ascertaining that the distance between them and him allowed him scope for his present purpose, uttered a roar of defiance, and renewed his bounds after Mustapha. And that roar gave him fearful odds. Hitherto, Mustapha's steed had not been aware of his proximity, for his eyes were

hood-winked: now he *heard* the voice of the king of beasts, and it was enough. Swerving aside, he shook the piece of drapery from his eyes, and with tottering and failing limbs remained paralyzed. Again and again Azineb and his train uttered wild cries, and urged on their own fear-stricken coursers. "It is vain!" shrieked the prince, "Behold!—Yet shout, still! shout!"

The lion had sprung against the side of Mustapha's horse, and fastened upon a limb of the rider. Mustapha saw him prepare for his last bound, and with one arm holding her up, and another holding her back, endeavoured to place his charge out of immediate danger. It gave him pleasure instead of pain, when he felt the beast's fangs tearing his own flesh. "Come on!" he exclaimed, to the approaching hunters; "I can hold her till ye vex him away from us!" They jumped from their saddles, and ran forward with spears and scimitars. Mustapha felt his strength failing, and his eyes growing heavy, and his frame cringing, in spite of him; for the lion had now fastened his tusks in his body. But he faintly caught the sound of more feet, and louder cries; and was sensible of being released by the lion: the next moment he recognised the prince's voice, making quick inquiries, and could just utter "She is untouched to the hair of her head—Mustapha, whom you love no longer, says it;" when he fell from his saddle, dead.

That day won Azineb back to virtue, but it lost him his Faithful Servant.

Painted by A. Cooper R.A. *Engraved by J. Goodyear*

SCRAPS OF ITALY.

BY LORD MORPETH.

V.

ROME.

O thou eternal Rome!—for to have been
Is still to be—the world's imperial Queen:
Who but must feel thy tale of parted fame
O'er his full heart as wide dominion claim,
As when, on Conquest's wing, thy eagle flew
Where'er the billows roll'd, the breezes blew—
As when the Sun, beneath his fav'ring ray,
Saw not thy rival, beam'd but on thy sway?

Mid each dim vestige of thy sevenfold hill,
How fallen, but how lovely art thou still!
Home of the wise, the warlike, and the free,
E'en in thy ruin what is like to Thee?
The earth's wide circuit boasts no scene so bright
As the lone relics of thy vanish'd might.

Nor could the sons of all thy pomp and power
More fondly love thee in thy loftiest hour,
Not mid the Lictor band's encircling state,
Not in the Forum's high and free debate,
Not in the mingling frenzy of the war,
Not in the rapture of the victor's car,
Than he, who dares to tune this feeble lay,
In mournful homage of thy mightier day;
Who, wand'ring mid these scatter'd wrecks alone,
In thy dread destinies forgets his own;

Explores the broken arch, the crumbling fane,
The doubtful hill, the desolated plain,
Or idly stoops to cull the flowers, that wave,
Fair and inglorious, o'er a Cæsar's grave.

VI.

THE BAY OF BAIÆ.

Yes! I have gazed from high Misenum's steep
O'er the blue waters of the Tyrrhene deep;
Have seen outspread before my dazzled eyes
That glowing rivalry of seas and skies:
The shore, the classic shore, around me lay,
Each vine-clad precipice, each silv'ry bay;
There rose fair Pozzuoli's patrician bowers,
Baiæ's rent fanes, and Cumæ's ruin'd towers;
Green waved the copse, where lone Avernus slept;
Sparkling to shore Fusaro's ripples crept;
Capri's steep rock, and Ischia's sloping height,
Traced their dark outline in the vivid light;
While o'er the scene's whole calm, yet bright repose,
With soften'd terrors far Vesuvius rose.

Each spot of haunted earth here breathed its tale—
Of the rapt Sybil—of the fated sail
That wafted to this strand the Phrygian throng—
Of Scipio's exile, and of Virgil's song.
Here too, the purple masters of mankind,
The gorgeous cares of empire, pleased, resign'd,
And sought beneath Campania's azure sky
A charm the world's dominion could not buy:
While Rome's degen'rate nobles, fear'd no more
On Zama's plain, or Actium's beetling shore,
Forgot to sigh, mid Baiæ's golden bay,
For Honour lost, or Freedom cast away.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE YEAR 2130,

EXTRACTED FROM THE ALBUM OF A MODERN SIBYL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF GRANBY.

Scene.—Kensington-square, London.

Enter LORD A—— *and* SIR JAMES B——, *meeting* MR. C——.

Lord A. AH! C.! I am delighted to meet you. You are an unexpected novelty—I thought you were in Africa.

Mr. C. I *have* been there; but I left it a month ago—every body was leaving it when I came away. I am just arrived from out of Scotland; breakfasted this morning at Edinburgh; and have not been in town above a couple of hours. The roads are dreadfully heavy now. Conceive my having been seven hours and a half coming from Edinburgh to London!

Sir James B. An active snail would have beaten you. But what have you been doing in the north?

Mr. C. I spent a few days at the Duke of Birmingham's. He had a shooting party, chiefly foreigners: there was a Chinese (a pleasant man), two South Americans, the Duke of Paramatta, the Australian ambassador, and a New Zealand man.

Sir J. B. Had you good sport?

Mr. C. Tolerable. On the last day we killed between four and five thousand head; but we might have done more, for we all shot ill.

Lord A. Yourself excepted.

Mr. C. No: I won't except myself; for I missed two shots out of the first hundred. I had a match with Paramatta, which I ought to have won; but he had greatly the advantage in point of equipment. His guns would give twenty-seven discharges in a minute, and mine would give only twenty-five. I must really change my maker. Have you seen the last new invention, the hydro-potassian lock?

Lord A. Not yet. Is it good?

Mr. C. Yes; ingenious—certainly ingenious. The priming is ignited by a drop of water. But I am afraid it won't succeed. It is found to be dangerous in rain, and apt to go off then of its own accord.

Sir J. B. What did you do at Birmingham's besides shooting?

Mr. C. We hunted one day: they turned out a horse, and we had a pretty good run. I wish I had had my own best hunting machine; I flatter myself I could have led the field; but I was badly mounted: they gave me a very ordinary thing, a regular *screw*, built only to clear fences eight feet high, and, in fact, not safe for more than six; so what could I do against Birmingham and Paramatta, with their crack machines, that would fly like balloons over a ten foot wall.

Sir J. B. Of course you could not pretend to ride against them.

Mr. C. Oh! no; quite impossible. Another day I fished in the lake; but the turbot would not run, and the mullet would not rise, and I caught only a few whiting and soles. We found a curious fish, now almost extinct, one of the old fresh water fish: they called it a carp. It really was not bad. I believe there was a time when the fish we now

have in our lakes and rivers were thought to be capable of living only in the sea.

Sir J. B. Very true; and, by-the-by, talking of the sea, I believe you are a member of the Circumnavigation Club. I wish you would attend and vote for my friend S. He is to be balloted for to-morrow. He has been round the world four times in his yacht, and is a very good fellow into the bargain; and it will be hard if they don't elect him.

Mr. C. Oh! I will attend with a great deal of pleasure. I met him on his last voyage, as I was making the circuit the other way. Adieu, for the present. I want to call upon the D.'s, and I shall just have time before it is dark.

Lord A. I see you are not one of those who think it a point of bad taste to make a morning call by daylight. I will go with you. B., are you coming?

Sir J. B. I believe you must excuse me. I have another engagement; and I shall dine with the D.'s to-night.

Lord A. So do I: their hour, I believe, is twelve.

Sir J. B. I suppose so: it is the hour of all the world. Adieu! till midnight. [*Exit* Sir J. B.

Lord A. The D.'s live on the other side of the square. We shall have to cross; and it is abominably dirty. These stuccoed streets are insufferable in rainy weather. Hallo! sweeper. Hold! you have splashed me.

Sweeper. Och! sure I'd be afther suspinding my operations afore your lordship's lordship should recaeve any ditriment.

Lord A. But I *have* received detriment already.

Sweeper. Why, then, by the power of gravitation, and as I hope to be embalmed, I've perfarmed the operation of abstarsion in the public ways of this little nate parallilo-

gram, man and boy, above twinty years, and niver offinded the fore or since, at-all at-all, plase your lordship's honour, in that rispict, nor in any other. Sure your lordship's habiliment desarves to be as immaculate as your lordship's charácter. But step on wid yees now, and ye'll be splashed no more—"C'est le premier pas qui coute."

Lord A. You are an Irishman, I believe, my friend?

Sweeper. Bred and born, your lordship. Let alone that I niver was out of the Mithropolis of London.

Lord A. Ha! ha! well, there's sixpence for you.

Sweeper. I'm mightily indibted for the loan of your lordship's honour's charitable rimuneration.

[*Exit Sweeper, pocketing the sixpence.*

Mr. C. Let me see. Lady D.'s house is somewhere on this side of the "parallelogram," as the fellow calls it. I wonder if the common people were as scientific in their language formerly. Oh! we shall have some more fine phraseology. There is a beggar at our elbow.

Beggar. Permit me, gentlemen, to trespass upon your bountiful benevolence—a contribution—

Lord A. I have nothing for you.

Beggar. A contribution of the most inconsiderable description would elevate me from my present abyss of misery to the highest pinnacle of human felicity.

Mr. C. I have nothing for you.

Beggar. "Necessitas," gentlemen, "necessitas non habet legem"—and necessity, in spite of my reluctance, has compelled me to embrace the profession of an operative mendicant.

Lord A. I tell you, my good man, I have nothing for you.

Beggar. Then may the maledictions of a wounded

spirit fall upon your devoted heads! May your bosoms be lacerated by the hydras of discord! May a corroding colony of carking cares be ever ready to pullulate afresh out of the secret springs of your anticipated comforts! and may the purgatorial pitch of the Slough of Despond envelope you eternally like flies in amber!

[*Exit Beggar uttering maledictions.*

Mr. C. What an abusive scoundrel!

Lord A. Oh, he is like all his tribe. But here we are at D.'s. (*Touches a spring on the door. A self-acting knocker gives a treble knock—door is opened by a Steam Porter dressed in the D. livery.*)

Lord A. Is Lady D. at home?

[*Figure nods its head.* LORD A. *and* MR. C. *enter, repeat their names through the Announcement Tube, are conducted by the Porter to the Introduction Chair, in which they place themselves. The Chair mounts with them through the ceiling, and they find themselves in the presence of* LADY D.

Lady D. Ah! Lord A.! Mr. C.! most unexpected persons both! I heard only yesterday that one of you was in Greenland and the other in Africa. What false reports they circulate!

Lord A. The reports were true not long ago, and I believe we returned about the same time. You, Lady D., have also been travelling, I believe.

Lady D. Yes, we were out of England in the winter. Our physician recommended a warmer climate for Lord D., so we took a villa on the Niger, and afterwards spent a short time at Sackatoo.

Mr. C. I suppose you found it full of English?

Lady D. Oh, quite full—and such a set! We knew

hardly any of them. In fact, we did not go there for society. We met a few pleasant people, Australians; the Abershaws, the Hardy Vauxes, and Sir William and Lady Soames.

Mr. C. Did you go by the new Tangier and Timbuctoo road?

Lady D. Yes, we did, and we found it excellent. By the by, Lord A., to digress to a different latitude, how did you succeed in your last excursion to the North Pole?

Lord A. To tell you the truth, extremely ill; we had most improvidently taken with us scarcely enough of the *solvent* to work our way through the ice, and our concentrated essence of caloric was found to be of a very inferior quality.

Lady D. Ah! then, I am afraid you did not get it at the right place.

Lord A. But I am about to build a new iron yacht, and I shall try again next summer.

Lady D. I believe we shall go to Spitzbergen ourselves.

Mr. C. (*aside to Lord A.*) A hint for you to offer to take them.

Lord A. (*aside.*) I know it, but it won't succeed. (*Aloud*) I am happy to think that in that case I may perhaps have the pleasure of meeting you there on my return. I must go to the Pole by the way of North Georgia:—I am engaged to visit an Eskimaux friend. (*Aside.*) Well parried, was it not?

Lady D. (*aside.*) What a bear! (*Aloud.*) I wonder you can like that North-West Passage. Mrs. Winterblossom and I have vowed we will never go that way again. Poor Mrs. Winterblossom! I have been talking to her this afternoon through the telescope till my fingers ache.

Mr. C. Where was she?

Lady D. About two miles off, at her house in Hamilton-place.

Mr. C. What! is she still there? I thought she meant to change her residence. I am surprised at her living so far out of the way.

Lady D. Yes; it is certainly very strange. But I have been visiting this morning in a still more antiquated quarter of the world—Grosvenor-square of all places! I hope you won't inform against me.

Mr. C. I think you almost deserve that I should. But whom can *you* know in Grosvenor-square?

Lady D. To tell you the truth, it was a visit rather of business than of pleasure. I wished to speak to one of the members of the managing committee of the new "Callisthenic academy for the children of pauper operatives." They have appointed me one of the patronesses. Lady B. is another. Have you seen Sir James lately?

Lord A. He quitted us only a few minutes before we had the pleasure of finding you here.

Lady D. I wish you would scold him for me. I sent him an invitation for yesterday to dine, and he never came.

Mr. C. I think I heard him say that he was invited for to-night.

Lady D. Ah! then I understand the reason. The fault is not his. The fact is, that my automaton note-writer does make such dreadful mistakes that I must really have him taken to pieces. Do you know what he did the other day?—sent a note of condolence instead of congratulation! and it was on the event of old Lord Battersea's marriage with that little flirt Miss Pipkinson. Nothing could have

been more unfortunate. I dare say I am suspected of having done it on purpose. Mr. C., have you heard the new opera?

Mr. C. Do you mean "Annibale?" Yes: I have heard it.

Lady D. Is not it charming? How fine that "passage of the Alps" is! How well the music represents all that one can suppose to have been going on—the trampling and bellowing of the elephants—the thundering of the avalanches—the repeated blows of the hammers and mattocks—then how magnificent is that chorus, when they pour the vinegar down the rocks!

Mr. C. Yes; very fine, certainly; but somehow it sets my teeth on edge.

Lady D. That is what it ought to do. Lord A. I believe you are fond of paintings?—Have you been at the institution?

Lord A. Not yet: I am waiting for a cloudy day. The glare is so oppressive, that my eyes will hardly bear it.

Lady D. Then let me advise you to go in crape spectacles. It is what I always do myself. Our modern painters certainly are magnificent colourists; but, after all, I think I prefer the old masters.

Lord A. So do I: and not only in painting, but in literature also. I must confess that our poets of the age of George the Tenth seem very inferior to those of George the Third and Fourth. Indeed, the public appear to be convinced of it; and we are now recurring to Byron, Scott, Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, and others of that period, as the poetical taste of *their* times was renovated by looking back to the great masters of the Elizabethan age and those who immediately succeeded them.

Lady D. You mentioned Scott:—do you mean the author of Waverley?

Lord A. Yes: well known both as the poet and the novellist; but best, perhaps, in the latter capacity.

Lady D. Were any other novels written in his time?

Lord A. Yes; many. There were several in the historical style (imitations of the Waverley novels), a few of which were good;—some clever descriptions of eastern manners, and a great many which represented English life and the manners of the day.

Mr. C. It is amusing to look at the descriptions of manners as they existed in those times. Human nature certainly appears to have been the same; but the modes of life seem strangely ridiculous and obsolete. What should we think now of a dinner at eight before the opera? of going to a party as early as midnight? of a fashionable house in St. James's-square? or a fashionable shop in Regent-street or Bond-street? Conceive the barbarism of men sitting together after dinner when the ladies had retired, as they are made to do in the old novels! Lady D. have you ever read any of those antiquated descriptions of society?

Lady D. I have looked at one or two; but I did not much like them, there were so many allusions that I did not understand. I remember frequently to have met with the word "Almacks." Mr. C. what was Almacks?

Mr. C. Almacks?—Almacks?—Oh, I believe it was a club where Swift and Johnson used to meet; but I don't profess to be an antiquarian. Lord A. will correct me, if I am wrong.

Lord A. Well then, if you will excuse my saying so, your description is not perfectly accurate. No; Almacks

was a house somewhere in the city, where a Mrs. Cornelys gave masquerades during the reign of George the Third.

Lady D. Did not they dance in those days?

Lord A. From what I have read, it appears that they did.

Lady D. It must have been very fatiguing! I am glad the custom is abolished. Lord A. you know more than any body about the history and customs of those old times.

Lord A. Oh! no.

Lady D. Yes, you do, indeed. I want to ask your opinion of this new historical novel, "Fitzmontreville." It relates to the events of the year 1830.

Lord A. I have not read it.

Lady D. Oh! then, do read it. It is very interesting. But what I want to ask is this—Is there not an incorrectness in making Napoleon alive and in England in the year 1830?

Lord A. Why—a—yes; I believe there is. If I remember rightly—(I was dipping lately into Scott's Napoleon; an old life, but the best we have)—if I remember rightly, Napoleon died eight or nine years before that time. But it is a very trifling anachronism.—How is he introduced?

Lady D. He and the Emperor Alexander of Russia are introduced dining with the king at Brighton. Napoleon quarrels with the two sovereigns, and challenges them both to a personal encounter. Each claims the right of fighting by deputy. The King of England appoints his prime minister, the Duke of Wellington. The Emperor Alexander appoints Prince Kutusoff. The Duke of Wellington is to go out first, and is to meet Napoleon at Battersea-Fields. There were open fields at Battersea *then;* only

think! Open fields! I don't know how the duel ends—I am just in the midst of it—It is so interesting!

Mr. C. It must be very interesting, but it sounds unnatural. Such things could not happen now.

Lady D. No; but this was a long time ago—as much as 300 years. Oh! and there are such minute descriptions of the dress of the people in those times! Do let me read you this little passage—it describes the appearance of Fitzmontreville, the hero. (*Reads.*) "He was habited in a chocolate-brown double-breasted frock-coat with a velvet collar, a sprigged marcella waistcoat, which opening at the breast disclosed a plaited shirt of snowy whiteness fastened by three small and elegantly wrought gold buttons. His trowsers were of slate-coloured Merino, rather tight at the knee and expanding gracefully downwards till they almost touched the ground; and from beneath them emerged the glossy boot armed at the heel with a long black spur. In his hand he bore a small and very flexible riding-whip; a rose was in his button-hole, a cigar was in his mouth."

Mr. C. Excellent! One sees the man!

Lady D. (*reads*) "A small Geneva watch, attached to a chain which he wore round his neck, was carried in his left coat-pocket."

Lord A. *Coat*-pocket?

Lady D. Yes; *coat*-pocket.

Lord A. Ah! indeed! then that is a mistake. A most decided inaccuracy, and a serious one too. In the early part of the 19th century, watches were carried in the pocket of the waistcoat and not of the coat.

Mr. C. Were they not sometimes carried in a receptacle called a fob?

Lord A. So it appears: they were sometimes carried in

the fob. Many authors mention the fob. But I must maintain that they were never carried in the pocket of the coat.

Mr. C. I have no doubt the author is wrong, but I don't think the mistake is one of much importance.

Lord A. Nay, pardon me, I consider such an error to be fatal to the character of an historical novel. Nothing can excuse the want of attention to costume. What is this? (*takes up a book*) "Love and Algebra."

Lady D. Oh! don't look at it: it was brought by mistake. I am ashamed of the book—one of the common scientific novels that are thumbed by coal-heavers and orange-women—the mere trash of a low circulating library.

Mr. C. Well, I will plead guilty of having read it, and I really found it better than I expected. I rather liked a passage in it where the hero proposes to his mistress, through the medium of a simple equation, he making himself *the unknown quantity x*. Then there is a pretty good scene in which they investigate the binomial theorem, and reduce a rival to the value of nothing.

Lady D. Ay, that does very well for the common people. Every thing is taught them now by means of scientific novels; such as "Geological Atoms, or the Adventures of a Dustman," and a hundred other books of that description. How learned the people are now! Were they as learned formerly?

Lord A. By no means: there was a time when not all of them could even read.

Lady D. Is it possible! And were those bad times for the common people? was there often a scarcity of food then? and were they reduced to live upon pheasants and potatos?

Lord A. They were sometimes reduced to live upon little, but not upon pheasants and potatos. Potatos were then eaten chiefly by the Irish; and pheasants were not so common any where. They had, however, more corn then.

Lady D. I heard Lord D. say, that corn is rising in price: what is the reason?

Lord A. The harvest has failed in Tartary, and you know that the state of foreign harvests affects our prices much more than that of our own.

Lady D. I wonder we don't grow corn in England enough to feed our own population.

Mr. C. Enough to feed our population! My dear Lady D.! we have hardly enough to feed our game. Indeed, it is very much doubted whether English wheat is fit for any thing but the brute creation.

Lady D. But I suppose the people used it formerly?

Mr. C. Yes; but that was in dark times.

Lady D. And what do you call dark times?

Mr. C. Oh, the 19th century.

Lord A. Ay, it was about that period they had such long discussions on the subject of admitting Roman Catholics to sit in Parliament. It was then thought to be dangerous.

Mr. C. Dangerous! ha! ha! ha! How many Catholics are there in the two houses at this moment?

Lord A. To the best of my belief, not one. Pray have you read the President's speech at the opening of the parliament at Madrid? It is in a spirit more favourable to the Catholics than his last. The debates in the last session of the Spanish parliament on the question of granting emancipation to the small remnant of their Catholics,

bore a remarkable resemblance to some of those which took place in this country on a similar question during the reign of George the Fourth.

Mr. C. Yes; I have heard it remarked, their speakers seem to have been all plagiaries. But where did you see the President's speech?

Lord A. In a six-hourly paper that was published about two hours ago.

Mr. C. Ah! you have the advantage. My paper is a half-daily one. I believe I must leave it off. One never knows any news till it is old.

Lord A. Very true; a half-daily paper leaves one several hours in arrear. But after all, nothing that appears in print can deserve the name of *news*. The only satisfactory intelligence is that which one receives by letter.

Mr. C. Certainly; I agree with you, and *apropos* (as the hackney coachmen say) *apropos* of letters.—I received one this morning from a friend at Moscow. It was written the day before yesterday, and contains a piece of information that is not generally known at present. My friend says, they had received intelligence of an insurrection having broken out in Turkey.

Lady D. Turkey! where is that?

Mr. C. It is one of the southern provinces of Russia. The insurrection is supposed to have originated among the remnant of an ancient sect called Mahometans, and to have been secretly fomented by those seditious levellers, the Austrians. Those restless mortals are like the old French Jacobins: not content with revolutionizing themselves, they wish to carry their pernicious doctrines into every other country.

Lord A. Ay, I wish they would imitate the steady

monarchical governments of America. Talking of America reminds me of a letter I lately received from my friend the Duke of Massachussetts. He gives a curious account of the visit which the King of Canada paid to his Majesty Jonathan the Third, at Washington. War is expected between these two powers and the King of Carolina. They can never remain at peace long. There is perpetual jealousy among those North American kingdoms.

Mr. C. War is also expected in the East. The Emperor of India, the Burmese Republic, and the kings of Borneo and Sumatra, have entered into an alliance to resist the aggressions of Australia. As neither New Zealand nor Tasmania are very friendly to the Australians, it is thought that the latter must come to terms. It will be singular if war should break out at the same time in two opposite quarters of the globe among a set of nations all of which speak English.

Lord A. True; but you must remember, that with the exception of a few countries in our little Europe which retain their original languages, almost all the greatest nations do speak English. It is the language of three-fourths of Asia, nine-tenths of North America, half Africa, and all the insular states in the South seas.

Mr. C. And this little kingdom, with a population of not more than forty millions, has had the honour of colonizing half the globe!

Lord A. True, and at a time when our population was not much more than half what it is now.

Mr. C. It is a gratifying reflection.

Lady D. Might not one say a 'mortifying one?' These countries are our colonies no longer. How powerful we should have been, if we had retained them.

Lord A. Perhaps, Lady D., not much more powerful

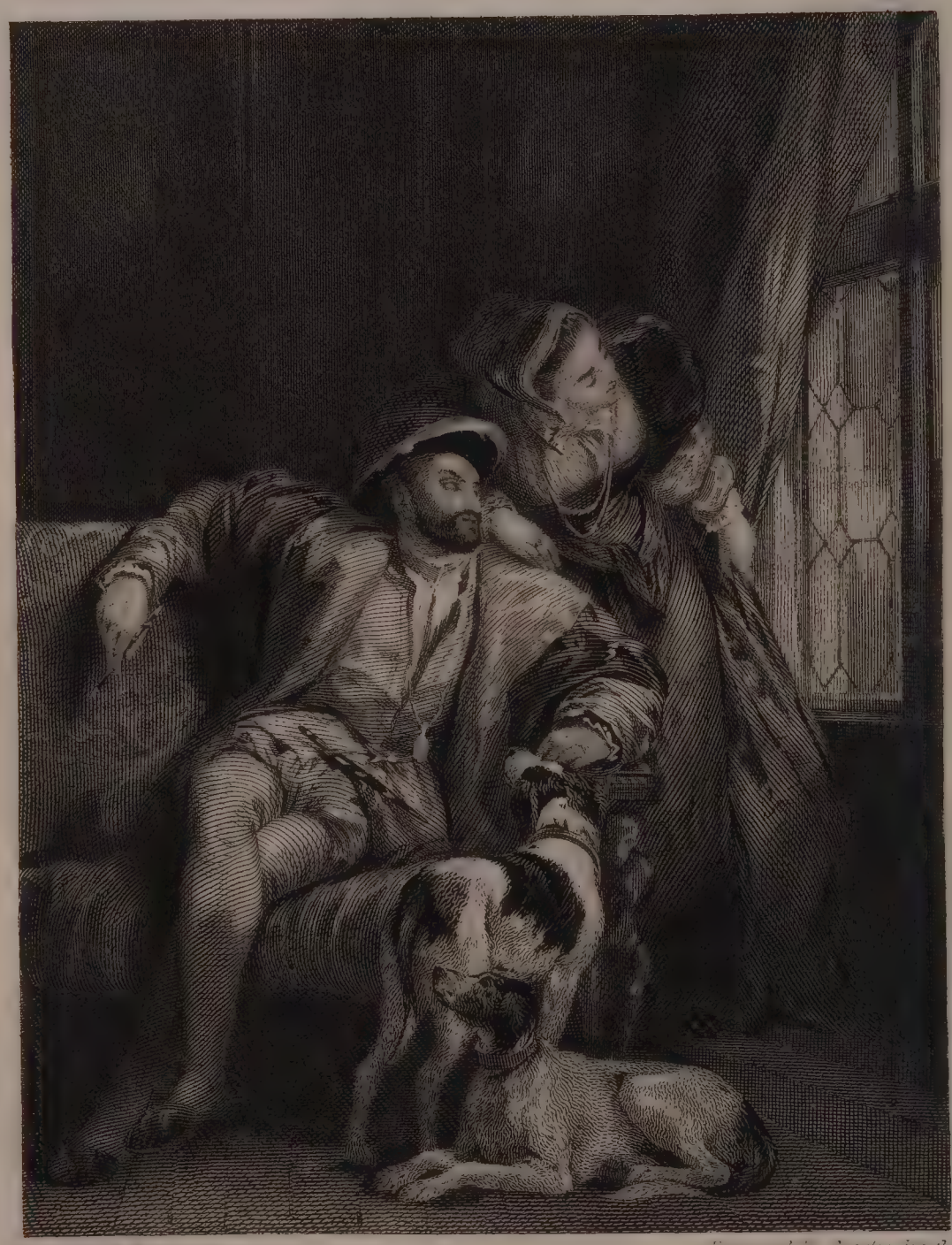
than we are at present. I might almost say, perhaps, not so powerful. If we look into history we find that when the United States of America (as they were formerly called), when Canada, India, Australia, successively fell from our grasp, at each time the most ruinous consequences were anticipated, and at each time the fancied disaster was found to be the forerunner of increased prosperity. There seem to be certain limits beyond which no nation can extend itself without incurring the danger of disunion and decay. We have lost many dependencies which, perhaps, after all, were more expensive than beneficial; but we can never lose the glory of having been the mother-country of almost half the civilized globe, and of having conveyed all that is most valuable to human nature into regions which before our coming were the seats either of tyrannical despotism or savage ignorance. Let us only look at the number of mighty nations that were first nursed into civilization under our sway; and then, should any one ask what country since the world began has done the greatest portion of substantial good, I think we may fearlessly tell them, England.

SONG,

EX IMPROVISO, ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S BEAUTY.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



Painted by R. P. Bonington.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

FRANCIS THE FIRST & HIS SISTER.

Publ.d by Hurst & C.o R. Jennings C.o Cheapside & by Mess.rs Bovinet & C.o Gallerie Vivienne Paris

THE FALSE RHYME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

"Come, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet."—THOMAS MOORE.

ON a fine July day, the fair Margaret, Queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy; and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favourite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary: her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him. She entered his apartment: he was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimsons your cheek? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued: Francis at last yielded: he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret: "nay, this is lêse majesté—

'Souvent femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie!'

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet:—would it not run better thus—

'Souvent homme varie,
Bien folle qui s'y fie?'

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis, drily; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft Mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and well reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" asked the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honour. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return, from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and inquiry only divulged the disgraceful fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during their journey, the lady and the stripling often occupied one chamber; and

Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favourite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret: "if I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win——"

"I will break my window, and grant thee whatever boon thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The Queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined sought an audience of the Queen; he brought her a message from the knight to say, that if the Lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humour, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the Imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his visor or declaring his name.

That same evening as the setting sun shone on the

lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful Queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in: his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant. "We have treason here!" cried the king: "sir jailor, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft faltering voice of Emilie; "wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him:—I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire—he joined your army: the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honours and reward, is my own Enguerrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady, the Queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks——"

"Is de Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king: "spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

Francis first broke the false speaking-window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this "Triumph of Ladies," the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of truest affection—than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

BALLAD.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

If dear to thy heart, be the clear flowing burn,
That wanders along the green heather;
Yet dearer to me is the dark roaring sea,
When chafed by the stern wintry weather.
If sweet to thy gaze be the morn's rip'ning blush,
'Midst fragrance and dew-drops descending;
More kind to mine eye is the cold fitful sky,
With shadow and sunshine contending.

While glad to thine ear is the greeting of friends,
The laugh from each welcome rebounding,
Chill apathy steals o'er my heart, as it feels
Alone, though with hundreds surrounding.
Still warm to thy bosom is Beauty's first smile,
Truth, fervor, and constancy breathing;
But alike to my view, eyes of hazel or blue,
Glance cold as the snow's pallid wreathing.

The tide of my fancy in bitterness flows,
Its source has been poison'd by sorrow;
While past pleasure to you, blooms as fresh and as new
As each untried hope of the morrow:
To prove that my feelings are aged as my years,
Is daily my fruitless endeavour;
For, alas! from its smart, I know, my poor heart
Beats as full and as youthful as ever.

SELF-LOVE—SYMPATHY WITH OTHERS—SELFISHNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANASTASIUS."

Every sentient entity, from the lowest of brutes to the highest of human beings, desires self-gratification. All his other wishes, few or many, low or exalted, for things near or distant, tend ultimately to that purpose. In all he thinks, in all he does, self-gratification is his final object. No entity that feels at all, has it in his power, while he feels, to shake off that craving. The oyster who, only capable of relishing the mud by which he is surrounded, absorbs that mud voraciously, and the man, who, only intent on the joys of heaven, denies himself all the enjoyments of this earth, in order to double his portion hereafter;—he who indulges in every luxury, and he who, in the very midst of every means of self-enjoyment, endures every privation, in order to relieve the miseries of others—are alike impelled by their desire of ultimate self-gratification: the latter only acts as he does, because he suffers from his own self-denial less than he does from the unhappiness of his neighbours. No one voluntarily incurs a suffering for which he is never to receive any compensation. The oyster and the ascetic only differ in the extent and distance of the ultimate views of self-gratification which they entertain: those of the oyster extend no further than the next moment, and the circumference of his narrow shell—he knows no world beyond: those of the ascetic embrace the whole extent of time and place.

Every sentient entity, consequently, feels self-love. The word means nothing more than a predominant solicitude concerning self, its well-being, its enjoyments, and its happiness.

Where self-love remains confined to affection for one's own single individual; where it only causes an exclusive solicitude to gratify that single individual; where it extends not to other surrounding individuals, it is called selfishness; and such alone is the self-love felt by brutes, even unto the highest. No animal, unendowed with faculties of abstraction, is capable of any mental affection for other brutes, or for human beings.

The monkey, in which parental tenderness seems the prevailing sentiment in suckling its young, in hugging its offspring to its breast, in braving the shafts of its assailant in order to defend its progeny, only defends the entity whose appetite rids it of the encumbrance of its milk; whose warmth and softness solace its sense of touch.

The very dog who appears to feel the greatest love, gratitude and fidelity towards his master, only defends his master as he does the bone he crunches; not in order to render that master a service, but because he considers that master as his own property; because from his master's person and apparel he derives effluvia, as grateful to his sense of smell, as those from the bone are pleasing to his sense of taste. When his master dies, he either follows him to the grave, and there pines away, unconscious of doing so, in the hopes of still drawing from the emanations of his master's body the usual gratification; or he rouses up, shakes himself, and, guided by the smell alone, seeks, and suddenly attaches himself to a new master.

Human beings themselves, while still in a savage state,

have not yet, with respect to others of their species, those feelings of sympathy which make them regard these as part of themselves, and include them within the circle of their self-love. They kill their wives; they abandon their aged parents; they expose their helpless offspring, the moment these become to them an encumbrance: they devour their enemies, when these fall into their clutches: they are too exclusively occupied with their own privations and sufferings, to find time yet to think of those of others. Nay, among many early nations highly civilized, sympathy with the feelings of other human beings was still confined within very narrow limits. The ancient Greeks, highly convivial, highly attached even as they showed themselves to their peculiar friends and party, were still totally regardless of the feelings of man in general: they regarded all strangers, not bound to them by peculiar rites, as outcasts; all enemies as criminals; all captives as slaves: they were merciless not only to their vanquished foes, but to their fellow citizens of an adverse faction. The gentle Telemachus suspended all his mother's truant waiting maids with his own royal hands from a beam in her chamber;—and at a late period only was the altar to pity raised among the Greeks.

And what shall we say of those arch-barbarians, the Romans, whose warlike triumphs regularly ended in the cold-blooded immolation of their most distinguished captives: whose favourite sports only consisted in the slaughter of men and beasts: whose amphitheatres, streaming with human blood, were frequented as eagerly by the vestal virgin as by the ferocious warrior; by the emperor as by the meanest citizen: to whom the spectacle of a man torn to pieces by a tiger, or a slave nailed to the cross, was a

welcome recreation? Terence's famous speech, "homo sum," &c. could only have been borrowed from Menander.

Even among the nations of modern times, whom the influence of Christianity has softened, men of the lower classes of society, however good-natured, however obliging, however serviceable, however disposed to afford pleasure to others, share yet little in their sufferings. Their minds are in general too torpid still, to enter deeply into the painful feelings of other beings. They encourage cruel sports; they flock to executions.

Among the higher classes themselves, at a more advanced age more humanised, children still are pitiless. They inflict on entities feebler than themselves all the torture they can; they tear off the limbs of insects, only to behold their writhings. They are thoughtless, not cruel: and among men of the highest order in point of civilization, how many are there not who, all their lives, with the polish of marble retain its cold unfeeling hardness: how many who, from nicely calculated selfish motives alone, form the mere wish to earn rich returns for the services they render, in gratitude, in esteem, in admiration, in incense to their vanity, in the acquirement of that good name, so conducive to forwarding even the interests of this nether world—or from the mere solicitude only to surround themselves in their convivial hours by a wreath of mirth-inspiring faces, responsive to their own mirth, re-echoing to themselves the pleasure derived from them, and filling the whole atmosphere around with emanations of joy, are, not only in all their more important dealings with other men, just, fair, and honourable, but are even in their more social intercourse with them, serviceable, and ready ever apparently to put themselves out of the question,

so they can oblige others;—who in the hours of relaxation prove the most agreeable and valuable companions;—and who, nevertheless, when we suffer affliction, or lie on the bed of sickness; when we no longer can afford them the pleasure for which they value our company, think of our sufferings unmoved, and, instead of seeking to alleviate pain by their presence and care, stay away, and turn from us their eyes and thoughts, lest the mere view of our misery should prove infectious.

And this is truly the disposition best fitted to enjoy all the pleasures of this life, and to steer clear of most of its sufferings. It would be the surest game to play, were all to end *here*.

But there are in this world a few men who cannot thus insulate their existence from that of all around: whose active imagination pictures to them the joys and griefs of all other sentient individuals in such lively colours, as to make them regard these beings as further extensions only of their personal individuality; as parts of themselves: —whose sympathetic feelings identify with themselves all other surrounding sentient entities, both in their happiness and in their sufferings.

These men, even where personally in the most enviable situations, cannot feel fully happy, while in the furthest horizon they discover a cloud overcasting the happiness of others. They feel ready to undergo personal privations and pains in order to dispel or alleviate those of persons dear to them, and to promote universal serenity; though in doing so, they still are actuated by feelings of self-love, and views of self-gratification; for their own privations weigh less upon them than the sufferings of others: but while *selfish* self-love is compatible with the misery of others,

nay often produces their sufferings, this species of self-love, including the whole human race, forbids whatever contributes not to universal welfare. And if, after we have shaken off the sufferings of this life, there be in store for us—as the analogy of every phenomenon in nature leads us, even independent of revelation, to expect —another and a better world, in which the interests of each individual separately will be those of all the rest, and where all will be constantly happy, this latter species of self-love must assuredly afford the best preparation for the joys of this better world.

SONNET.

THE CAMELLIA.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

As Venus wander'd 'midst the Idalian bower,
And mark'd the loves and graces round her play;
She pluck'd a musk-rose from its dew-bent spray,
"And this," she cried, "shall be my favourite flower;
For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
Dissolving sweets to steal the soul away;
That Dian's self shall own their sovereign sway,
And feel the influence of my mightier power."
Then spoke fair Cynthia, as severe she smiled,—
"Be others by thy amorous arts beguiled,
Ne'er shall thy dangerous gifts these brows adorn:
To me more dear than all their rich perfume
The chaste camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn."—

THE PORTRAIT.

ILLUSTRATED BY THEODORE HOOK.

It is one of the misfortunes of the stage, one might almost say of the age, that the rich and racy wit of Foote is so mixed up with personalities now obsolete, and indelicacy now inadmissible, as to hinder the representation of some of the most purely humorous farces that ever were written.

The scene which has been so admirably illustrated by Mr. Smirke, in the original of the annexed plate, affords one of the numerous specimens of the vigorous talent of the British Aristophanes. Carmine the artist is employed in painting my Lady Pentweazle, and the dialogue in progress runs thus:—

Lady Pentweazle. Pray, Mr. Carmine, how do you limners contrive to overcome the ugliness, and yet preserve the likeness?

Carmine. The art, madam, may be conveyed in two words:—where Nature has been severe, we soften—when she has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady Pent. Very ingenus and very kind, truly. Well, good sir, I bring you a subject that will demand the whole of the first part of your skill; and if you are at leisure, you may begin directly.

Car. Your ladyship is here a little ungrateful to nature, and cruel to yourself; even Lady Pentweazle's enemies (if she have any) must allow that she is a fine woman.

Painted by R. Smirke, R. A. *Engraved by E. Portbury.*

THE PORTRAIT.

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Lady Pent. Oh, your servant, good sir. I have had my day, Mr. Carmine.

Car. And have still, madam. The only difference I shall make between what you *are* and what you *were*, will be no more than what Rubens has distinguished between Mary de' Medici, a Virgin, and a Regent.

Lady Pent. I vow you are a very judicious person, Mr. Carmine. I was always said to be like that family. When I was first painted, I was done after Venus de' Medici, who, I suppose, was one of Mary's sisters: but things must change; however, my daughter Sukey, who is just married to Mr. Deputy Dripping, of Candlewick ward, would not be said nay, and so I must sit; however, it is not so much for the beauty as the similitude—ha! ha!

Car. True, madam, as you say; but if I hit the likeness, I *must* preserve the beauty. Will your ladyship be seated? [*She sits.*

Lady Pent. Muster Carmine, I have heard that everybody has a more betterer and a more worserer side of the face than the other—now, sir, which do you choose?

Car. The right side, ma'am—the left—now, if you please, the full. Your ladyship's countenance is so exactly proportioned, that I must have it all; not a feature can be spared.

Lady Pent. Muster Carmine, when you come to the eye, let me know, that I may call up a look.

Car. Mighty well, ma'am! your face a little nearer to the left—nearer me—your head more up—shoulders back, chest forward.

Lady Pent. Bless me! Mr. Carmine, don't mend my shape this bout—I'm only in jumps—shall I send for my tabbies?

Car. No, madam, we'll supply that for the present.

Your ladyship was just now mentioning your daughter; is she—your face a little more towards me—is she the sole inheritor of her mother's beauty? or—have you——

Lady Pent. She? Ha! ha! ha! Why she's the youngest of all, except Caleb. Why, Mr. Carmine, I have had—live-born and christened—stay—don't let me tell a lie—one, two, three, four, five: Robin—Roger—Reuben—Ay, I have had twenty as fine babes as ever trod shoe-leather.

Car. Upon my word, madam, your ladyship is an admirable member of the commonweath! 'Tis a thousand pities that, like the Romans, we have not some honours to reward such distinguished merit. Now, madam, now, if you please, I am come to the eye. Oh! that look—that—that I must despair of imitating.

Lady Pent. Oh! oh! have you found out that? Why, sir, all my family, by the mother's side, are famous for their eyes. I have a great aunt amongst the beauties at Windsor; she has a sister at Hampton-court, a perdegeous fine woman! she had but one eye, but that was a piercer—that one eye got her three husbands.—

Shortly after this *piquante* observation, the *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the arrival of the alderman (her ladyship's husband) and her son Caleb, who had been two years and three-quarters at school with Dr. Jerk, of Doncaster; and who had that morning arrived by the waggon in London.

The rest of the scene is strikingly illustrative of the manners of the time at which it was written; but we have no business to travel out of the record, or go beyond the point of "calling up a look," which it seems Mr. Smirke has seized for the *time* of his admirable picture.

THE POET'S ANSWER,

TO A LADY'S QUESTION RESPECTING THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MOST DESIRABLE IN AN INSTRUCTRESS OF CHILDREN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O'ER wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
LOVE, HOPE, and PATIENCE, these must be *thy* GRACES,
And in thine own heart let them first *keep school.*
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe and there sustains it: so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, PATIENCE, LOVE, and HOPE.
Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,
The straiten'd arms uprais'd, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If HOPE prostrate lie,
LOVE too will sink and die.
But LOVE is subtle, and will proof derive
From her own life that HOPE is yet alive.
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus LOVE repays to HOPE what HOPE first gave to LOVE.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When over-task'd at length
Both LOVE and HOPE beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength
Stands the mute sister, PATIENCE, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

DORATHEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HUNGARIAN TALES."

"It may be
That I can aid thee.
Manfred. To do this, thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them."
BYRON.

I AM, as your conjectures have rightly assured you, of British origin; ay!—and in its highest degree—nobly born and nobly bred. There was a time too, when flattering voices assured me that the blood of the Herberts spoke in my air, in my lofty brow, in my sternness of eye and lip; but since I have been a dweller in this land of exile, all consciousness of unavailing dignity has quailed into the drooping of despair. I dare not meet the searching eye of Heaven—why should I presume to brave the scrutiny of my fellow men?—I have fallen beneath them; my glory has departed from me!

We were very young—my sister Dorathea and myself—when our mother died; leaving us to become the consolation of the kindest of fathers, the Lord Herbert of Wrocksley; a stanch and valued adherent to the falling cause of King James. I was scarcely ten years old when we stood together sobbing beside his knee in our black weeds; but little Dora was seven years my junior; and the innocent's smiles of infancy soon came shining through her tears, when our father bade me take her to me to be my child, and watch over her with a mother's heeding, I was proud of my charge,—and I loved her too; for Dora

was then and ever the fairest and gentlest thing that could be moulded into a human form. My sweet, sweet sister!—how good and how fair she was!—

My father willed not that we should too early encounter the enfeebling atmosphere of London. His own residence in the metropolis was that of a true courtier, arbitrary and repining; but his frequent visits to Wrocksley Court, where our childhood and youth were passed, enabled him to note with accuracy his children's development of strength and accomplishment: I will not say our *mental progress*, for the inborn faculties of the mind defy such transitory observation. The rashness of his confidence, indeed, announced a deficiency either of penetration or of opportunity. Unconscious of the despotic character of my disposition, he continued to place my little sister rather under my guidance than that of our common preceptress, Mistress Shirley; a weak and interested woman, in whose estimation my heirship to my father's lands, as well as my prematurity of talent, afforded me a most undue preference. Dora was timid, and somewhat feeble in constitution: her voice was low; her step tremulous; her eyes, when harshly addressed, instantly suffused with tears: but then her smiles were of the same quick prompting;—and when she flung back the fair hair from her mild blue eyes, her looks had all the soothing promise of the rainbow.—Yes! my sister was indeed holy and beautiful as the visible bond of a divine covenant.

I was just eighteen when my father, anxious for my appearance at court, even under the unpropitious aspect which it already began to wear, removed me by the most unnatural transition from the lonely seclusion of Wrocksley, to the brilliant orgies of Whitehall. Yet I was not dazzled

tical position of my native country; and throughout the extent of England, there probably existed not a person upon whom the final blow of the Revolution fell with a more startling abruptness than myself,—under whose very eyes the wires had been affixed to its state puppets.

My father hesitated not to follow the fortunes of a prince whose errors he deplored; but to whom, although himself of the reformed church, he felt his loyalty devoted beyond the intervention of sectarian zeal. And I, even if Sir Wilmot Worsley had not been destined to share the exile of his king—how cheerfully, how rejoicingly, would I have accompanied my indulgent and partial parent to his retreat at St. Germain's. But in Lord Herbert's opposition to my entreaties for permission to share his flight, he was for the first time absolute. He bade me return to Wrocksley, and become a protectress to his orphan Dorathea, trusting to better times for our reunion. He cared not, he said, that his daughters should be apportioned as the prize of some needy papist; he chose that *we*, at least, should remain true to our country and its established creed; and placing us audibly under the protection and the blessing of Heaven, Lord Herbert departed with his master; thus abandoning his private for his public duties.—Verily he had his reward!—

Even as my father's resolve had decreed, I returned to that home wherein Dora had been sporting away her happy hours of childhood; I returned, and oh! with how changed a spirit! At once refined and humiliated,—elevated and degraded,—I was touched as by a wizard's wand, into the tenderest and sweetest charities of womanhood. My look, my voice, my bearing were no longer the same:

like the statue of the ancient sculptor, my obduracy was softened by the soul within;—I loved!—and with the doubting of an humbled heart.

Had I been assured of Worsley's affection,—had we parted in the plighted confidence of lovers,—such was my trust in his nobleness of heart and hand, that during his absence I should not have endured one single uneasy hour. But it was not so.—His attentions had been but those of a friend and a brother; he was deeply involved in the disastrous troubles of the times; he was gone forth into voluntary exile,—and how might the recollection of Miranda prevail against the active interests in which his feelings and his fortunes were now engaged? He might forget me—perhaps had already forgotten me!—and I—there was not an opinion,—a word,—a look of his,—that I did not treasure within my heart of hearts. The echoes of his voice,—I seemed to hear them in my solitude;—the fastidious delicacy of his principles, which had rendered so many things worthless in my sight;—the cold, but high-bred elegance of his demeanour,—all haunted my remembrance, till I scorned myself for such abject worship of one who had given me no right to make him the god of my idolatry.—I scorned myself; yet still I went on loving as before!

I had none to whom I could disclose the conflict in my mind. I have said that our preceptress was a weak and frivolous woman; and Dorathea was yet too much of a child to be intrusted with my secret.—I should have regarded it as pollution to breathe the name of love in ears so pure and so unsuspecting as hers.

Meanwhile, the time passed on. Years were added to years, and still my father was detained in exile; and while I devoted my solitary hours to the care and main-

by the novelty of my position. My haughtiness of heart rendered me superior to the influence of flattery; my innate pride preserved me from the weakness of vanity.

You will readily believe that, gifted with my advantages, and protected by the lavish favour of the king, I had many suitors. It was my destiny, however, to be addressed by those only whom I regarded with indifference—indifference, tempered in some instances by contempt; in others, by aversion. The Lady Miranda Herbert was spoken of, and written of, and sighed for, as the leading beauty of the court:—she was adored, but it was with that love which is akin to hatred: her ungentle scornfulness was manifest even to her worshippers: nay, when the young Lord Lovell withdrew his suit from my harsh rejection, he was moved to exclaim in parting bitterness, "Miranda! the affection you despise will one day be avenged!" In my triumph I laughed his menaces to scorn;—but, wo is me! they were not uttered in vain.

I can scarcely remember through what chance of society I first became acquainted with Sir Wilmot Worsley. There was nothing sufficiently striking in his appearance to have attracted my interest had he addressed me in the deferential terms to which I was accustomed; but while his appointment in the queen's household necessarily insured our meeting at all the festivals of the court, I perceived that the personal charms so incessantly hymned in my ears were powerless to draw him into the little circle of my votaries. In him my vanity encountered its first obstacle; and I was too much of a woman not to determine upon surmounting, at any cost, so determined an opposition. I conquered too! but my victory was dearly bought. In the progress of my attempt, I became

aware that the eyes I had seen fixed with coldness, or disapprobation, upon my own demeanour, were occasionally animated by the most varying and intellectual expression; that the address which had been directed so calmly, so regretfully to myself, was graced at other times by the most refined perfection of courtly breeding; that Worsley's low intense voice was in itself a captivating music; and that the words of its breathing were ineffaceable from the hearts of those to whom they were addressed with fervour. My hour, in short, was come; I loved him!—and with the deeper and the purer interest, that I was long uncertain of the nature of his feelings towards me.

I was long in doubt, I repeat, of the character of Worsley's feelings; but it was the doubting of a woman's heart,—sanguine and restless, and varying with the alternate caprices of hope and confidence. He never, indeed, *said* that he loved me: but it was at *my* side he rode in the ring; it was *my* hand that he still claimed in the midnight masking; it was to commune with *me* only that he lingered, when the royal barges swept by moonlight over the Thames during the summer nights. It is true, that he was often abstracted and inattentive; but the scattered words of his lips came tempered with a grace and an interest unknown to the flippant loquacity of others.

Meanwhile, the state of public affairs wholly withdrew my father's observation from myself and my attachments; and even when he addressed Sir Wilmot, their conversation turned upon the intrigues of the protestant faction, or the unpopular and unfeeling pertinacity of the queen. For myself, engrossed by the influence of a new feeling, I remained wholly and strangely unconscious of the cri-

tenance of his estate, as well as to the perfecting of Dorathea's education, my youth ebbed imperceptibly away; and, absorbed by an engrossing interest, I remained unconscious of the gradual decay of my beauty. I knew that I had improved in every quality sanctified by Worsley's approbation; that I had cultivated each gift and each virtue of his choice; and as to mere personal loveliness, he had seemed to hold it so lightly that I had long become indifferent to its possession.

But although my father's peculiar position, as well as my own inclinations, determined me to remain buried in the strict seclusion of Wrocksley Court, I own I was gratified by an opportunity afforded through the kindness of a near relation of my deceased mother, to acquaint my young sister in some slight measure with the diversions of the capital; and scarcely had she departed for London, leaving me to dream away my solitude during her absence, when one evening,—one calm, fragrant, balmy spring evening,—I saw a stranger of noble and familiar aspect advancing along the green alley leading to my garden bower;—and in another moment,—Worsley himself was beside me.—The beating of my heart had not misled my expectations. He was the bearer of a letter from my father, authorising him to become our inmate. "Mistress Shirley's protection," wrote Lord Herbert, "will be a sanction to Wilmot's temporary residence at Wrocksley; inasmuch as he is already my son by adoption and affection—a tie I trust to see eventually confirmed by his marriage with a beloved daughter."—With my father's letter in my bosom, and Worsley at my side, judge whether I was happy! judge whether the soul-sickness of those long years of absence was repaid!

I could not but observe that Sir Wilmot was duly sensible of the alteration which time, and the chastening of sorrow, had wrought in my disposition; that he regarded me with something of an exulting tenderness, as if conscious of having been instrumental in the change. Nor did my amended prospects and actual happiness tend to re-cloud my brow, or chill my frank, joyous, yet subdued demeanour. There was not one jarring thought within my mind, one discordant feeling within my heart, as day after day I sat by Worsley's side beneath the green and shadowy shelter of the Wrocksley beech-woods;—listening to his prolonged details of the exiled court, or claiming his interest, in turn, for my descriptions of Dora's innocent beauty and elegance of mind, or my eager anticipations of my father's speedy and prosperous return.

One evening, succeeding by many weeks his arrival, while the saloon in which we were sitting was obscured by the creeping summer twilight, and we were indulging in that happy interchange of thought and feeling which summer and twilight render so intimately and sacredly confidential, occasionally interrupting ourselves by a few faint chords of the lute that lay upon my knee;—the door of the chamber suddenly flew open, and Dorathea stole into my arms. I started at the sound of her sweet voice,—and so did Worsley, who was seated by my side; but when, beneath the officious lights which were now introduced into the gloomy apartment, Dora's sylph-like, and pure, and tranquil beauty became revealed, he was motionless with delighted surprise. At the first glance I enjoyed his emotion; at the second an abyss of horror and agony seemed opening at my feet! Amid all the varying expressions I had heretofore recognised in his mutable countenance, I

had never detected the rapt, the luxurious ecstacy of admiration which now thrilled from his eyes, and streamed upon his cheek. My future destiny seemed written there in characters of fire.

I seized the first pretext to escape into my own chamber —to rush with frenzied haste to the tiring-mirror on my toilet—and, lo! I beheld myself for the first time reflected in the terrible portraiture of truth! Distorted by passion, —bewildered by terror,—I saw each altered feature withering under the touch of time and prolonged anxiety. I saw my youth faded by the tears I had shed—*for him*;— I saw my quivering lips blanched by the anticipation of those which yet awaited me;—while a still small voice reiterated in my ears,—"He will forsake thee—Miranda! he will forsake thee!"—Oh! that I could have recalled my youth, and its disregarded beauty—Oh! that I could have laid down my head and died, in a renewal of the blessed self-deception preceding Dora's return!—

I will not—I cannot detail the minute progress and justifications of my suspicions; the gradual estrangement of Worsley's affection from myself, and the visible growth of his new passion. To feel the relaxing pressure of his hand, to mark the chilling calmness of his altered eye, to hear the unwitting change of his endearing expressions, had been comparatively easy of endurance. But it was my destined trial to behold each treasured token of tenderness successively transferred to another; to hear his intonation soften as he addressed my sister; to know his alienated looks of love fixed in rapturous admiration upon her every movement;—and in time I was fated to note the fond and confiding self-abandonment with which Dorathea repaid his devotion. I could not even forewarn her of my

wretchedness, or upbraid her with treachery; for how would it have served me to proclaim that man *my* lover, whom she had only known as—her own! No;—I resigned myself to my calamity;—I presumed not to wrestle with the influence of such perfection of youthful loveliness; I even imparted new graces to the mild lustre of its sweetness, by the contrast of my own sullen or agonized countenance. I resigned myself;—but not unrepiningly. New and dreadful emotions seemed wakening within me; and I shuddered to contemplate the darkness of the mysterious caverns which were revealed to me within the innermost depths of my heart;—I shuddered!—for I scarcely yet knew what demons might be sheltered there.

I cannot but believe that Sir Wilmot Worsley was conscious and apprehensive of the dreadful struggle of passion within my bosom. Yet it was an abject weakness on his part to flee precipitately as he did from Wrocksley;—so mighty was his influence, that had he spoken and pleaded and appealed to the native generosity of my heart, methinks I might have subdued my feelings into patience, under the sustaining excitement of conscious well-doing. But he fled,—leaving my sister—*my victim*—at my merciless disposal. I knew not that he was gone to pray my father's interference; but I *did* know that he had already pleaded his cause, and not in vain, in Dora's ears;—for in her gentle candour she told me all;—that she loved him—that he was hers—her own—her affianced.—Oh! mighty Heaven! how fervent in that hour was my prayer for deliverance from evil;—even from the evil-prompting of my secret soul!

And then came letters and tokens, with which the frenzy of my jealousy urged me to augment my tortures. I read

them—I gazed upon them,—the picture, and the braided hair, and the written records of his love!—I pressed them to my burning brain, my withered heart; and I thought of my wasted youth, and of my lonely age,—till my soul grew dark and swollen with contending passions. And again and again I prayed that heavenly interposition would deliver me from evil!—But Heaven withheld its aid!—and I grew mad with the rampant wickedness of a sinful human nature; and I cursed my innocent sister, and reviled her, and smote her, and held her in stern durance, lest she should communicate my cruel dealing to—*to him!* And lo! one day when, with impatient fury, I had caused her hands to be bound and her steps restrained, that she might not escape me, a stern interposing voice sounded in my ears,—and my father, gray-headed and awful, stood beside us!

He demanded, with solemn utterance, wherefore I had so harshly dealt with his youngest-born?—and the tears stole down his venerable face as he took his dagger from its sheath, and severed the cords which bound my weeping, trembling, rescued sister.—And I saw that *his* heart, too, was in her cause,—that I had lost all,—that I was alone on earth;—and an evil instigation, a demon's suggestion, put words of horror into my mouth.—I told him that his Dorathea had turned unto shame; that his child had become a castaway; that my sister was the minion of Worsley's illicit love!

The dagger was in his hand,—and in his soul the pride of six centuries of unsoiled honour. It was but a blow!—In a moment the sprinkling of her innocent blood was upon me—*the baptism of my eternal condemnation!*—

Spare me, spare me your consolations!—they are unavailing to a sorrow such as mine!

THE HALL OF THE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

NOTWITHSTANDING that the castle of Kilkenny generally held a strong garrison, upon an October evening, in the year 1390, its bastions, towers, and other points of defence were almost unmanned; its courts almost silent; and but a few very old or very young domestics sat in its great hall, with arms in their hands, and with doubt and anxiety impressed on their features. It had sent out its last regular soldier, together with all of its able-bodied serfs, to support their lord, James, Earl of Ormonde, in a battle against the Desmond, touching the rights and bounds of certain lands; and intelligence of the result of the fray was, upon this evening, every moment expected at its gates.

The lady of the fortress knelt in her private chapel, at "the altar of the holy stone," in fervent, but not faltering prayer. The pride of name, the pride of feudal animosity, and the pride of her love of her martial husband, equally kept her heart unconscious of fear. The utmost condescension of her anxiety was to doubt; but nothing did she, or would she, doubt upon the subject which engrossed her soul, so far as regarded its issue by mortal means. Uncontrolled by a superior power, the Botiller, the Ormonde, the lord of her heart and her life, ever commanded success against a Desmond; and she knelt, therefore, only

to pray that the will of God might not, on this occasion, fight against her, and hers.

Her orisons ended, she slowly arose, and after bending her head, and crossing her calm and high forehead before the altar, paced along the solitary chapel, and issued from it through a low, arched door. Many flights of narrow stone steps, twining upward from the foundations of the castle, upon a level with which was the chapel-floor, then conducted her to the suite of small rooms leading into her sleeping-chamber; thence she gained a lobby, which gave entrance to what was called "The Long Gallery" of the edifice; where finding herself alone, the lady of Ormonde blew a shrill and loud call upon the little silver whistle which hung from her neck.

But no person answered her; and while her commanding brow assumed a severe expression, she was again about to put the whistle to her lips, when the notes of a trumpet, sounding the signal for defence, reached her from, as she believed, the embattled wall which faced and fell down to the Nore, full forty feet, although its top was still much lower than the foundation stone of the fortress it helped to defend. The point from which the martial strain seemed to arise was fully commanded by the spacious end window of the long gallery; and thither the lady of Ormonde now repaired, with a more rapid step than was habitual to her.

Arrived at the window, she boldly flung open its casements, and gazed directly downward. Two figures only met her view, those of the individuals whom she had reckoned upon meeting in the gallery after her return from the chapel; namely, Simon Seix, the half-witted foster-brother of her only son (and only child, too), and that only son, himself, mounted on Simon's shoulders, who gal-

loped, or pranced, or curveted, along the terra-plane of the wall.

"The poor born-natural!" she muttered; "again will he disobey my commands not to leave the castle with his young lord? and leave it for such antics, too, and to be played upon that perilous wall; and doubtless it was he who erewhile mimicked the sound of trumpet which so challenged us!"—

The lady recollected Simon's talent for imitating the tones of all the instruments of music which he had ever heard played, as well, indeed, as of the voices of many animals; and even at the moment her surmise was confirmed; for, after he had exceedingly well performed the loud neighing and snorting of an enraged battle-charger, as an accompaniment to a devious and (still the lady thought) perilous caracole, she saw and heard him blow a second trumpet blast through the hollow of his hand, which might well be mistaken for the martial music it faithfully copied. It was a strain of victory and triumph; and Simon seemed enamoured of his own execution of it; for he prolonged the sounds, as though he would never end them, until, at last, they suddenly stopped, breaking off in a ludicrous cadence of terror as the overmastering shrillness of his lady's whistle cut them short.

Turning up his large gray eyes to the open window far above him, he saw the awful figure of his offended mistress half bending from it. Her arm was raised, her hand clenched, and she stamped her foot, and pointed to him to re-enter the castle. The Lord Thomas—so was called the little boy of seven or eight years on his back—looked up also; but while Simon assumed a face of the utmost fright and affliction, he only laughed merrily and

graciously, in answer to his mother's signs; and then, resisting his foster-brother's preparations to place him on his own feet, he obliged Simon still to bear him on his shoulders.

In a few moments, the little lord Thomas appeared before his mother, in the gallery. Her first look towards him was one of grave reprehension; but when, presuming on her love for him, as well as prompted by his own love for her, the boy came bounding forward; his perfectly amiable, and intelligent, countenance wearing smiles, which at once deprecated her anger and admitted error, but made light of it; the stately lady's brow relaxed, and, thinking of his father, she opened her arms to receive him.

"But where tarries Simon Seix, boy? with him, at the least, the overgrown adviser and contriver of all thine antics, I shall call a strict reckoning," she said, after some previous words between them.

Lord Thomas made a gleeish signal to his mother of a confidential understanding sought at her hands, and then composing his features, spoke in a voice of mock solemnity, as he turned towards the door by which he had come in, "Enter, Simon, and face my lady mother."

The ill-contrived figure of Simon, short, thick, and bandy-legged, dragged itself through the doorway, and stood still a few paces past the threshold. His long arms dropt at his sides; his jaw fell; his crooked eye-brows became proportionately elevated; his heavy-lidded eyes turned sideways upon the floor; and altogether he presented a very ludicrous caricature of repentance, fear, and self-abasement, of which one half was, however, only affected: for, with his young lord for an advocate, he really apprehended no bad consequences.

"So, knave," the lady began, "neither your respect for my commands, nor your love and fear of the lord of Ormonde, exposed, at this moment, to utmost peril, can keep you within the castle, with Lord Thomas, sage and sedate, as the time requires him and you to be?"

Simon whiningly, yet with a certain sly expression of tone and manner, replied—"I wot not, gracious lady, wherefore, at this time, aught is required from Lord Thomas, his father's son, or from me, his poor, simple servitor and body-man, save the bearing which bespeaks joyousness and trouble past."

"And why, sirrah, wot you not?"

"Because, by this hour of the day, our good battle hath surely been fought and won, and a Botiller's foot again planted on the neck of a Desmond," answered Simon, confidently.

"Say you so?" continued the lady, her eyes brightening; "and whence come your tidings, sir?"

"From our common thought of what ever must be the fortunes of the Ormonde against his present foe, lady," said the reputed fool; and while he spoke, he gave his noble foster-brother an anxious sign to second his interested sycophancy, in consequence of which, as well, indeed, as in assertion of what he really felt, the boy answered:

"True, Simon; and it would, in sooth, ill become the Ormonde's only son to show, by wearing of a sad face, this even, a doubt of his own gallant father."

"List, excellent lady!" adjured Simon, "his nobleness repeats the very words which drew me from the castle by his side."

"Peace, knave!" said the lady, her face, voice, and manner suddenly changing into great energy as she heard

the well-known sounds of lowering the draw-bridge before the principal gate in the walls of the castle: "Nay, by my holy saint!" she went on rapidly, while a burst of wailing voices reached her from the hall below—"here I have been sinfully bandying words with an idiot, at the moment that I should have bent my knee to heaven! Who comes to greet us? who waits below?" she cried, pacing towards a side-door of the gallery; and she was about to issue through it, when the sound of many feet echoed on the lobby without. She paused, and grew pale. Presently old John Seix, the father of Simon, clad in complete mail, and looking jaded and agitated, presented himself before her: the few servants left in the castle crowded at his back. Her eyes met his, and during their short but eloquent glance, she drew in her lips hard, crossed one hand over her bosom, and with the other, extended at full length, motioned him to speak.

"The noble Ormonde lives, dear lady," answered the old man; and there he paused.

"But the battle is lost, John Seix?" she said, apparently with calmness. Evasively he replied, that his lord, in quick retreat upon Kilkenny, close prest by the Desmond, had despatched him to bid his lady summon the citizens of the town to arms; that some of them might help to garrison the castle, and some hasten to join his army at Green's-bridge, a mile up the river, where he purposed making a last brave stand against his old foe.

"All things shall be tried," answered his lady: and thereupon she despatched one domestic to the civil authorities of the town, over whom the house of Ormonde held despotic sway; and another, to the steeple, which held the great clock, in the courtyard, with orders to ring

the alarum. "John Seix," she resumed, walking up and down the gallery—"however may betide this last struggle at the bridge, I give way to no fears for the dear and precious life of the Ormonde; supposing him a war-prisoner at the present moment, a Desmond hath never lived who dares to harm a hair of his head."

"Nor ever shall live, to but think of it, mother," said the almost infant Lord Thomas, coming to her side and taking her hand; his childish tears, which had flowed at John Seix's first news, being now almost dried up. She raised him in her arms and pressed him to her bosom, but she did not weep. After setting him on the floor again, she continued:

"No, old and faithful servant; I fear not the poor Desmond on my lord's account; but—should he a second time prove fortunate at yonder bridge, and afterwards break his rude way into our castle, here—then, John Seix, ungarrisoned and lone as we are—then would I fear him on mine own account."

"And wherefore, mother?" demanded the boy at her side, while old Seix sighed heavily and assentingly.

"It needs not that I inform you of the broad grounds of my fear," she resumed, still addressing her old house-steward: "before my marriage with my noble lord, you remember his bold pretensions to my favour—they were plain to all the world: nathless, no living creature, save myself, can now tell you the especial reason why—woman, wife, lady and—mother, as I am"—her accents trembled; she stopt her rapid walk, and put her hand on her son's head, while he looked up into her face most intently, though not as if he comprehended her present discourse—"the especial reason why my soul begins to shrink before the Desmond."—

"Hark to the noise which comes faintly down the river, lady," said, to her great surprise, Simon Seix, the half-fool, speaking seriously and steadily, as he gracelessly moved from a corner in which he had hitherto been standing unnoticed, though, perhaps, not without noticing all he saw and heard; and edging round by the wall, approached the end window of the gallery.

"Ay, and so it does!" exclaimed his mistress, hurrying to the point of observation before him; "and, for the nonce, Simon, well have you spoken."

She gained the open window. Quick as a flash, her glance shot at once up the river, to the bridge, and there fixed itself. The October evening began to close in, and it was sunless and heavy; yet the twilight did not so much prevail as to hinder her from distinguishing the general features of things at a good distance.

The faint shouting and uproar still came down the Nore: but nothing to interest her as yet occurred upon the bridge. In a very short time, however, the wild tumult growing louder, she saw a large body of armed men pour over it, rapidly and in disarray; and some rallied at the country side of the bridge, some between its battlements, and some at its town side. The lady of Ormonde knew that these were her husband's men, hotly pursued by the Desmond; and that they now prepared to make the last stand of which old Seix had spoken to her. Nor were they allowed much time to prepare themselves; nor did they long resist the fierce attack of their assailants. The particular incidents of the struggle she could not see; but in the furious shouts of the Desmond, at first confident and insulting, and then cruel and triumphant; in the haughty blasts of their trumpets; in the gradual receding from the bridge of her lord's bands, as those of his

enemy thronged thick upon it; and in the frequent plunge of men and horses into the river, at that point evidently possessed at first by her friends:—in all these occurrences, the unhappy lady saw, too plainly, signs of discomfort and of wo to her husband, his child, and herself.

Old Seix, watching her from the interior of the gallery, needed nothing but her action, and the expression of her countenance, to tell him the issue of the fray, and to impart to his own bosom the successive emotions which agitated hers. When she first looked out from the window, he knew by her bending attitude, extended neck, and unwinking eyes, that, as yet, she saw nought which she had expected to see. Suddenly, in answer to the rush of the Ormondes over the bridge, she stood upright, and clenched her hands at her sides: then she bent low again, and her fingers grasped her knees; and then she started, a second time, to her full height, stamped with one foot, waved an arm round her head with a quick, chucking action of impatient command; and, finally, in observance of a termination which has not been described by us, she threw up her hands, locked them together, and dropped her head between her arms.

"All is over, lady of Ormonde," demanded Seix.

"It is, John," she answered; "our base hinds fly like the poor deer they are only fit to tend, scattered and wild, over the distant country."

"Do the Desmonds pursue?" again asked the house-steward.

"Gallantly!" replied the lady; "and all in a body—not a man stays on the bridge."

"Then we have some pause, dear mistress; since none of them hasten this way."

"Ay, I grant you, if our townsmen enter the castle in

time. But where linger they? false, burgeois churls! Begone, thou, John Seix, and assay to rouse their sluggish spirit! But no—hold an instant—it may—it may be so!" She interrupted herself, by speaking these last words in a joyous, hopeful tone, as she again looked up the river.

"The Ormondes, lady?" questioned the old man.

"By Heaven! I do believe it is, John Seix! Some five or seven mounted men have parted from the confused body of pursuers and pursued, beyond the bridge—and now regain it—now spur fiercely over it—and one keeps a-head of the others—and now I lose him and them as they turn into the town——Quick, quick, John Seix, and mount the turret over the grand gate—thither they repair, whoever they be—quick, old man! I wait you here."

The house-steward did as he was commanded. In a short time after he had taken his position in the turret, seven horsemen galloped up the ascent which led from the near end of the town to the castle; and one, of noble bearing, led the rest. But as it was now deep twilight, and as the riders kept their vizors down, he could not, at a first look, pronounce whether they were friends or foes. Coming nearer, he fixed his glance upon a banner which they bore, and his heart beat with joy, for it was the banner of the Ormonde. He challenged them, as they pulled their reins before the gate; they, one and all, shouted the gladdening word; and he hastened from the turret to admit them within the walls of the castle.

Meantime, his lady impatiently, pantingly, awaited his return to the gallery. Leaving the window, she cast herself at first into a seat; then quickly arose: paced the gallery; stopped; listened; took her son's hand, and rapidly walked with him to the door at the remote end.

She had again heard the unbarring of the gate, and the

lowering of the drawbridge. Now she distinguished hasty steps ascending through the castle to the gallery. A few paces from the end door, she stood still: a knight clad in full armour entered. In height and figure, he resembled her husband: but his vizor was down. Upon that she fixed her eye. An instant passed in silence, neither moving. The knight slowly raised his hand, and put up his vizor—it was the Desmond!

She did not scream nor start, nor even step back, for her heart had misgiven her, and spared her a surprise which might have betrayed the heroic lady into some weakness which she would have scorned to show.

"I know you, Desmond," she only said, nodding her head, and endeavouring to look down his deep and fearful stare; "ay, and I knew you, before you put your hand to your casque."

"You did, Petronilla?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Call me by my own name, here in mine own castle, Desmond;—the lady of Ormonde is that name; none other have you license to utter; and then tell me, what would Piers Gerald of Desmond with the lady of Ormonde—with her, and with her son, whom she holds by the hand?"

"It pleasures me," he answered, evasively, "that you knew me, as you say."

"And wherefore should it?"

"Because the knowledge so little angered you towards me, when I feared far otherwise of our meeting, lady of this castle."

"And is that all? Then I tell you, Desmond, build nought upon such a seeming. Learn, rather, that there be some in the world, who deeply feel, though they despise much outward show of *what* they feel; and who leave

actions in the stead of words to decide between them and those they love or hate, honour or spurn."

"And 'tis well, passing well, that thus calmly we *do* meet," he resumed; "for it hits the fashion of the time, and the change of——"

"Of what?" she interrupted, for a woman, almost sternly—"the change of what? what change? Think you, Desmond, that, for an hour's mishap, the first he ever knew from *your* hand, at the least—the lord of Ormonde, or I, his wife, will brook that word? think you that spirit bends or snaps so soon? think you that the cowards who fled from you on yonder bridge make a tithe of the Ormonde's truer and loyaler vassals and fighting men? or, granting that he stood alone to-night, in some nook of his own wide lands, think you no other friends may be near, although come from far, to take his part and give you back to him, hand to hand, and foot to foot?"

"What other friends?" asked Desmond.

"Hark in your ear—true English friends! ay, Desmond, and with one who loves the Ormonde to bid them on—with England's king to bid them on!" she continued, exultingly.

"Who hides behind this arras, to witness our discourse?" demanded Desmond, striding to the place of which he spoke, his hand placed on his sword.

"Harm not my poor jester, black Desmond!" cried the little Lord Thomas, springing after him from his mother's side; "none but he, Simon Seix, the half-witted, is there, and he has only crept behind the arras to sleep."

The child pulled aside the arras as he spoke, and discovered, indeed, Simon Seix, sitting behind it, his clumsy, bony knees crippled up into his mouth, and his

whole figure curiously twisted into the smallest possible size, while he seemed, at least, to sleep profoundly.

"Bid him awaken, and to the hall with you, for pastime, my brave man," said Desmond, shaking Simon with his mailed hand till he opened his eyes, uttering a strange cry, and starting to his feet. "May they not leave the gallery, lady?" resumed Desmond: "our speech grows of import."

"But surely of no value to an infant and a simpleton," answered the lady of Ormonde; "wherefore, Desmond, they may not leave the gallery for the hall."

"Dicken Utlaw, my proved body-man, will there do service and ward upon your fair son," continued Desmond.

"And *is* he there? *he?* Dicken Utlaw, your *proved* body-man?" asked the lady. "I know of him; in my days of unwedded youth, I had a reason to know of him, the which you can tell; and, oh! heaven forgive you, Desmond, the intents, in furtherance of which you bring that stony-hearted Dicken into this castle!"

"If the child and the fool are to rest here," rejoined Desmond, "I pray you let it be at the end of the gallery, out of hearing."

To this she assented, and the young Lord Thomas and Simon Seix accordingly withdrew to the window.

"And now, lady, touching your wild speech of the English king's coming to Ireland——"

"He lands to-day, at Waterford, Desmond: 'tis as wild as that—England's second Richard—at Waterford."

"Hush!" cried Desmond, as he perceived that Simon had again drawn near them, alone, so cautiously, that his steps were not heard: "now, sirrah, do you dare to pry into the discourse of your lady and myself?"

Simon humbly and earnestly denied any such bold and

sinful design; and reproved and chidden, he again withdrew, while Desmond went on with what he had to say.

"Lady, 'tis passing strange I should not have heard of this: but, let the king be at Waterford; I shall have loyal friends to wait on him there before midnight; you can have none—"

"The Ormonde may think of having some there, before midnight, Desmond."

"Alack the day, lady!" said Desmond, sighing.

"Ha!" she cried, receding from him, "when *you* put on that seeming grief, there must be a black tale for me to hear, in good sooth!—Speak, man! you have jumped upon his body,—laid prostrate by thousands for you,—and then passed your coward knife through his noble heart."

"The Ormonde forced me to the field, lady, in just defence of my bounds of lands; but, otherwise, I bore him no ill blood: his life I never sought; and, had I seen it threatened, would have saved it: but the last melée was fierce upon the bridge, and he fell ere I knew that——"

"Dead! my Ormonde dead!" she cried, clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes on Desmond.

"I bore his banner to your gate—please you to see it in the hall?—Could he have drawn living breath when that was done?"

"I think, no," she answered; "and you have reached him, then? And now, Desmond, 'tis in your mind that all looks clear for the fulfilling of an old oath."—Stern despair was in her tones, as she uttered these words.

"Sweet lady, pass we that worthless matter—an error of mere youth, and nought besides—unless we add an outbreaking of passionate love, as pure and true as——"

"Insolent fool as well as villain!" again interrupted the

lady: "where are you, boy? Come hither to my side, and hold fast by my hand—hither, hither! ha!" as she turned round, and looked towards the end of the spacious and dusky apartment. "My child hath left the gallery—with his poor fool, too! and left it, for what company!—for what chances! Desmond, I leave you to go seek him; and aid me in the task; and promise not to part us, when I find my boy, and I will kneel down to bless you."

Terrible fears of Desmond's designs began to press on her mind, and she scarce knew what she said. Her unwelcome visitor earnestly promised to do as she requested of him; and they left the gallery by different doors. Desmond hastened to the hall, where taking Utlaw aside, he said to him in a whisper—"Dicken, if by some secret outlet the young spawn of the Ormonde hath evaded us, we nearly lose our present game. Search well the courts and outbuildings——"

The calls and cries of the afflicted mother, echoing through the castle, interrupted his speech. She rushed into the hall, still uttering the name of her child. "You have murdered him, too!" she exclaimed, wildly, stopping before Desmond. "Ay, you! even while we spoke, above, some devils in your service spirited him away. Give place!" She darted past him, and left the hall, to engage in another search.

Desmond followed close in her steps to receive the child, for himself, if he should be found. His confidential follower explored every hiding-place out of doors. None of them succeeded: and then Dicken and some trusty comrades mounted their horses to ride to the town, and through all the surrounding country.

Half an hour before the lady of Ormonde missed them, Simon Seix, stealing on tiptoe to the nearest side-door, had carried the child out of the gallery in his arms. By private and obscure passages which, as he whispered to his young charge, the Desmond's men would not be found to have yet mounted guard upon, they then gained nearly the same spot, under the window of the long gallery, where, some hours before, he had enacted, together, the parts of battle-charger and of trumpeter to the little Lord Thomas. Here he put the boy on his feet, and stooped down upon the terra-plane of the wall. "John, the father of Simon, showed it to me more than once," he said: and, while speaking, he contrived to loosen a small stone, and extract it from the surrounding ones. A ring appeared: he tugged at it with all his strength, and a square portion of the smooth, small flags, moved, were displaced, and discovered narrow steps winding down in darkness through the thickness of the wall.

"Now, noble son of the noble Ormonde, and most noble foster-brother of a born natural, remember all you promised me while we whispered together at the window over our heads," resumed Simon.—"Here be the steps which will free us of the castle; and, though it seemeth somewhat dark a little way downward, still trust to my guidance; for the sake of thy dear lady-mother, and of thy——"

"I am not afraid, witless," interrupted the child; "take my hand, and lead me after you."

Without another word, Simon safely conveyed him to the bottom of the turning steps. Here they stood in utter darkness; the misnamed fool groping with his two hands over the rough surface which temporarily opposed their further progress. A joyful exclamation soon told, how-

ever, that he had found what he sought; and the next moment a part of the wall (here but of a slight thickness), framed in iron, moved inward on hinges, and they saw, through a low arched opening, only a few feet from them, the river whose rapid dash and chafe had come on their ears as they descended.

A rugged bank, often interrupted by eddies and little coves of the river, fell from the foundation of the wall into the Nore. Along this, his back turned to John's bridge and the town, and his young foster-brother once more astride on his shoulders, Simon was soon hurrying. The wall made an abrupt turn, striking off at right angles, inland: he turned with it, and still pursued its course.

"There is the paddock, truly; but where is my lord's favourite horse for the chase?" he said, after having made considerable way—"nay, I see him—and now for a hard ride, without saddle, and a *suggaun* bridle in hand."

Some hay was piled in the paddock: from it he adroitly and quickly spun his *suggaun*—fastened it on the head of the fleet courser—placed the child on the animal's back—vaulted up behind him—and a few minutes, over hedge and ditch, brought them to a highway.

"For Waterford, Raymond!" cried Simon, shaking his hay bridle: "and we have need to see the end of the twenty-and-four Irish miles in little more time than it will take to count them over!"

"'Tis well to be a fool, ay, and a sleepy fool, too, at times, Simon, else neither Raymond, nor his riders for him, would know the road so well," said the child.

"There be tricks in all born crafts, your little nobleness," replied Simon; "else how would fools, or even wise men, win bread? In sooth, I deemed I might catch a

needful secret behind the arras; though I wot not of the road till I bethought me of treading lightly back from the window to hear another word."

It was night—but a moonlight one—when the hoofs of their courser beat hollowly along the banks of the Suir: they had avoided the town, and followed the widening of the river a little distance beyond it. Unpractised as were his eyes to such a sight, Simon soon was aware that a great many ships floated on the moon-lit water; that boats moved to and from them; and that large bodies of soldiers, destined for taking the field against the formidable young Irish chief, Arthur Mac Murchad O'Kavanah, were every moment landing. While he looked, a sentinel challenged him. He reined up his foaming horse, and answered, by giving the name of the Lord Thomas of Ormonde, and demanding to see the king. The soldier scoffed at his request; and, as Simon insisted, his words grew rough and high. A group of noble looking men, who, from a near elevation of the bank, had been watching the disembarkment, were attracted towards the spot; and one, a knight completely clad in splendid armour, advanced, alone, from the rest, saying, "The Lord Thomas of Ormonde to have speech of the king?—where bides this Lord Thomas, Master mine?"

"I am the Lord Thomas of Ormonde!" answered Simon's little charge, spiritedly, and as if in dudgeon that he had not been at once recognised.

"Thou, gramercy, fair noble?" continued the knight, good-naturedly, as he touched his helmet. "And on what weighty matter wouldst thou parley with King Richard?"

"An you lead me to him, like a civil knight and good, Richard himself shall learn," replied the child.

"Excellent well spoken," whispered Simon to his charge; "abide by that fashion of speech."

"By our lady, then, like civil knight and good, will I do my devoir by thee, Lord Thomas of Butler," resumed the knight; "little doubting that the king will give ready ear to thy errand, for passing well he affects one of thy name, the Lord James, Earl of Ormonde."

"Which noble earl is mine own father," said the boy.

The knight showed real interest at this intelligence; and commanding the horse which bore Simon and the child to be led after him, walked towards the town of Waterford.

Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a fresh steed, and accompanied by their patron and a body of well-armed soldiers, our adventurers galloped back to Kilkenny. The knight had pressed their stay till morning; but Lord Thomas and Simon convinced him that for the sake of the lady of Ormonde this ought not to be. She required not only to have her son restored to her, but also to be protected against the Desmond, who, ere morning's dawn, might work her irremediable harm. Finding these reasons good, the friendly knight resolved to bear them company.

Upon the road, he arranged with Simon various plans of proceeding; and upon a particular point was wholly governed by the simpleton's advice. Simon said that there was but one vassal of the Desmond in Kilkenny castle, who, after the tidings they had to communicate, would at all hazards attempt to spill blood. "Then can ye not make free with his, before I enter the castle-hall?" demanded the knight. Simon demurred, but proposed an alternative.—"We will make him drunk with wines, till he sleeps soundly," said Simon; "and then, upon hearing of my signal, a child may enter the hall."

The knight assented; but added, "Good success still rests upon the chance of the Desmond's army not having yet marched from the field to greet their lord in the Ormonde's fortress; for, though our liege comrades here may well suffice to master the knaves already within its walls, they could not withstand thousands."

Notwithstanding this chance against them, the travellers held on, however, and by midnight gained the secret door through which Simon had escaped from the castle wall upon the rough and scanty bank of the Nore. Previously, all had dismounted, and, conducted by him, were now ushered, stealthily, into the interior of the castle; and their hopes grew high, when it appeared evident that Desmond's army had not yet come to garrison it.

Few moments then elapsed until Simon entered the hall of the castle, leading his foster-brother by the hand. By the light of a tripod, suspended from the arched roof, he saw his old father stretched on the tiled floor, mournfully supporting his head upon his hand, and guarded by a soldier; at the oak table, immediately under a Scottish broad sword and buckler, won by the Ormonde, some years before, in a battle against the Bruce, when that chieftain made pretensions to the crown of Ireland, sat Dicken Utlaw, the man whom Simon had meant when he spoke of the single follower of Desmond, whose hand would be prompt to shed the blood even of his liege king, in defence of his lord, or in revenge of his discomfiture. A wine cup and a flagon stood at the ruffian's hand, by means of which he had already anticipated, half way, Simon's designs upon him.

Utlaw's voice was high and angry, as the two truants appeared before him: and in fact, he was roundly expressing his wrath against them for the useless chase they

had led him over all the neighbouring roads, and from which he had only lately returned. So soon as his eyes met theirs, he started up, roaring forth commands to the armed man who stood guard over old Seix, to secure the door of the hall.

"It does not need," answered the boy; "we come hither to be your prisoners, good Dicken."

"Ay, thou vagrant imp! and whence come ye so suddenly, after all our chase, as if ye grew out of the ground, or were blown in upon a wind?" asked Utlaw.

"Perchance even as thou sayest, we come," answered Simon, "for, all this evening, we have footed it merrily with the fays of Brandon-hill; and be patient now, sweet Dicken Utlaw," as the bravo raised his sheathed sword, "and but suffer us to enact for your pleasure one of the good dances they taught us, and I will bribe my father here, the house-steward, to whisper thee in what corner of the cellar thou mayest chance on a magnum of such renowned wine as has scarce filled to-night the empty flagon at thy hand."

Dicken became somewhat soothed; and growling an exhortation to the sentinel to guard all his prisoners well, strode off to avail himself of the ready instructions of old Seix. During his short absence, Simon studied the features of the soldier who rested on his tall spear near the door, and drew comfort from their tranquil and even benevolent expression. Utlaw returned to his seat at the oak table, called the wine good, and gulped it down rapidly: it was of great power, and Simon knew the fact well. But it also seemed capable of making him obliging, for he consented to see the fashion of the dance practised by the hill-elves; and accordingly, Simon, with a whisper to the

child, performed a vagary so grotesque that the drunken savage laughed hoarsely in his cup, and the guard smiled quietly on his post.

Simon continued his frolics, till the critical powers of Dicken began rapidly to desert him. Very soon afterwards, he slept profoundly, snorting like the swine he was. Simon now preparing for his most important feat, proposed that Lord Thomas should take a war-horse; namely, an old weapon at hand, and ride it about the hall to the notes of the trumpet. The boy was soon mounted, and Simon taking up an useless scroll of parchment, and rolling it loosely, applied it to his mouth.

Before he would blow his signal blast, however, he glanced into the face of the sentinel, and afterwards to the half open door of the hall. The man was still smiling good-naturedly at the gleeish gambols of the little Lord Thomas; and, in the gloom without the hall, Simon caught glimpses of armed men: one of whom presently entered, unseen by the soldier, and bent watchfully over the snoring Dicken.—"Now to the charge!" cried Simon, addressing his foster-son; and to the astonishment of the sentinel, of the knight who had just stealthily come in (Simon's friend at Waterford)—and of every one in the castle—a perfect trumpet sound rang through the spacious building.

Dicken sprang to his feet, half conscious, and was instantly felled to the ground by a blow of the knight's battle-axe, who had been watching him. Old Seix arose, and seized his sword.—Simon armed himself with the weapon upon which the child had been astride, and placed himself spiritedly, though grotesquely, before him. The sentinel quickly brought his spear to his hip, and stood

Painted by C. R. Leslie R.A.

Engraved by J. Mitchell

THE CASTLE HALL

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upon the defensive, regarding the stranger knight (who wore his vizor down) with a threatening look; but a second knight now gaining that person's side, rendered his hostility vain. Almost at the same moment, an uproar and a clash was heard through the castle—presently the lady of Ormonde ran shrieking into the hall,—and she shrieked wildly again, though not in the same cadence, as she caught up her child to her bosom. She was quickly followed by Desmond, now the prisoner of some of Simon's friends. The bold lord had fought desperately, and bled from his wounds, though the rage which was upon him did not allow him to think of them.

"What treachery is this? and what villains be these?" he exclaimed, as he came in, "who calls himself chief here?"

The knight who wore his vizor down raised his arm, and touched his breast in answer.

"Then call thyself by such name no longer!" continued Desmond; and with that he suddenly freed himself from his guards, snatched the sentinel's long spear, and aimed a thrust at the knight.

"Traitor! stay thy hand!" exclaimed his antagonist, in a voice of high and dignified command; "thou knowest not what thou doest—nor that indeed, thy feudal sceptre is here broken in pieces—Look at me now!" he exposed his face.

"Richard, the king!" faltered Desmond, dropping on his knee, as the lady of Ormonde and all in the hall knelt with him.

ODE TO AN EAGLE.

BY THE HON. HENRY LIDDELL, M. P.

ÆTHERIAL bird! that on the mountain's peak,
  Reposing in the sun thy mighty pinions,
Look'st from thy throne of clouds o'er cliff and creek,
Or with expanded plumes and sharpen'd beak,
  Rangest at will thy undisturb'd dominions!
Majestic monarch of the sky!
How mean appears man's destiny,
When, sailing in the blue profound,
Thou wheel'st in measured circles round!
Or borrowest the lightning's speed,
Such as of old rapt Ganymede:
Behold thee darting from above
The winged messenger of Jove!
Him thy resounding plumage bore
Aloft from Simois' winding shore,
To minister in blest abodes,
An earthborn cupbearer to gods;
While his reft flock o'er Ida driven
Gazed on their guardian's flight to heaven.
  Bird of rapine! bird of glory!
Who, in the page of Grecian story,
Hath follow'd Ammon's warrior son
To Issus' plain from Macedon,
Nor wondering mark'd thy victor wing,
High poised above the heroic king?
He, borne along the waves of war,
Dash'd on the mitred Persian's car,
And hail'd thee from his steed of fire,
Proud omen of his awful sire.

Lordly bird of high dominion!
Under thine imperial pinion
Rome her banners wide unfurl'd,
Mistress of a prostrate world!
From Calpe's cliffs, and Afric's sand,
To sea-girt Thulé's bounding strand;
From the banks of fair Garonne,
To thy dark ruins, Babylon,
Hear her shouts victorious ring,
Triumphant mark her eagle wing.
Bird of conquest! bird of sorrow!
A later tyrant dared to borrow
The splendour of thy magic name,
And nobly won the wreath of fame.
O'er Alpine snows, and Adda's flood,
Trace his ruthless path in blood;
Austrian maids shall long abhor
Red Marengo's conqueror.
Him Vienna's sons await,
Mourning at her broken gate;
While her Danube's mazy flow
A moment checks th' advancing foe.—
How sternly calm th' invader sits
Amid thy carnagé, Austerlitz!
How scornful hears, on Jena's plain,
A royal heroine plead in vain!
His star is waned—his race is run!—
Where is dread Napoleon?
Gallia's eagle backward driven,
Quail'd beneath an arctic heaven;
Europe's conqueror subdued,
Lies in his rocky solitude:

A thousand leagues of salt sea foam
Have borne him to his island home;
Here his crimes and sorrows cease——
The mighty exile sleeps in peace.
———And haply thou, sad bird and lone,
With drooping wing and ruffled plume,
Above the warrior's lowly tomb,
Sit'st like a spirit, on thy mountain throne,
To guard from touch profane his monumental stone.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Did ever man a woman love
And listen to her flattery,
Who did not soon his folly prove,
And mourning rue her treachery?

For were she fair as orient beams,
That gild the cloudless summer skies,
Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
Or melting as true lovers' eyes,

Or were she pure as falling dews,
That deck the blossoms of the spring,
Still, man, thy love she would misuse,
And from thy breast contentment wring.

Then trust her not though fair and young,
Man has so many true hearts grieved,
That woman thinks she does no wrong,
When she is false and he deceived.

THE PROPHET OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY LORD NORMANBY.

That "all the world's a stage" has become a trite adage—that "each man in his time plays many parts" is not more true, than that every spot of ground has, in the lapse of ages, been in turn the theatre of many a varied act. In the course of the last few centuries, the accompanying scenery and decorations with which the changeful drama of human life is ever repeated, has been often shifted with a pantomimic profusion.

It is but three hundred years ago, and (though a thousand miles from the place where these words now are written), what is more to the purpose, almost on the very spot where they will be published, that the event which I am going to commemorate happened.

So changed since then is every thing around, that the local identity seems as impossible, as it used to me, when a boy, to believe that the very boards on which I had seen Siddons "and Sorrow sit," could be the same on which, half an hour afterwards, Grimaldi grinned and tumbled.

Now, on a fine summer evening, at the hour when the sun in vain attempts to force his horizontal rays through the steam of the many thousand kitchens which just then smoke between his western bed and St. Paul's churchyard, the thronged foot pavement, with its mingling myriads in search of business or of pleasure; the discordant shouts of the evening newsmen; the clang of the departing mails;

the jostling ranks of drags or of drays, would all offer to any individual who wished to escape observation that safest passport to secrecy, the solitude of an eager occupied crowd.

But on the same spot, in the month of July, 1514, the last rays of the setting sun, ere they sank behind the gable end of a low, two-storied house, in unmitigated brilliancy lighted up an obscure alley, which then stretched eastward; and upon the whole length of its pavement, there fell but one elongated shadow of a solitary female figure. She was enveloped in a sort of horsewoman's long cloak, which as completely concealed her dress and person as her hood veiled her face and head-gear, and left her rank in life doubtful; though the quality and condition of these outward garments would proclaim her, at least, in the station of a respectable merchant's family. She was above the middle height, and from the graceful folds of the drapery, when she so disposed the cloak that its inconvenient length should not impede her progress, her figure seemed slight and well formed. Her step had the elasticity of extreme youth, though the small foot and slender ankle, which the uplifted cloak just disclosed, appeared but little used to such rough roads, as occasionally she rather slipped and tottered over the broken and uneven pavement, than picked her way with the steady tread which habit gives. She stopped before a low door at the further end of the alley, and beckoned to a negro page, who just then appeared at that corner by which she had entered, and who seemed to have been stationed there to watch if her steps had been marked by any accidental passenger. He hastily advanced towards her; when she still communicated with him only by signs; and, as they were then apparently

quite alone, this imperfect mode of inquiry was more probably dictated by some natural infirmity on his part, than the dread of listeners on hers. The page's gestures implying security, she ventured to knock at the door before which she had arrived, which was that of an astrologer or wise man, whose prophecies were then much in vogue, though his actual residence was not generally known.

The open reception given to persons of this description by Louis XI. of France suited the inconsistent character of that weak, though wily, monarch; but was not an example likely to be frequently followed. In general, the great ones of the land, whether kings or nobles, however little they might really be able to resist an instinctive inclination to traffic with these retail dealers in futurity, felt ashamed of it, as a sort of contraband indulgence, and the professors of an art, whose influence was rather irresistibly felt than readily acknowledged, were more likely to be extravagantly rewarded than openly honoured; and were often as much paid for their silence as to the present proceedings of those who consulted them, as for their disclosures as to their future fate.

The popular pretender, to whose temporary dwelling we have conducted a female disciple, encouraged in every respect the air of mystery with which all who visited him were inclined to envelope their joint transactions. He changed his residence frequently—disappeared suddenly—and when it was again whispered where he was to be found, few knew when and whence he had come: his real name was uncertain, and the appellations by which he was known various and contradictory: his original extraction was doubtful; and all that was confidently asserted was in general terms, that he had come from the east. All

this obscurity he found answered his own ends. Those who visited him under the seal of secrecy were his most liberal customers; and those who placed the most implicit faith in him owned that he was not indifferent to the rapidity with which he filled his coffers. This change of abode, also, saved him many visits from the minions of the law, whose forbearance he was sometimes obliged to purchase by refunding to their cupidity what he had extracted from the credulity of their own immediate superiors. The Prophet of St. Paul's was the title by which, from the situation of his new residence, he was known amongst those who, having made the discovery, whispered it to others who, like themselves, wished to profit by the knowledge.

Upon this occasion he was found, by the muffled figure whom we have conducted into his presence, seated in a study, whose whole arrangement was in such admirable keeping with the pretensions of the person who occupied it, that it appeared as if adapted for ages to similar purposes, instead of having been only recently so tenanted upon a forced change of residence. Every thing in the room, even to the decorations on the walls, was connected with the art there practised. All the furniture, for whatever use intended, bore in shape some connexion with mystic signs and hieroglyphic figures: on every side were scattered in profusion, books of science, globes, and glasses; and on a shelf at the other end, were ranged various chemical preparations, in the use of which, in some of his mysteries, the tenant of this apartment was also a proficient.

The person who, under the title of the Prophet of St. Paul's, received the present visitor, was seated at a table

facing the entrance; and the light which came from above was so disposed as to fall upon the disciple, who usually stood opposite, and not to show so clearly the countenance of the professor, unless he purposely leaned forward: his person was enveloped in the loose robes of his art; a beard so long and profuse, that it seemed as if it must have been coeval with the first adoption of his present studies, flowed towards his girdle, and covered the lower part of his face. The complexion of the upper part was of a swarthiness almost unnatural, except in a case of constant exposure to a tropical sun; and on his head he wore a quaint and mystical sort of bonnet, also adorned with the symbols of his art. As the cloaked female and her attendant page presented themselves before him, a slight shade of displeasure seemed to pass over his countenance, as if the continuance of this disguise on her part indicated a want of confidence at variance with their relative position. Without, however, noticing this farther, he asked her, concisely, "What art thou now? and what dost thou or dread or wish to be?"

She seemed to hesitate a moment, as if doubting what turn to give to her reply, and then answered, "An exile's child, who herself dreads an exile's fate."

There was something in this answer which seemed to surprise him. He leaned forward, cast upon her a penetrating glance, which her still closely drawn hood enabled her to evade: he then in succession examined two or three of the vast volumes before him—again leaned forward—fixed his eyes upon her, and uttered slowly, in a scornful tone—"Most foul is that fiction which would dress its deformity in the outward garb of truth!—Most weak is that wit which, to deceive, trusts to the ignorance of him from whom it seeks knowledge! My father's exile led to power

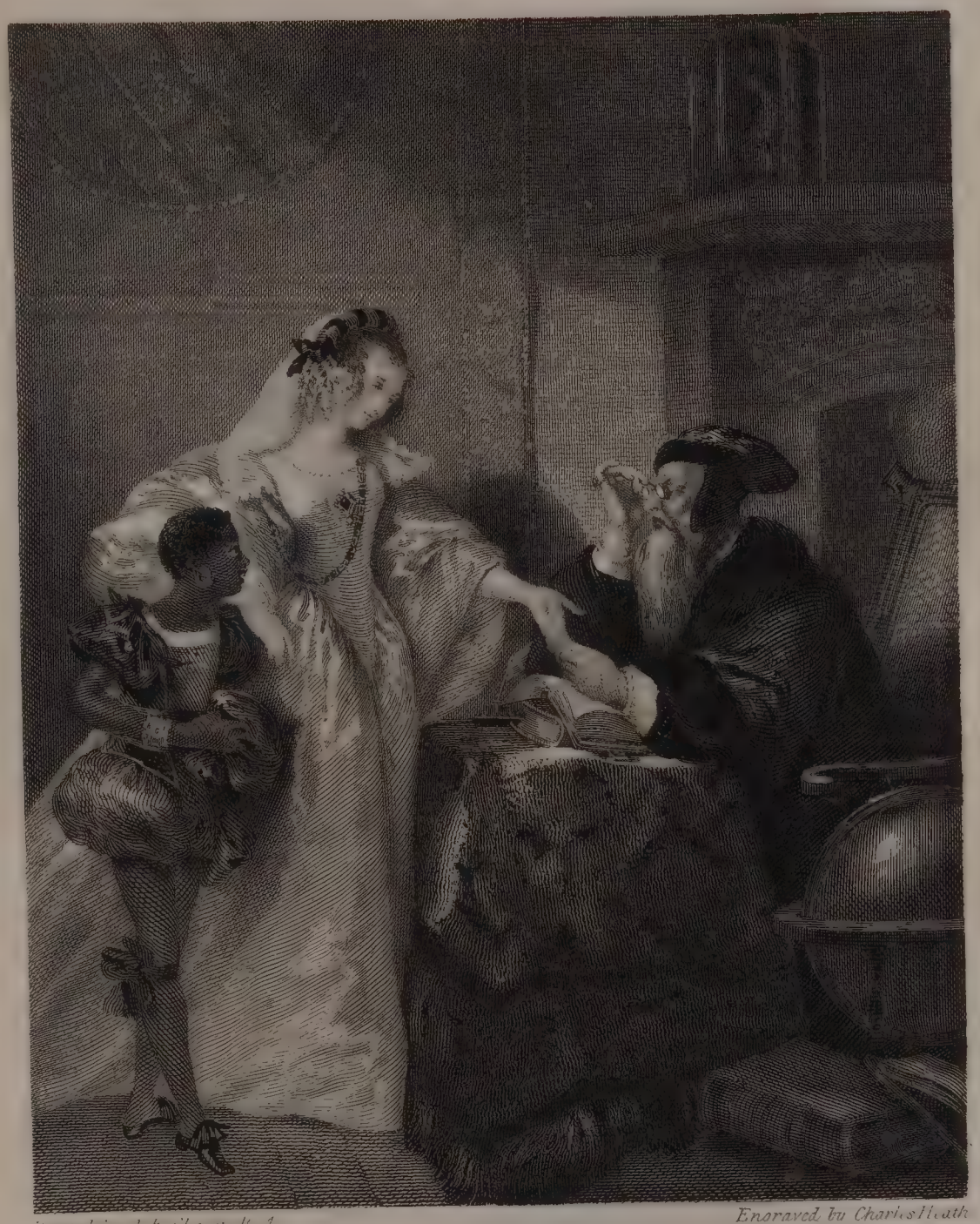
—thine begins in honour! Mary of England, I know thee well——"

Ere these words were spoken, the hood was lowered, the cloak had fallen—both were removed by the attendant page, and the Princess Mary of England stood before him in all the first bloom of that matchless beauty which was soon to be the admiration of the assembled chivalry of Europe. Even in the awkwardness of her present situation she preserved that quiet dignity of manner for which she was remarkable, and by which persons of her order best remind others of their rank whilst seeming to forget it themselves; and as she fixed on the Astrologer the mild expression of her full blue eye, no sense of shame at detection for a moment disturbed on the serene surface of her delicate features the proper proportions of the Rival Rose, which being by birth united in her person, amicably divided between them at beauty's award the blended colouring of her transparent complexion.

"Well, father," she said, "your knowledge of the present is no longer disputed; now for the future—this marriage, must it be?"

"In answer to that question, I do not in thy case as I should of one of the common herd, ask to know the day, the hour, nay the very minute of thy birth. That minute and every one of thy after life—a painful pre-eminence thou mayest find it—is public property. Thine is a fate upon which unasked we exercise our mysteries. Thy horoscope is already cast—stretch forth thy hand, my child. Let me observe whether the coincidence of chiromancy confirms the researches already made into thy fate."

The princess extended her arm across the table, whilst her elbow leant carelessly on the shoulder of the negro



Painted by A. E. Chalon R.A. *Engraved by Charles Heath*

page, and her eyes were fixed on the Prophet, who strengthening his sight with the aid of glasses took her hand in his.

"'Tis a chaste cold palm this," he began: "was it thus on Midsummer's eve, when on the terrace at York Place, by the pale light of the early moon, three words were spoken to which two lips replied?"

Scarce had the Astrologer finished the sentence when her Lancasterian blood being roused, the Red Rose in one blush usurped all the territories of its paler rival, covering at once her snowy neck, and rising over her marble forehead even till lost among the luxuriant locks of her fair hair. Her first care seemed, lest any third person should have overheard, what unexplained, conveyed so injurious an imputation, and she cast her eyes, doubtfully for a moment, even on her own negro page, till reassured by recollecting his infirmity in having been born deaf and dumb, and observing that he was now in the undivided exercise of one of the senses nature had left him, by staring immoveably at a stuffed alligator which hung at the other side of the room.

The Astrologer did not seem to wish her to dwell painfully on the impression he had excited, and his deportment even showed concern at the agitating effect his allusion had produced, as he continued, "The past and the present alike are open to me; and for the future, the contradictory lines on this hand confirm the unusual conjunctions and oppositions which thy horoscope presented, and which mark thy fate with such singular inconsistencies as seldom fall to mortal lot. Some of the extraordinary contradictions of which are here described," and he read as from the volume:

"Strange crosses come, strange hopes between
A maiden mother, throneless queen,
A kneeling prince unmoved must see:
A lifeless lord, a loveless life,
A monarch's bride, but subject's wife,
Such thou must bear, such thou may'st be."

With these doggerel lines of, to her, inexplicable import, the Princess was obliged to be satisfied; and after splendidly remunerating the Astrologer, she left his dwelling, rather annoyed at what he appeared by some means or other to know of her past life, than enlightened by any insight he had furnished as to her future fate.

The marriage, from which the Princess Mary, seeing no other means of avoidance, had in her despair trusted to the stars to find her out a chance of escape, was the one with Louis XII. of France, which her brother Henry VIII. had then almost concluded for her.

The negotiation had been in progress ever since the time that the Duc de Longueville, who was the original instigator of the alliance to Louis, had been last in England. It was during the agitation caused by the first hint of the proposal to her, that the meeting to which painful allusion had been made by the Astrologer had occurred in the gardens of York Place, between the Princess and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. This accomplished young nobleman had long entertained a romantic, though apparently hopeless, passion for the Princess Mary, which she had reciprocated in secret; and upon this occasion, the sudden dread of complete separation had revealed to both those mutual feelings, which otherwise maiden modesty on one side, and inferiority of rank on the other, might long have conspired to conceal. As the Astrologer hinted,

vows of constancy were on that occasion hastily exchanged, and respectfully sealed by the lips of Suffolk. This was, indeed, to him the heaven of an hour, and as before his wishes had hardly ever risen into hopes, so at that moment he would not allow them to be depressed with a single doubt as to the future, buoyed up as they were with the proud consciousness he had derived from herself, that with all the enthusiastic admiration her beauty excited, and all the brilliant prospects her exalted rank commanded, 'twas his love alone she valued. The intoxicating happiness of this idea was, however, short-lived. The next day, at the Council Board, he heard the king formally announce the French monarch's proposal and the Princess's prompt acceptance of it. Henry had in this instance, at his own pleasure, inferred that concurrence on her part, which he had not as yet obtained, but whose facility he meant to ensure, by refusing to admit any difficulties. Yet, though Suffolk at first disbelieved Henry's expression of his sister's ready and grateful assent, he waited in vain for any public or private contradiction of it.

The fact was, Henry had in the earlier stages of the intimacy between the Princess and Suffolk encouraged it for his own momentary amusement, without any ulterior views; and with that recklessness of the feelings of others which he always showed, though as yet not matured into the deliberate cruelty of his later years, he would not have scrupled to extirpate the seeds of that attachment he had himself so wantonly sown, by the death of one, and the confinement of the other party. He was now entirely occupied with the thoughts of the French connexion by means of his sister's marriage, and poor Mary had too much knowledge both of her brother's character, and of his insight into the state of her feelings, not to dread, that any opposition on

her part would have no other effect, than that of causing the instant execution of Suffolk as a presumptuous traitor, for having ever entertained those hopes, which in mere wantonness Henry had himself originally fostered.

It was her knowledge, therefore, that all her motions were watched, and her consequent fear for Suffolk's safety, which at first prevented her from attempting any farther communication with him. This, Suffolk, impatient and disappointed, did not understand; and his manly pride took alarm at the unworthy manner in which he thought she had taken advantage of his rank to trifle with his feelings: therefore, though he still watched all her proceedings with the jealous interest of a lover, he ostensibly withdrew himself much from court, and thereby prevented those opportunities for explanation which accident might again have presented.

From the visit to the Astrologer from which Mary had vaguely expected comfort, she could extract no counsel. It appeared, as far as she could construe its obscure announcement, that her fate was to submit to her present lot, through whose gloom an indistinct glimmering of ultimate happiness was allowed to appear.

Meantime, the treaty of marriage was definitively concluded. The preparations for her departure proceeded, and to one, whose only hope was in indefinite delay, the arrangements even of chamberlains and purveyors seemed winged with uncourtly celerity of motion.

For many weeks, Suffolk had appeared studiously to avoid her, but the king (probably to show that he would not believe in the possibility of any sufficient objection to such an arrangement) had determined, that the Duke should accompany the Princess in her train to France.

It was on the first of October, that having just taken

leave of her brother and his court, the young Princess standing on the beach at Dover, found herself, for the first time for many months, by the side of the Duke of Suffolk, whose duty, as her chamberlain, it was to superintend her embarkation, some delay in which, the rest of her train were busily employed in attempting to remove. She hesitated a moment, as if it required an effort to assume courage to address him, and then with as much apparent calmness as she displayed when she first presented herself before the Astrologer, she thus began.

"My lord, there are many thoughts, which the sea must, in its next ebb and flow, as effectually obliterate as it will wash away the footmarks where we now stand. But one last word in England!—Trust me it is not without reason I should ask such a question. Did you ever to any one else mention——" Her voice here faltered, "mention Midsummer's eve?"——

"By the honour of a knight and a gentleman, never!" said Suffolk, solemnly, and then continued in a more impassioned tone. "No! though my wounds were once wantonly probed, I fear me, but in sport and derision by that dear hand, which but for a moment held forth a precious healing balm!—Maddening as has been the torture that conduct inflicted, never, never would I expose such injuries to a stranger's touch."

Mary was evidently much moved by the misery his manner betrayed. It would have been well for her present happiness, if she had not known him too well to believe him capable of playing the braggart at the expense of her fame, and she had always been disposed to attribute the Astrologer's accurate information as to the past to the exercise of that mysterious art which enabled him to anticipate the future. But distressed as she was at the

imputation, which she could not deny that in some respect appearances justified, of having excited his hopes, but to disappoint them, yet how could she now attempt any explanation without the risk of saying much more than in her present situation would be warranted either by prudence or propriety? The embarrassment this produced was interrupted by the announcement that all things were in readiness for her embarkation, and the future Queen of France was in silence handed by her chamberlain on board the vessel which was to bear her from her native land.

The cumbrous sails of the gorgeous but unwieldy machine were at length unfurled, when, seated in the gilded stern, and fixing her eyes on the slowly receding cliffs, the Princess resigned herself to reflections on her own hard fate.

"So long as these waters shall roll these rival lands between, so long shall man cross and recross them as glory bids or pleasures beckon—even of my own sex the happier and the humbler ones shall find in their brief passage but the means to gratify the restless love of change; but so long shall royal maidens like me shudder at the hideous gulf, in whose depth hope is sunk—behind which is for ever left a happy home—beyond which is sought an unloved lord—a stranger husband.—That exalted birth which is the boast of man thus becomes the curse of woman. What have we to do with ambition? It is the distinguishing attribute of the other sex—it mingles in their sports of childhood, and lingers amidst the decay of age.—The insignia of power are with them at once the bauble of the boy and the pride of after-life.—The empire of the head we resign to man—the *heart* belongs to us.—Iron must that crown be which could gall a manly brow—but the heart wears no crowns.—Woman's life is love, and the

world holds not so hopeless a slave as that royal maiden whose affections are fettered. Whilst we share the common feelings of our sex, what tinsel trappings, what hollow flattery, what irksome state, can compensate to us for the loss of those precious moments we must never know—the first desire to please—the soft suspicion of awakened interest, and the endless minute links in the chain of sympathy which the intercourse of equality rivets: instead of this, our person unseen, our inclinations unsought, with disputed provinces as a dower, and the adjustment of animosities as an attraction, are we, the veriest slaves in the world, consigned without remorse to alien arms."

When she at length averted her head from that spot, when the white cliffs of England were no longer distinguishable even as a faint speck on the horizon, her eyes, as she turned, encountered those of Suffolk, which were fixed upon her with a sad and stedfast gaze. "There," added she, "is the cruel aggravation of my peculiar lot. In what other rank of life could *he* be condemned as a duty to assist at the sacrifice of her he loves?"

The very intensity of this feeling recalled her to herself, reminded her of the necessity of attending to appearances, and restored to her that power of self-command, which is more early and not less severely taught by the etiquette of courts than by the philosophy of the schools.

Upon landing at Calais—on French ground, though English territory—she was received by the Duc de Vendome, who was appointed to conduct her to Abbeville, at a few miles distance from which she was met by King Louis in a sort of incognito, the formalities of a state reception being considered too great an effort for his infirm state of health. And it was here that this amiable old man and his blooming bride first beheld each other.

As personal aversion formed no part of her objection to the match, and as his age and infirmities were of course well known, it does not appear that the Princess experienced any impression of disagreeable surprise at the interview.

When the king retired to allow her to continue her progress, the Duc de Longueville, at whose instigation the match had been originally proposed, elated at finding his own vivid descriptions of the beauty of the young Queen confirmed by the buzz of admiration of that courtly circle who then saw her for the first time, and gratified at the impression which seemed to have been made on the king, by the graceful ease with which she had received him, took the first opportunity of expressing a hope that "his majesty did not think his faithful servant had exaggerated the charms of the Island Princess."

"Would I had found that you had," said the good king; "it is not in cloth of gold we should shroud a corpse, and such is not the stuff of which to choose an old man's nurse. Had she more resembled the ill-matched partner of my early youth, the much enduring Jane, she might, combined with regal state, have preferred a sick chamber to a cloister: but shall I, who in those wretched days felt all the misery inflicted, on the cruel plea of political commodity, by a forced and hateful union—shall I, who emancipated myself, (if wrongfully, God forgive me!) from its thraldom—shall I, with this faded form upon the verge of the grave, and my affections already buried there, by the side of my beloved Anne—shall I subjugate to the passionless embrace of these withered arms a beautiful young creature, who with all the charms, must possess some of the feelings of her age? Must I tie down her youth to the confinement of a sick couch? or leave her

innocence exposed to all the temptations of a libertine court—to the jealous enmity of Louise of Angouleme, or, worse still, the reckless admiration of her madcap son? Heaven knows that it is for my country's sake alone that I have been persuaded to this sacrifice! Hard is it, that it must be at the expense of every other social tie that I obtain the title of 'Father of my people.'"

The Duc de Longueville, as may be supposed, was not much pleased at this long and, as he thought, not particularly well timed reply to his question. He could have suggested, that it was a great deal too late to enter into many of the considerations which the king had strung together; that any backwardness now would not only cause a quarrel between the countries, but must be considered as a personal insult by the princess herself: he could have enforced all this with much eloquence; but, upon the whole, he preferred leaving these arguments to suggest themselves, and, therefore, said nothing, but merely bowed as only courtiers bow: which forward bend of the body in a veteran of that cast is often made to contain as much meaning as, in the Critic, is attributed to the lateral motion of the head of a minister.

The next day the young princess was publicly received at the gates of Abbeville by the flower of the French court; at the head of which appeared Francis, the young Duc de Valois, the first prince of the blood, the gayest youth, the handsomest man, the most accomplished knight, and the most admired gentleman of his day. No one could have guessed, by the radiant expression of his careless countenance, which reflected happiness on all around, as he gaily led the splendid procession, which advanced to meet the future Queen of France, that he was heading an expedition which might for ever destroy his ambitious

hopes by barring his succession to the throne: as little would any one have thought, who heard the tender expressions of passionate admiration with which, upon first beholding her, he expressed his sense of the surpassing beauty of the blushing princess, that he was then addressing the person towards whom he ought, most of all the world, to confine himself within the bounds of cold respect.

Mary was, as the accounts of the time tell us, dressed for the occasion "in a gorgeous habit wonderful to behold," and "mounted on a horse trapped in goldsmith's work very richly;" yet it required no such adventitious distinctions to tell the young, yet practised, eye of Francis, that she excelled not only the six-and-thirty surrounding ladies of her own train, amongst whom was the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, as yet almost a child, but even the choicest favourites of his own court, whom he had selected for their beauty, and who had not repelled him by their insensibility.

From this time forward, all those who could venture on such a subject, to offer advice to a young prince, found it necessary to admonish him against indulging in a partiality whose moral sin was even exceeded by its political danger. Certainly the intentions of Francis towards the young queen would in these days be considered as in the highest degree libertine and unprincipled; but there were many extenuating circumstances—some peculiar to the times in which he lived—some to his own individual character and situation, which might rather explain, if not excuse, them. In the first place, that change in the frame of society which admits women within the social bounds was then in its infancy; indeed, its origin has usually been attributed to Francis himself; but though no one encouraged and en-

joyed it more than he did, it had been in progress during the whole of the preceding reign, and naturally arose out of the gradual extinction of the feudal system, which led the nobility to prefer crowded courts to moated castles as their habitual residence. But that social freedom to which we now owe all the regulated enjoyments of domestic life, like political freedom, was at its origin subject to abuse; and the liberty of the sexes, like the liberty of states, was upon its first establishment liable to degenerate into license. Women, without any previous preparation, had suddenly become the companions of men; and the ignorant, though innocent, inmate of the secluded cloister, or the distant chateau, when at once transferred to the intoxicating influence of a splendid court, could neither imagine herself, nor learn from those who had preceded her, that she could be brought there for any other object than to endeavour to attract the admiration of him on whose smile all her new companions seemed to live—the young and handsome Duc de Valois.

All this had given Francis but an indifferent opinion of the invincibility of the sex. His mother, too, the Countess d'Angouleme, had first acted upon that degrading system, so often afterwards adopted by future queen mothers and regents of France, of governing her son through the medium of the charms of her *maids* of *honour*. He who was thus early taught to set at nought the protection of the maternal roof, and even invited to choose his mistresses out of the companions of his mother, was not likely to entertain a very exalted notion of the inviolability of any other title to respect. The proceedings of Louis XII., himself, with regard to his own divorce, had given a character of instability to the matrimonial connexions of mon-

archs, which there were not wanting other instances in that rank to confirm.

From this circumstance Francis might, perhaps, entertain the notion that in future his connexion with the English princess might, if it so pleased him, be rendered permanent and legal. Indeed his uncle's case seemed in many respects so parallel, as to furnish a precedent for such an arrangement. The present king had been obliged, against his will, to marry the daughter of his then sovereign; and upon his accession to the throne had, upon the most frivolous pleas, after a twenty years' marriage, with the greatest facility obtained a divorce from the see of Rome. The Duc de Valois had that very year been induced to marry the Princess Claude, whom he never loved; and this connexion, then so recent, had as yet failed to obtain for her that respect on his part which her gentleness and devotion to his interests afterwards secured, and which would then have prevented his entertaining even a vague and transient idea of inflicting upon her the insult and injury of a legal separation; though she never succeeded in inspiring him with that nice regard for her feelings which would have induced an attempt to conceal from her his manifold infidelities.

Louis had himself, upon his divorce, married the widow of his predecessor; Henry VIII. of England had united himself to his brother's bride: these instances seemed to encourage the idea that the throne and the marriage bed were transferable together; and the state of Louis's health justified the expectation, that ere long both would be vacant.

But, perhaps, after all, the real origin of Francis's present infatuation may be traced to that satiety produced by

an endless succession of easy triumphs, which made him long for some pursuit in which there should be difficulties to overcome; and with this view he certainly could not have chosen better than by rushing madly into one, where every consideration, both worldly and religious, combined as obstacles to forbid the attempt.

From the time of their first interview he had, as far as he could, taken every opportunity, both public and private, of expressing his admiration. For some days immediately following the public marriage at Abbeville, the court had been detained there by the illness of the king; and the journey, when undertaken, was so protracted by the same cause, as to give the courtiers ground to speculate, whether he would live long enough for his bride to be crowned Queen of France in the cathedral at St. Denis.

This state of things naturally left Mary many solitary moments; and on one of the last nights of the journey, when they had halted at a chateau, beautifully situated in the vale of Montmorenci, she had strolled out on the terrace to enjoy one of those delightful evenings by which, in its green old age of autumn, a northern climate sometimes atones for the coldness of its early spring. The vintage was at its height. The full October moon shone on many a merry groupe of peasants returning arm in arm from the labours of the day, who, with that light-hearted gaiety which has been in all ages the characteristic of their nation, danced along, singing as they went, scraps of rustic love ballads. Whilst Mary's ears still dwelt on the lingering sound—as one of these died away in the distance, a clear, melodious voice near her took up the burthen of the song, and she beheld the Duc de Valois, who, lightly leaping over the low parapet, stood before her; the graces of his manly figure rather enhanced by the simplicity of his

present dress, as contrasted with the more gorgeous attire in which he generally indulged, partly, perhaps, from mistaken vanity, partly in compliance with the tawdry taste of the age.

With a playful air he first addressed her.—"The barefooted vendengeurs sing in autumn; the feathered tribe, when free, in spring; but for us, poor royal birds, pent in separate cages, it is courtly winter all the year round, which forbids us to warble our wild love notes."

"Your pardon, my lord," replied Mary, with a simplicity half natural, half assumed; "you sang but now, passing well, and no one prevented you."

Francis paused a moment, then approaching nearer, addressed her in a different tone—"Listen to me, Mary—for queen I will not call thee, at least as yet—perhaps even now thou wilt not understand; but hear me at last thou must. From the first moment that thy image blessed these eyes I have been an altered man, and envy the sea-girt limits of thy native island, which have so long confined within their narrow sphere so bright a vision. But thou art now in the land of liberty and love; and here we do not deny to royal blood that freedom of choice which links the hands of yonder peasants: nay, it is our peculiar privilege to mend the mistakes of fate in this regard. My poor uncle's life hangs but upon a thread: thy widowhood will be complete before thy marriage; and then Claude shall be no more to me than Jane was to Louis, if Mary of England would but be to me what Anne of Brittany became to him. Of myself I will not vainly speak; but if thy ears did not reject the concurrent acclamations of every town through which we passed, then mayest thou believe that we were indeed for each other formed, and that through us the union of England and of France should be,

not like the hollow truce of these sickly nuptials, but sterling as thy merits—lasting as my love."

As he said these last words, Francis seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and encircling her waist with the other arm, seemed inclined, by the warmth of his manners, to attest the sincerity with which he spoke. But abruptly disengaging herself, she answered in an angry tone, "If I so long have listened, it is surprise alone that has held me dumb. For myself, I speak not first; but for *my* lord and master, *thy* sovereign, kinsman, benefactor, more than father: is it thus his long life of kindness should be repaid by the dishonour of his wife—the disgrace and misery of his child?"

This appeal was just of that character calculated to have most weight with one like Francis, naturally generous and grateful. The dishonour of the wife was an argument which his education did not qualify him fully to appreciate; but the disgrace and misery of the daughter of his best friend, who had bred him up as his successor, on the faith, if not on the condition, of his union with her, was an image which thus forcibly presented to him from such a quarter, caused him to pause. Mary took advantage of this to add—

"For myself, I will only condescend to say, that if I had been happily blessed with the exercise of that free choice of which you speak, Francis de Valois would *never* have been mine."

This was uttered in that clear, calm tone, which would not allow Francis to sooth his vanity by inferring coquetry in disguise. For a moment he stood in silent astonishment; when endeavouring to recollect any thing he had ever seen or heard of the same kind, the utter impossibility

that such a sentence could really be meant, struck him so forcibly, that, throwing himself on his knees before her, he exclaimed,

"Nay, then, this is needless cruelty! Revoke but that sentence, and then I leave thee."

Whilst he thus spoke, the mild light of the moon hardly softened enough to suit the mock humility of his attitude, a countenance which the recollection of a thousand triumphs then animated with the glowing consciousness of invincibility.

"Rise, my lord, I command," cried Mary loudly, "or the king must be troubled with the chastisement of this insolence!"

Whether it might be the sound of her voice, or merely accident which brought him, but as she said this, the Duke of Suffolk stood before them.

"For shame, my lord!" exclaimed Suffolk, fiercely; "if you thus forget the respect due to the king—to his majesty—to yourself, be not surprised if I forget that which I then no longer owe you."

"'Tis well, sir," said Francis, coolly rising. "A child of France was but upon his knees to the mother of her people. A child of France knows his duty now without requiring an English dry-nurse gossip to teach it him: those days, thank Heaven and St. Denis! are past." Then turning to the queen, he added in a lower tone, "So, madam, I find I must understand that unwelcome sentence as a confidence you are already provided? you would not trust the land of your adoption for those distractions which should dispel the dulness of a sick chamber. 'Tis well. Keep my secret: fear not I should divulge yours."

Then turning away before she well knew how to reply,

which indeed, in the presence of Suffolk, would not have been easy, he said to the latter, "For you, my lord, the tourney is near; and if you would cram a child of France with any more of your moral medicines, you must adopt the spear as a forcing spoon."

As he left the terrace, many attendants, both French and English, joined the queen, so she had no opportunity, even had she thought it right, of holding any communication with Suffolk on the scene which had just passed; yet she could not help remarking, that though Suffolk avoided every occasion of ostentatious display, and even shunned her society in private, that this was not the first occasion on which he had appeared to maintain a constant and watchful, though unobtrusive, superintendence over all her motions. As in the retirement of her chamber she revolved the recent scene, and the strange conduct of Francis, "He called me 'mother of my people,'" she thought: "so far then the juggle works:

> 'A maiden mother, throneless queen,
> A kneeling prince unmoved must see.'"

Gorgeous was the pageant with which, after the ceremony of the coronation at St. Denis, the young queen was received into the capital.

From the highest to the lowest, through all the crowded streets, there was not one individual who did not make her fortunate arrival among them a matter of personal gratulation, and a source of peculiar happiness to himself. The knights and nobles vied with each other in the splendour of the appointments, with which they surrounded her person and swelled her train. The craftsmen and citizens exerted their rival ingenuity in the quaintness of the devices

with which they adorned the houses by which she passed; even the poorest and most destitute, who had nothing else to offer, showered down blessings on her beauteous head, as with a gracious smile she acknowledged their greetings.

She was, as the chroniclers tell us, splendidly attired; "on her head a coronall all of great perles," which became the delicacy of her complexion; "her necke and brest full of juels," seated in a chariot covered about in white cloth of gold, and the horses which drew it in furniture of cloth of gold. First in attendance upon her came Francis, Duc de Valois, magnificently dressed in a vest of cloth of gold and silver, and a mantle of crimson velvet hung cross-ways, and richly set with pearls and precious stones. He was mounted on a fiery charger, a position in which he always appeared to peculiar advantage, as no one in his day excelled so much in the noble art of horsemanship, of which he was so well aware, that upon occasions like the present, he did not scorn to provoke opportunities for the wanton display of his skill by the exercise of those little artifices, in more modern days exposed, by hinting that

> The left heel insidiously aside
> Provokes the caper, which it seems to chide.

Francis is elsewhere described by the English chronicler Hall, whose partiality will not be suspected, as "a goodlye prince, statelye of countenance, merry of chere;" and it is impossible in any other words better to describe that sort of appearance and deportment most calculated to excite the enthusiasm of a surrounding multitude, who are always readily captivated by the easy condescension of conscious superiority. As radiant in smiles he bent on either side his acknowledgments of the clamorous wel-

come with which he was hailed, his ear again caught his own name coupled with that of the Queen in the universal expression of conjoint admiration.

Of all the many thousand gossips who that day with justice pronounced them the handsomest pair they had ever seen, how few there were who doubted a moment, that the objects of their admiration must both be as happy, as they felt equally sure they deserved to be, judging superficially alike of their characters, and of their fortunes; believing virtue to consist in smiles, and happiness in state. And yet, of even those whose abject poverty enabled them only to contribute a barren blessing on the pageant as it passed, there was hardly one, whose feelings did not allow them to derive more real pleasure from it, than those two individuals who formed its most distinguished part.

Mary saw in it the cold-blooded consummation of the sacrifice of her best affections, joined to some other indistinct fears as to the increasing difficulties of her situation to which she had become alive since her last interview with the Dauphin. Francis himself, his feelings towards Mary nettled by mortified vanity and rejected love, though by nature little apt to dwell upon selfish considerations of remote injury to his interests, could not entirely forget that this pageant might be with him but the prologue to the loss of the crown of France.

Various and singularly contradictory were the emblematical paintings with which the citizens of Paris had hung their walls, attempting thereby to personify those whom they wished to celebrate. The good king himself, whom illness prevented from forming in his own person part of the procession, figured there sometimes as Solomon, sometimes as Bacchus. The confusion of countries and of creeds, of saints with satyrs, being utterly disregarded.

Mary was at the same time personified both by Ceres and Queen Sheba.

One might be as accurate a representation as the other; though her slight figure and almost infantine graces were not exactly calculated to fill the more ample proportions with which both the goddess and the Queen are usually commemorated. As for poor Louis, it was hard to say, whether his extenuated form was least calculated to realize one's idea of the jolly god Bacchus; or his decaying energies of every kind, least likely to fulfil one's notion of that mighty monarch, whose power is recorded by his having "seven hundred wives princesses, and three hundred concubines."

One of the personifications of Mary was in compliment to her insular birth, that of Venus rising out of the sea; but as it would have been almost treasonable to imagine their Queen in the goddess' usual undress, besides the customary shell behind, she held before her a cloth of gold tissue petticoat, whose stiffness showed it had defied the power of the element from which she had just emerged. At each of these shows were written many copies of laudatory verses; at the side of each of which stood a most useful personage, Monsieur l'Expositeur, or a gentleman expounder, an individual, whose office is now unfortunately abolished, on what plea I am at a loss to conceive, as no one could call that a sinecure, which imposed the task of explaining, and of rendering intelligible, the equally figurative descriptions of later laureates.

On the morrow of the Queen's entry into Paris was the tournament which had been anticipated with impatience, as an occasion of amicable rivalry, by the assembled chivalry of France and England, with other strangers from various parts of Europe who had been collected by its fame.

And here I could have indulged the reader, curious in such matters, with an elaborate description, copied from the chronicles, of the various preparations, equipments, and appointments. I could ring the changes on "cloth of gold and silver paled;" "tawney velvet and cloth of silver cloudy;" "white velvet and green myrtel with satyn, and pouned with gold." All this, and much more could I do, were I not warned that I am not at my own leisure, conducting my reader a jog-trot pace through a three-volumed journey, but only engaged to forward him one stage *post* in his trip through the Keepsake, and I must take care, lest he should find this relay a long or a tedious one.

I must, however, delay him one moment to remark, that no one had looked forward more eagerly to the prospect of this display than the Dauphin Francis. It was an exercise in which he was supposed to be unrivalled. It was peculiarly calculated to elicit those spontaneous bursts of admiration to whose charms he was always susceptible. He also, probably, did not object to it at this moment, as the most princely opportunity of humbling Suffolk. But as "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," it so happened, that at the first "random" or chance mêlée, he received an accidental hurt in the hand, which prevented him from holding his lance or performing his challenge at the barriers. After which, he had the mortification to see none of any nation so distinguished, as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Francis the while stood disabled by the side of the queen, who, at the king's desire, that she might be the better seen by the admiring crowd, kept her place likewise standing, whilst the poor invalid himself was, from

weakness, extended at length on a couch which was placed for him on the royal stage.

When Suffolk first presented himself there to receive the meed of his valour at the hands of her whose praise he most prized, the dauphin, touching him with his disabled arm, said in an under tone, "Foiled in my first revenge, I bide my time;" to which Suffolk bent low his head, as if overpowered with a princely compliment, and retired.

The most severe trial to which the courage and activity of Suffolk was exposed was an encounter with an unknown cavalier, in the arrangement of which, the jealousy of our national authorities of that day do not hesitate to attribute some unfair play on the part of the dauphin, in having put a man of prodigious strength there in the place of another, on purpose "to have the Duke rebuked," who himself is said to have imagined, that he was "a person set on for the *nonce*." Certain it is, that his name was never known, his vizor was never raised, and he was of gigantic stature and of wonderful power. During the contest, Francis stood close to the Queen on one side, though rather behind her; and whilst he seemed to be exclusively occupied in looking down on the struggle with that calm but rather supercilious approbation, with which a superior player regards the successful game of an inferior, yet ever and anon, with the corner of an eye, he would observe the deportment of Mary; and he who was well versed in the slightest symptoms, by which woman's feelings can be detected, knew full well how to interpret the ever-changing colour, the quivering lip, and the irregular respiration with which she marked the chances of the doubtful fight.

But when victory at length declared for Suffolk, and the battered body of the still unknown cavalier was borne

from the lists, no one was louder, or apparently more sincere in his commendations of the conqueror, than the dauphin, Francis.

In the pause which ensued after this, while the victorious Suffolk had become, for the moment, the object of general admiration, the court fool, who probably thought that he had been neglected amid the pageantry of the day, and who, always a privileged person, did not care by what means he regained public attention, mounted an elevated sort of box built for the judges, and pointing to the sofa on which the king was then stretched, apparently much exhausted with the length of time the sports had lasted, loudly exclaimed, "There lies the good King Louis, the father of his people! and——" but here he was interrupted by shouts of applause which resounded on all sides, and seemed to come from the inmost hearts of the spectators. He repeated a second time, "The father of his people—" increased applause. A third time he proclaimed, with a mock intonation of profound respect, "The father of his people, and the *grandfather* of his *wife!*" A buzz arose—a titter followed, and was succeeded by shouts of delight very different in sound from the last; which served to show how apt was thought the fool's allusion.

"Do you hear them, Longueville?" murmured the poor king, grasping the arm of his adviser: "and it was for such fickle, thoughtless creatures as these, and for what I foolishly considered their interests, that I was tempted to sacrifice my own wishes, and, perhaps, to blight her fondest hopes?"

There was an attempt to renew the sports, but a shock had been given to Louis's spirits which prevented his ability any longer to struggle with his increasing infirmities of body, and he retired abruptly, already sickening with that

last attack, which, two months only after these inauspicious nuptials, terminated his amiable life on the 1st of January, 1515.

It could not be expected, under the circumstances of their marriage, that this event would be felt by Mary as a personal loss to herself, however she might regret it as that of a good man removed from that world where his virtues had been exerted with such benefit to those around him. But there were many grounds for uneasiness as to the future, in the change which this had wrought in her own situation. Should she even return to England, she could only expect that her brother would meditate a more lasting sacrifice of her person, as the purchase of some political object of his own.

But at present, she was to a certain extent in the power of her husband's successor, in whom circumstances had not induced her to place much confidence. She had also recently been farther alarmed by receiving a message from the new king, desiring a private interview with her; and upon her declining it, he was represented to have said, that "she would repent it, and that she knew not her own interests."

Harassed with fears of every kind, during the first period of her widowhood, when seclusion and solitude gave additional weight to their influence, as soon as the decent observances of the first duties of mourning were fulfilled, she determined upon a step which, considering its immediate danger and the many permanent sacrifices it involved, may be cited as one of the strongest instances of the power of love.

"Yes," thought she, "it must be so: it is not one of the least of the penalties of my rank, that the retiring delicacy of our sex, which teaches that we should not unsought be

won, must yield to the higher consideration of not endangering his safety whilst I endeavour to secure our mutual happiness. Should punishment await the attempt, the act must appear to have been wholly my own; and even Henry may hesitate to shed the blood of a sister."

She therefore contrived to have a letter conveyed to Suffolk, frankly offering him her hand, and proposing that a private marriage should take place within four days, or that he should at once and for ever decline it.

It may be supposed with what rapture a lover received such a proposal, rendered the more acceptable by its very precipitation; and in Suffolk's case, the sudden exaltation of his feelings was in proportion to the depths of his recent despondency.

Great difficulty at first presented itself in finding a priest to whom she could confide the execution of her project. Her own chaplain, a proud courtly churchman, and a devoted cultivator of the ripening fortunes of Wolsey, who then "bore his blushing honours thick upon him," was the last person whom she could trust. The French clergy were not likely to undertake an office which, when known, would probably be so displeasing to their new sovereign. In a Dominican convent, in the heart of Paris, was an Italian friar, who had attracted much attention by his popular eloquence, and the zeal with which he had opposed the new doctrines then just beginning to be broached; and as he owed no temporal allegiance to the sovereigns, either of France or of England, Mary selected him for the performance of the ceremony; to which, by the promise of reward, he was readily persuaded; and it was arranged that it should take place in the chapel of his convent two hours after dark.

True to her appointment, and attended only by her

black page, Mary escaped from the palace by a garden gate, and was there met by the happy Suffolk.

It was a cold bleak evening in the dead of winter: the north wind whistled loudly through the narrow streets, and heavy flakes of snow, just then beginning to fall, were whirled around, as this fair descendant of a long line of kings, the favoured sister of a mighty potentate, one, too, whose alliance was at that moment eagerly sought as an object of competition by every unmarried monarch in Europe, gave this most convincing proof of the triumphant power of love: exposing her delicate person to the rude inclemencies of the storm; and wandering in darkness and by stealth through that capital where she had so lately been borne in triumph steadfastly resolved to unite her fate with the object of her early and constant attachment.

The difficulties of the way being overcome, the lovers were ranged on each side of the altar, at the other extremity of the Dominican chapel; one lamp alone, held by the black page, dimly served to show the surrounding gloom. The service was already begun. The deep tones of the monk's voice echoed through the empty aisles, and all else was silence around, when suddenly the clatter of hoofs was heard in the distance, and the clanking arms of cavalry in motion might next be distinguished. The sound of the monk's voice, which had at first mingled at its loudest pitch with these discordant noises, gradually sank lower and lower as they approached; and though a sense of the sanctity of his holy office so far struggled with his fears as to prevent his entirely pausing in his duty, yet by degrees his articulation became almost inaudible.

The cavalry seemed to have drawn up on one side of the outward walls of the chapel, and the light of a hundred

torches glared through the windows, and threw a reflected light even upon the groupe at the altar, showing the effects of the interruption on the countenances of those who composed it. No colouring could any longer be traced in the pallid features of the monk, which might not also be found in the mingled black and white divisions of his monastic robe. The face of Suffolk denoted a contest between impatience and resolution. Mary's expression was at first that of tender anxiety for the fate of one whom she had involved in ruin; but as she cast her eyes upwards, as if imploring strength to bear the result, it assumed the character of mild resignation.

If they had previously entertained any hopes that they might be deceived, as to the nature and destination of the cavalcade, these were ended when, upon its halting, many irregular and discordant voices shouted "Vive le roi;" which cries arose from a mob that had joined the escort in its progress, either attracted as other insects are only by the lights, or collected by that instinctive interest which all Frenchmen were inclined to take in the movements of their monarch, even at such an unusual hour, and in such inclement weather. Succeeding these shouts, a well known voice was heard to exclaim at the door of the chapel, "En arriere, my friends, will you not allow your king to go even to confessional alone?" Then addressing the officer of the Scotish guards, the same voice continued, "Please to make these officious followers withdraw a little; I want no witnesses in my present business."

The door opened, and one figure alone was seen advancing through the darkness of that part of the chapel. At sight of this, the priest, who had still gone mumbling on, though without much consciousness as to what part of

the service he had reached, came to a sudden stop; and Francis addressing the others—

"Did I not say my time would come? and though ye thought by this unseemly hour to slip me, yet a new king knows and hears every thing. So, madam, you could not wait, as in duty bound, to learn the opinion of the sovereign of your adopted land, and the kingly brother of your royal blood? Here you may read both. Light to your mistress, you young imp of mischief!" to the page, as he handed Mary the two papers, which her agitation prevented her at first from understanding. At length she exclaimed, "Is it possible!" when she found, to her extreme surprise, that the first was a friendly letter from Francis to her brother, urging him strongly to consent to her union with Suffolk. That the answer contained Henry's assent, probably obtained by his desire to secure the friendship of a young king, whose disposition he then thought, and always asserted, was so congenial to his own: at the same time feeling indifferent in what manner the person of his sister contributed to that end.

"Is this possible, sir?" said Mary.

"Possible!" replied Francis, "any thing is possible to one whose first study is the happiness of your sex, when not fortunate enough to succeed in that object himself; he is but too glad to find one who can," pointing to Suffolk.

"What can I say, sire?" said Suffolk.

"Say not a word till the priest has finished his say. I came to dispel doubts, not to create difficulties; and know well enough that in such a case a marriage, even at the risk of your heads to-night, is better than one in perfect safety, if purchased by delay, even till to-morrow."

The monk had collected enough of what had just past

to begin again in the full, sonorous tone in which he had originally started; and when he had concluded, whilst the king beckoned him one moment aside, as it appeared, to remove any remains of fear, by a handsome reward, Mary said to Suffolk, "And it is all fulfilled, then; 'a monarch's bride, but subject's wife.' I told you the predictions of the prophet of St. Paul's: do you not marvel at their fulfilment?"

"Less *I* than any man, sweetest Mary!" answered Suffolk.

"Why so?" inquired she.

"How shall I dare to tell you why? That I had found gold was the prophet's idol, for which he would sell shares of his own present lot, as well as scraps of the future fate of others; and that 'twas I who appeared to you in his disguise."

"And yet presumed to mention Midsummer's-eve?" said Mary, then too happy to be very angry.

"Nay, as yet, I cannot forgive myself any part of the base deceit, much less know how best to plead for your pardon; but only recollect the utter desolation of my feelings at that sad time. Left by your total silence to struggle in vain against that conviction of your fickle falsehood, which events seemed to place beyond a doubt—think, too, of the temptation such an opportunity offered to find out if I had indeed been from the first deceived; but when your agitation showed me the full success of my cruel stratagem, I hated myself for the shameful triumph thus obtained, and had almost at that moment thrown off my odious disguise, and casting myself at your feet, implored that pardon which I felt I did not deserve. But as you did not seem to anticipate any chance of escape from the French alliance, it was of the utmost importance to me

that your past promises should be impressed on your recollection, coupled with hopes of that future which I would not believe to be impossible. For the rest of my cautionary predictions I am indebted only to the lynx eye of love, and some little knowledge of his majesty's character," he added, bowing to the king, who had again joined them.

"And yet," said Francis, "thou may'st thank thy own stars that thou wert not even now a lying prophet. Thou would'st hardly have foretold my presence here, or—had I come—that it would have been for such a purpose."

"Your grace's goodness far exceeds my utmost expectations. Let us hope that you will so far extend it as to pardon——"

"Say no more, my lord," interrupted the king; "there is no one more inclined than myself not to think too harshly of any errors into which this lady's surpassing beauty may have misled poor weak man:" whilst with a look full of meaning he took the bride's hand and raised it respectfully to his lips; then added, "Now to the wedding feast!"

The Duke and Duchess of Suffolk started soon afterwards on their return to their native land—were publicly married at Calais; and with very different feelings did Mary again cross the Dover channel, now no longer "a monarch's bride, *but* subject's wife.'

THE END.

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